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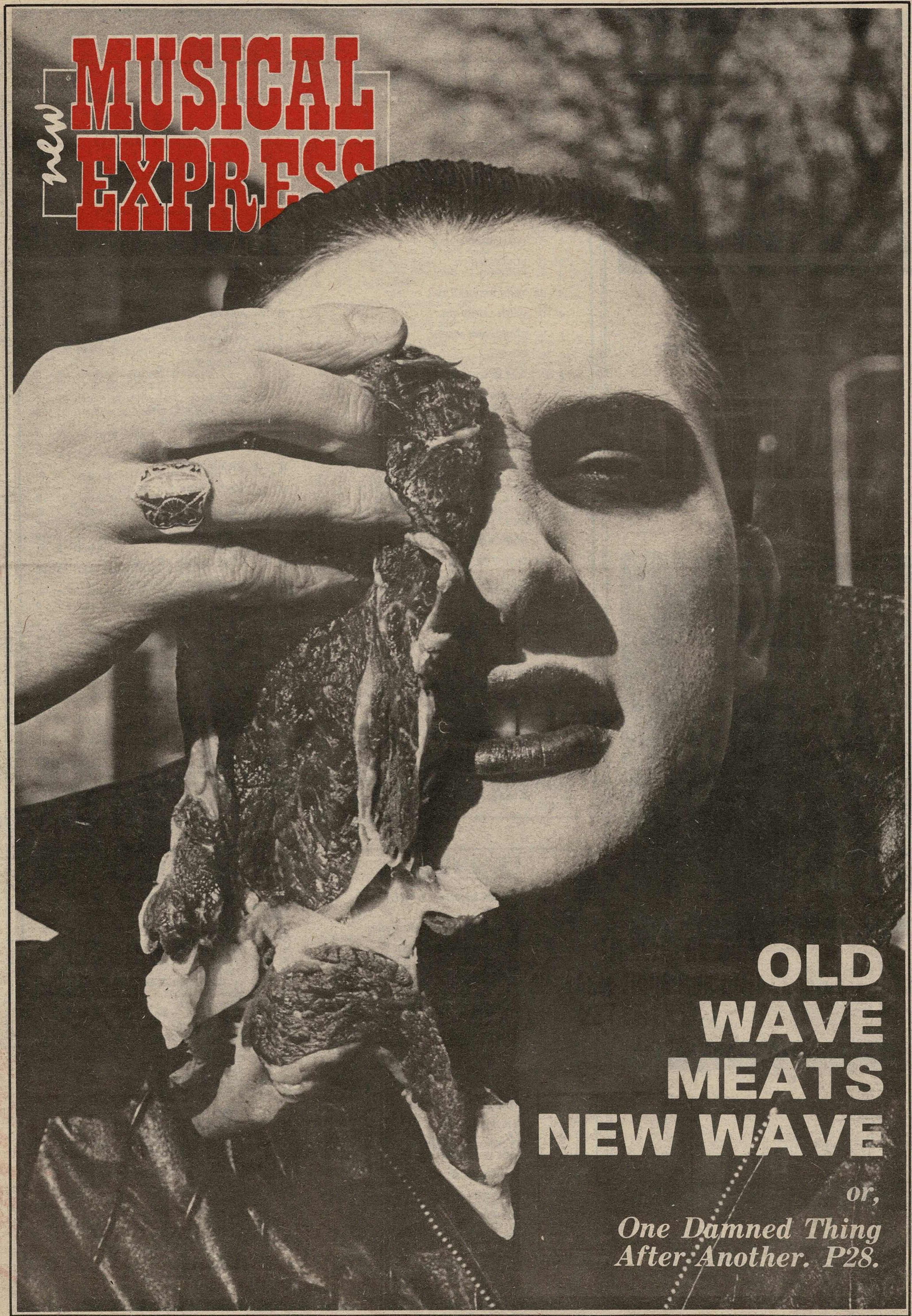


# OLD WAVE MEATS NEW WAVE

*or,*

*One Damned Thing After Another.* *P28.*

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# NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS C·H·A·R·T·S

## SINGLES

Week ending March 19, 1977

| This Week | Last | | | Weeks in chart | Highest Position |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1 | (1) | CHANSON D'AMOUR | Manhattan Transfer (Atlantic) | 6 | 1 |
| 2 | (3) | BOOGIE NIGHTS | Heatwave (GTO) | 7 | 2 |
| 3 | (8) | KNOWING ME KNOWING YOU | Abba (Epic) | 3 | 3 |
| 4 | (5) | TORN BETWEEN TWO LOVERS | Mary MacGregor (Ariola) | 4 | 4 |
| 5 | (2) | WHEN I NEED YOU | Leo Sayer (Chrysalis) | 8 | 1 |
| 6 | (6) | SOUND AND VISION | David Bowie (RCA) | 5 | 6 |
| 7 | (4) | ROMEO | Mr.Big (EMI) | 5 | 4 |
| 8 | (18) | WHEN | Showaddywaddy (Arista) | 2 | 8 |
| 9 | (12) | THIS IS TOMORROW | Bryan Ferry (Polydor) | 5 | 9 |
| 10 | (19) | BABY I KNOW | Rubettes (State) | 4 | 10 |
| 11 | (16) | ROCKARIA | Electric Light Orchestra (Jet) | 4 | 11 |
| 12 | (21) | MOODY BLUE | Elvis Presley (RCA) | 2 | 12 |
| 13 | (11) | WHAT CAN I SAY | Boz Scaggs (CBS) | 7 | 11 |
| 14 | (9) | DON'T LEAVE ME THIS WAY | Harold Melvin & The Blue Notes (CBS) | 8 | 4 |
| 15 | (7) | DON'T CRY FOR ME ARGENTINA | Julie Covington (MCA) | 12 | 1 |
| 16 | (22) | ANOTHER SUITCASE IN ANOTHER HALL | Barbara Dickson (MCA) | 2 | 16 |
| 17 | (10) | SING ME | The Brothers (Bus Stop) | 8 | 10 |
| 18 | (17) | DON'T LEAVE ME THIS WAY | Thelma Houston (Motown) | 7 | 14 |
| 19 | (13) | DON'T GIVE UP ON US | David Soul (Private Stock) | 12 | 1 |
| 20 | (20) | SATURDAY NITE | Earth, Wind & Fire (CBS) | 4 | 19 |
| 21 | (30) | YOU'LL NEVER KNOW WHAT YOU'RE MISSING | Real Thing (Pye) | 4 | 21 |
| 22 | (28) | IN THE MOOD | Ray Stevens (Warner Bros) | 2 | 22 |
| 23 | (26) | CRAZY WATER | Elton John (Rocket) | 2 | 23 |
| 24 | (14) | JACK IN THE BOX | Moments (All Platinum) | 7 | 6 |
| 25 | (23) | MY KINDA LIFE | Cliff Richard (EMI) | 2 | 23 |
| 26 | (—) | OH BOY | Brotherhood Of Man (Pye) | 1 | 26 |
| 27 | (15) | THEY SHOOT HORSES DON'T THEY | Racing Cars (Chrysalis) | 5 | 13 |
| 28 | (—) | SUNNY | Boney M (Atlantic) | 1 | 28 |
| 29 | (—) | LOVE HIT ME | Maxine Nightingale (United Artists | 1 | 29 |
| 30 | (—) | LAY BACK IN THE ARMS OF SOMEONE | Smokie (Rak) | 1 | 30 |

**BUBBLING UNDER . . .**

**FIRST THING IN THE MORNING — Kiki Dee (Rocket); GROOVY KIND OF LOVE — Les Gray (Warner Bros.); DOUBLE DUTCH — Fatback Band (Spring); SOUL CHA CHA — Van McCoy (H & L); LOVE IN C MINOR — Cerrone (Atlantic).**

## ALBUMS

Week ending March 19, 1977

| This Week | Last | | | Weeks in chart | Highest Position |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1 | (1) | THE SHADOWS 20 GOLDEN GREATS | (EMI) | 7 | 1 |
| 2 | (3) | ENDLESS FLIGHT | Leo Sayer (Chrysalis) | 10 | 2 |
| 3 | (5) | 20 GREAT HEARTBREAKERS | (K-Tel) | 6 | 3 |
| 4 | (2) | ANIMALS | Pink Floyd (Harvest) | 6 | 2 |
| 5 | (6) | ARRIVAL | Abba (Epic) | 17 | 1 |
| 6 | (4) | EVITA | Various Artists (MCA) | 10 | 1 |
| 7 | (19) | STATUS QUO LIVE | (Phonogram) | 3 | 7 |
| 8 | (9) | IN YOUR MIND | Bryan Ferry (Polydor) | 4 | 8 |
| 9 | (8) | RUMOURS | Fleetwood Mac (Warner Bros) | 4 | 8 |
| 10 | (7) | LOW | David Bowie (RCA) | 9 | 7 |
| 11 | (10) | DAVID SOUL | (Private Stock) | 15 | 2 |
| 12 | (11) | ABBA GREATEST HITS | (Epic) | 50 | 1 |
| 13 | (17) | HOTEL CALIFORNIA | Eagles (Asylum) | 12 | 4 |
| 14 | (22) | PORTRAIT OF SINATRA | Frank Sinatra (Reprise) | 2 | 14 |
| 15 | (—) | COMING OUT | Manhattan Transfer (Atlantic) | 1 | 15 |
| 16 | (12) | SONGS IN THE KEY OF LIFE | Stevie Wonder (Motown) | 22 | 2 |
| 17 | (15) | VISION | Don Williams (ABC) | 2 | 15 |
| 18 | (—) | PETER GABRIEL | (Charisma) | 1 | 18 |
| 19 | (16) | DANCE TO THE MUSIC | (K-Tel) | 6 | 16 |
| 20 | (20) | BOSTON | (Epic) | 6 | 12 |
| 21 | (25) | A NEW WORLD RECORD | Electric Light Orchestra (Jet) | 15 | 8 |
| 22 | (23) | SONGS FROM THE WOOD | Jethro Tull (Chrysalis) | 4 | 18 |
| 23 | (14) | MOTORVATIN' | Chuck Berry (Chess) | 7 | 9 |
| 24 | (13) | RED RIVER VALLEY | Slim Whitman (United Artists) | 10 | 1 |
| 25 | (18) | WINGS OVER AMERICA | (EMI) | 11 | 8 |
| 26 | (26) | BEST OF LENA MARTELL | (Pye) | 3 | 26 |
| 27 | (21) | WIND AND WUTHERING | Genesis (Charisma) | 10 | 8 |
| 28 | (—) | THE BEST OF JOHN DENVER II | (RCA) | 1 | 28 |
| 29 | (28) | 22 GOLDEN GREATS | Bert Weedon (Warwick) | 15 | 3 |
| 30 | (—) | EVERY FACE TELLS A STORY | Cliff Richard (EMI) | 1 | 30 |

**BUBBLING UNDER . . .**

**DAMNED DAMNED DAMNED — The Damned (Stiff); HOLLIES LIVE HITS (Polydor); DANCER WITH BRUISED KNEES — Kate & Anna McGarrigle (Warner Bros); LIVE AT THE GREEK — Neil Diamond (CBS); KIKI DEE (Rocket); BULLINAMINGVASE — Roy Harper (Harvest).**

## U.S. SINGLES

Week ending March 19, 1977

| This Week | Last | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1 | (1) | LOVE THEME FROM 'A STAR IS BORN' | Barbra Streisand |
| 2 | (2) | TORN BETWEEN TWO LOVERS | Mary MacGregor |
| 3 | (7) | RICH GIRL | Daryl Hall & John Oates |
| 4 | (5) | DANCING QUEEN | Abba |
| 5 | (11) | DON'T GIVE UP ON US | David Soul |
| 6 | (10) | DON'T LEAVE ME THIS WAY | Thelma Houston |
| 7 | (8) | CARRY ON WAYWARD SON | Kansas |
| 8 | (9) | THINGS WE DO FOR LOVE | 10CC |
| 9 | (3) | I LIKE DREAMIN' | Kenny Nolan |
| 10 | (4) | YEAR OF THE CAT | Al Stewart |
| 11 | (6) | NIGHT MOVES | Bob Seger |
| 12 | (13) | LONG TIME | Boston |
| 13 | (16) | MAYBE I'M AMAZED | Wings |
| 14 | (17) | SO IN TO YOU | Atlanta Rhythm Section |
| 15 | (15) | FLY LIKE AN EAGLE | Steve Miller |
| 16 | (19) | SAY YOU'LL STAY UNTIL TOMORROW | Tom Jones |
| 17 | (18) | CRACKERBOX PALACE | George Harrison |
| 18 | (20) | DO YA | Electric Light Orchestra |
| 19 | (21) | FIRST CUT IS THE DEEPEST | Rod Stewart |
| 20 | (26) | I'VE GOT LOVE ON MY MIND | Natalie Cole |
| 21 | (24) | FREE | Deniece Williams |
| 22 | (25) | HERE COME THOSE TEARS AGAIN | Jackson Browne |
| 23 | (12) | GO YOUR OWN WAY | Fleetwood Mac |
| 24 | (—) | RIGHT TIME OF THE NIGHT | Jennifer Warnes |
| 25 | (28) | DISCO LUCY | Wilton Place Street Band |
| 26 | (29) | TRYIN' TO LOVE TWO | William Bell |
| 27 | (—) | SOUTHERN NIGHTS | Glen Campbell |
| 28 | (—) | HOTEL CALIFORNIA | Eagles |
| 29 | (14) | BOOGIE CHILD | Bee Gees |
| 30 | (—) | ALL STRUNG OUT ON YOU | John Travolta |

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

## U.S. ALBUMS

Week ending March 19, 1977

| This Week | Last | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1 | (1) | A STAR IS BORN | Streisand, Kristofferson |
| 2 | (2) | RUMOURS | Fleetwood Mac |
| 3 | (3) | HOTEL CALIFORNIA | Eagles |
| 4 | (4) | ANIMALS | Pink Floyd |
| 5 | (5) | BOSTON | Boston |
| 6 | (6) | SONGS IN THE KEY OF LIFE | Stevie Wonder |
| 7 | (7) | YEAR OF THE CAT | Al Stewart |
| 8 | (9) | NIGHT MOVES | Bob Seger |
| 9 | (17) | LOVE AT THE GREEK | Neil Diamond |
| 10 | (12) | LEFTOVERTURE | Kansas |
| 11 | (8) | FLY LIKE AN EAGLE | Steve Miller Band |
| 12 | (13) | IN FLIGHT | George Benson |
| 13 | (10) | GREATEST HITS | Linda Ronstadt |
| 14 | (15) | ASK RUFUS | Rufus featuring Chaka Khan |
| 15 | (18) | THIS ONE'S FOR YOU | Barry Manilow |
| 16 | (16) | A NEW WORLD RECORD | Electric Light Orchestra |
| 17 | (11) | WINGS OVER AMERICA | Wings |
| 18 | (27) | UNPREDICTABLE | Natalie Cole |
| 19 | (14) | FRAMPTON COMES ALIVE | Peter Frampton |
| 20 | (20) | BEST OF THE DOOBIES | Doobie Brothers |
| 21 | (30) | SONGS FROM THE WOOD | Jethro Tull |
| 22 | (21) | LOW | David Bowie |
| 23 | (29) | JOHN DENVER'S GREATEST HITS VOL 2 | John Denver |
| 24 | (24) | WIND & WUTHERING | Genesis |
| 25 | (23) | ROCK AND ROLL OVER | Kiss |
| 26 | (19) | TEJAS | ZZ Top |
| 27 | (—) | ROOTS | Quincy Jones |
| 28 | (22) | A DAY AT THE RACES | Queen |
| 29 | (—) | TORN BETWEEN TWO LOVERS | Mary MacGregor |
| 30 | (28) | THE PRETENDER | Jackson Browne |

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

## FIVE YEARS AGO

Week ending March 18, 1972

| Last Week | This | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1 | 1 | WITHOUT YOU | Nilsson (RCA) |
| 2 | 2 | AMERICAN PIE | Don McLean (United Artists) |
| 9 | 3 | BEG, STEAL OR BORROW | New Seekers (Polydor) |
| 4 | 4 | GOT TO BE THERE | Michael Jackson (Tamla Motown) |
| 3 | 5 | SON OF MY FATHER | Chicory Tip (CBS) |
| 11 | 6 | ALONE AGAIN NATURALLY | Gilbert O'Sullivan (MAM) |
| 5 | 7 | MOTHER AND CHILD REUNION | Paul Simon (CBS) |
| 13 | 8 | MEET ME ON THE CORNER | Lindisfarne (Charisma) |
| 8 | 9 | BLUE IS THE COLOUR | Chelsea F.C. (Penny Farthing) |
| 6 | 10 | LOOK WOT YOU DUN | Slade (Polydor) |

## TEN YEARS AGO

Week ending March 18, 1967

| This Week | Last | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1 | 1 | RELEASE ME | Engelbert Humperdinck (Decca) |
| 2 | 2 | PENNY LANE/STRAWBERRY FIELDS FOREVER | Beatles (Parlophone) |
| 3 | 3 | THIS IS MY SONG | Petula Clark (Pye) |
| 5 | 4 | EDELWEISS | Vince Hill (Columbia) |
| 6 | 5 | ON A CAROUSEL | Hollies (Parlophone) |
| 9 | 6 | THERE'S A KIND OF HUSH | Herman's Hermits (Columbia) |
| 4 | 7 | HERE COMES MY BABY | Tremeloes (CBS) |
| 10 | 8 | GEORGY GIRL | Seekers (Columbia) |
| 14 | 9 | THIS IS MY SONG | Harry Secombe (Philips) |
| 7 | 10 | DETROIT CITY | Tom Jones (Decca) |

## 15 YEARS AGO

Week ending March 16, 1962

| Last Week | This | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 6 | 1 | WONDERFUL LAND | Shadows (Columbia) |
| 1 | 2 | MARCH OF THE SIAMESE CHILDREN | Kenny Ball (Pye) |
| 4 | 3 | TELL ME WHAT HE SAID | Helen Shapiro (Columbia) |
| 2 | 4 | LET'S TWIST AGAIN | Chubby Checker (Columbia) |
| 7 | 5 | CAN'T HELP FALLING IN LOVE | Elvis Presley (RCA) |
| 3 | 6 | WIMOWEH | Karl Denver (Decca) |
| 4 | 7 | THE YOUNG ONES | Cliff Richard (Columbia) |
| 8 | 8 | ROCK-A-HULA BABY | Elvis Presley (RCA) |
| 14 | 9 | A HOLE IN THE GROUND | Bernard Cribbins (Parlophone) |
| 17 | 10 | TWISTIN' THE NIGHT AWAY | Sam Cooke (RCA) |

# News Desk

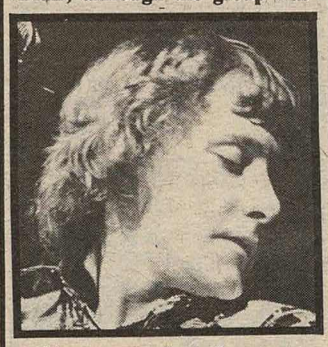
Edited: Derek Johnson

# STEVE ELLIS
## Court hears of his hard times

**THE MISFORTUNES which have befallen Steve Ellis — both as lead singer with Love Affair, one of the most successful hit groups of the sixties, and subsequently in ventures of his own — were detailed in Highgate Court last week, when he appeared on an assault charge.**

**Mr Jonathan Caplan, defending, told the Court that:**

**● During his time with Love Affair, although the group was**



**making a great deal of money as the result of several hit records, Ellis was only being paid £25 a week.**

**● He left Love Affair and signed with CBS in 1970 as a soloist. He was paid £10,000 a year, but there were problems with his contract. As a result, he failed to achieve any solo success.**

**● He then invested £20,000 into starting his own band, but the venture failed and the group disbanded.**

**● In 1975, he was attacked in the street and sustained a fractured skull. He has since suffered from depression and takes Valium and pain-killers.**

**● Apart from a short period last year, when he made a record and undertook a short U.S. tour, he has been unemployed since the failure of his own band. He is now on the dole and has tax debts and overdrafts in excess of £15,000.**

**Ellis was charged with assaulting the licensee of an East Finchley pub on February 21, causing him actually bodily harm.**

**Mr Caplan said this was a tragic situation, because Ellis did not adjust well to the changing fortunes of the music business. However he had now given up drinking and was reconciled with his wife. He now hopes to free himself from a current contract so that he can begin working again.**

**Ellis — who had two previous convictions, one for assault and one for theft — was conditionally discharged for two years and ordered to pay £30 compensation.**

# Sabbath going into tax exile

BLACK SABBATH have decided to join the ever-growing number of British tax exiles.

The band, who this week completed their sell-out British tour by playing a string of four concerts at at London Hammersmith Odeon, say they can no longer afford to pay tax at the rate of 83 per cent in this country.

Although their live appearances here in recent years have been rare, they have nevertheless continued to be based in Britain, and have always resisted the temptation to set up residence abroad.

But now they say they have no option other than to quit Britain — although, under existing tax regulations, they would still be able to return here for 90 days every year.

# CARDIFF:
## July festival, enlarged site

**A BIG ONE-DAY rock festival is planned for Cardiff Castle in midsummer, probably on either July 16 or 23. And it will be more lavish than the three previous events which have been staged in the castle grounds — starring 10CC, Status Quo and Queen — because the site has been changed to accommodate over twice as many people.**

**Music Centre Promotions have been granted use of a new site within the grounds, enabling 30,000 people to be accommodated in a 20-acre park, as opposed to the 12,000 maximum capacity of the former site. No names have yet been confirmed for the event, but negotiations are currently in hand with major attractions.**

# STIVELL GIGS

CELTIC HARPIST Alan Stivell plays a handful of British concerts in May culminating in two major London dates. He visits Edinburgh Usher Hall (May 21), Liverpool Empire (22), Bristol Colston Hall (23) and London New Victoria Theatre (24 and 25). There is a possibility of one or two more gigs being added to his itinerary. Stivell is now working on a new album at the Sawmill Studios in Cornwall, supported by Dan Ar Bras (guitar) and Patrice Quere (fiddle) plus two members of Magma — and this will be issued by Phonogram to coincide with his May dates.

# Chapin concerts

HARRY CHAPIN flies into Britain early next month to headline three major concerts — at Belfast Ulster Hall (April 5), Manchester Ardwick Apollo (6) and London New Victoria Theatre (7). Tickets for the Belfast and London gigs are already on sale, both priced £2.50, £2, and £1.50. Glasgow tickets are on sale this Saturday priced £2, £1.75, £1.50 and £1.25, and postal applications are also being accepted at this venue. Prior to these dates, Chapin plays Dublin National Stadium on April 4.

# Asbury Jukes to top own Rainbow show

SOUTHSIDE JOHNNY and the Asbury Jukes, currently receiving critical acclaim as guest artists on Graham Parker and the Rumour's British tour, are to headline their own concert at the Rainbow Theatre on Wednesday, April 6 — a week after the end of their tour with Parker. Tickets are now on sale priced £2.50, £2.00 and £1.50.

The Jukes thus follow in the footsteps of Lynyrd Skynyrd, who made their British debut as a support act (on a tour by Golden Earring), then concluded their visit by topping their own Rainbow show. Reports elsewhere, suggesting that Bruce Spingsteen may guest in the Jukes' concert, have been dismissed by CBS Records as "wishful thinking."

# ON THE ROAD

**THE COMMODORES'** tour has been re-scheduled by promoters Danny O'Donovan and Beggars Banquet, and revised dates are **Birmingham** Odeon (tomorrow, Friday), **London** New Victoria Theatre (Saturday), **Leeds** University (Sunday), **Southport** New Theatre (March 22), **Manchester Ardwick** Apollo (23), **Cromer** West Runton Pavilion (24), and **Dunstable** California (26). Support act is Birmingham-based band Muscles.

**SASSAFRAS** extend their one-nighter tour with newly-booked gigs at **Bristol** Granary (tonight, Thursday), **Bristol** University (Friday), **Leicester** Polytechnic (Saturday), **Jacksdale** Grey Topper (Sunday), **Derby** King's Hall (March 23), **Nottingham** Isabella 2 (24), **London Hendon** Middlesex Polytechnic (25) and **Hertford** Balls Park College (26). They begin a tour of Holland on March 30.

**PAUL BRETT** has been named as support act in the previously-reported one-off concert by the Steve Hillage Band at **London** Rainbow Theatre on March 26. He will feature material from his latest work "Earth Birth," the first 12-string guitar suite.

**STEVE LAWRENCE** and **EYDIE GORME** headline for a week at the **London** Palladium, opening May 23. It will be their first appearance at this venue.

**FOSTER BROTHERS** have now been joined by Canadian guitarist Richie Moore, who has been working in Britain for five years including a stint with the Edgar Broughton Band. He joins Graham Foster (guitar and vocals), Malcolm Foster (bass), and Eddie Williams (drums). Having just completed a British tour as support to the Streetwalkers, they have solo gigs at **Leeds Fforde Green Hotel (tomorrow, Friday), Warrington** Lion Hotel (Saturday), **London Hounslow** Middlesex Polytechnic (March 25), **Chester** Quaintways (28) and **Plymouth** Woods Centre (31).

**JIMMY HELMS** goes on the road this month, to coincide with the release of his new Pye single "Puttin' It Down" tomorrow (Friday). He has formed a new four-piece backing band specially for the tour, for which first confirmed dates are **Cirencester** Corn Hall (this Saturday), **Sunderland** Black Cat (March 25), **Peterlee** Senate Club (26), **Thatcham** Hamilton Club (April 1), **London Peckham** Bouncing Ball (2), **Portland** HMS Osprey (4), **London Southgate** Royalty (8), **Manchester** Pembroke Hall (9), **Bradford** Changes Nite Scene (14 and 15), **Exmouth** Pavilion (16), **Kenilworth** Chesford Lion (22 and 23) and **Wigan** Riverside Club (25 week).

**DARTS,** the London-based nine-piece band who recently supported Jerry Lee Lewis in his British concerts, headline their own one-nighter tour from next week until the end of April. First dates confirmed are at **London Oxford St.** 100 Club (March 22), **Sheffield** Top Rank (23), **London Hendon** Middlesex Polytechnic (25) and **Fishguard** Frenchman's Motel (April 2). Futher gigs and a recording contract are being finalised by Good Earth.

**MUD** play their first live engagement this year, when they headline at **Batley** Variety Club for the week starting May 2. No other dates are planned for the time being, as they are busy recording material for a new single and album.

**GEORGE HATCHER BAND** are the special guests in three major concert dates by Frankie Miller's Full House, which completes the latter's current British tour. They are at **Manchester** Free Trade Hall (March 25), **Glasgow** Apollo Centre (26) and **London** New Victoria (April 2). The Hatcher Band's new single, the self-penned "Black Moon Rising" is released by United Artists on April 1 — and they begin a four-week European tour on April 14.

**BLACK SHEEP** — Roy Harper's backing band, who are playing a few gigs under that name while Roy is recovering from his illness — make their first appearance at **London Camden** Dingwalls tonight (Thursday), as late replacement for FBI.

**BIRKENHEAD** Mr. Digby's Club resumes weekly gigs this month for the first time since November. Upcoming bookings include Slaughter and the Dogs (March 23), A.F.T. (30), Nasty Pop (April 6) and Gryphon (13).

**DUKE ELLINGTON'S** music is the subject of a gala concert at **London** New Victoria Theatre on Sunday, April 17. It features Michel Legrand, Adelaide Hall, Larry Adler, Earl Okin and an all-star band put together by John Dankworth.

PETE BROWN'S new band Back To The Front, who made their first appearances earlier this month, continue their debut tour with dates at **Bracknell** Arts Centre (April 2), **London** Covent Garden Rock Garden (13 for four days) and **St. Albans** Francis Bacon College (May 5). Further gigs are being finalised.

**FLYING ACES,** the band fronted by Martin Ace, are extending their current tour until late April when they start work on their first album. Additional gigs include **Wigan** Casino (April 9), **Doncaster** Outlook Club (11), **Middlesbrough** Town Hall (22) and **Birmingham** Bogart's (27).

**AFTER THE FIRE** begin a new club and college tour with dates at **London Woolwich** Thames Polytechnic (March 21), **Carlisle** Twisted Wheel (22), **Bradford** Princeville Club (24), **Newcastle** Polytechnic (25), **Margate** Harbour Club (April 13), **Bath** Viaduct (14), **Plymouth** Woods Centre (15), **London Camden** Dingwalls (29), **Accrington** Lakeland Lounge (May 1), **Warrington** Lion Hotel (2) and **Gosport** John Peel (6).

**SIDEWINDER,** the upcoming five-piece rock band, have gigs at **London Covent Garden** Rock Garden (March 25), **London Canning Town** Bridge House (April 5), **London Kensington** Nashville (8), **London** Marquee (11), **Aylesbury** Britannia (14), **Romford** Albemarle Club (17), **Luton** Unicorn (22), **Watford** Red Lion (23), **Leighton Buzzard** Swan (29) and **Welwyn Garden City** Mid-Herts College (30).

**TAVARES** are now confirmed for their second British tour, running from April 23 to May 1. Dates are now being finalised by promoter Derek Block and will be announced in a week or two.

**QUANTUM JUMP** undertake their first major headlining British tour, opening in **Maidstone** on April 29 and culminating at **London** Kingsway Sound Circus on May 12. The full itinerary will be announced in a week or two. The band's second album "Barracuda"— featuring guest contributions from Elkie Brooks, Elton John drummer Ray Cooper and Caravan's Geoffrey Richardson — is released by Electric Records on April 1.

# *Rush due June*

RUSH, the three-piece Canadian heavy metal band, are set for their debut British visit in June. They will undertake a short tour here, followed by recording sessions for a new album. They have already had five albums released here by Phonogram, the most recent being "Caress Of Steel" and the live double "All The World's A Stage." Rush first came to notice when they toured America as support to Rory Gallagher and Uriah Heep, and they have since become a major U.S. concert attraction in their own right.

● Pictured above are Rush bassist and vocalist GEDDY LEE together with JUDY COLLINS. Why are they together? Well, that's another story . . .

# Racing Cars: eight extra

DUE TO THE success of their current album and single, Racing Cars have extended their tour through into April. They are playing another eight dates, all at concert venues, and the highlight of their extended itinerary is a major London appearance. The additional shows are at Guildford Civic Hall (March 31), Cambridge Corn Exchange (April 1), Oxford New Theatre (2), London New Victoria Theatre (3), Cheltenham Town Hall (7), Bournemouth The Village (8), Aylesbury Friars at Vale Hall (9) and Malvern Winter Gardens (11). They devote the rest of the spring to recording a follow up album to "Downtown Tonight", which will be issued to coincide with an extensive autumn tour.

# Feelgoods movie

DR. FEELGOOD'S 30-minute documentary cinema film *Going Back Home* has its premiere at London Chelsea Odeon this Sunday (20) on the same bill as *Butterfly Ball*, and subsequently goes on general release. The movie is centred around their performance at Southend Kursaal Ballroom late last year.

# 'Tramp on Lux

SUPERTRAMP are featured in the first of a series of one-hour A & M Records shows to be broadcast by Radio Luxembourg at midnight on the first Thursday of every month, starting April 7. But Thursday also sees the departure from 208 of Bob Harris, who has quit his weekly "Whispering Circle" show, because he felt restricted by the exclusivity of his contract with the station.

# Mark Clarke joins Rainbow

MARK CLARKE is the new bassist in Ritchie Blackmore's Rainbow. And he is the only new member, because it was announced this week that keyboards man Tony Carey is remaining with the band. Until recently Clarke was fronting his own Natural Gas outfit, and previously worked with Colisseum, Tempest and Uriah Heep. Rainbow are at present recording a new album in Hamburg. They plan dates in South America in the summer, followed by a European and British tour in the autumn.

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# News Desk

Edited: Derek Johnson

## Zep extend U.S. tour till August

LED ZEPPELIN have again re-scheduled their North American comeback tour, which is not now due to end until August 13, making the prospect of British dates this summer even more unlikely. As reported last week, the tour was originally planned to open at the end of February but — because Robert Plant had tonsilitis — was re-arranged to begin in Toronto on April 1 and continue until early July.

In what is now the sixth revision of their dates, the April 1 opening venue has been switched to Dallas Memorial Auditorium. Canadian dates have been re-set for the first half of August, immediately before the final concert of the whole tour which (unless there is a seventh revision) is at Philadelphia J.F.K. Stadium on August 13. The tour now takes in over 30 major concerts in the United States and Canada.

## Generation X lead guitarist in fracas

GENERATION X lead guitarist Bob Andrews was hospitalised on Friday night after being hit on the head by a flying beer mug while playing the Easter Ball at Leicester University's Clare Hall.

Both Generation X and The Boys, who were supporting, had been receiving a hail of plastic cups and empty beer cans, but then halfway through the headliners' set full cans and glasses started flying. Andrews apparently dropped to the floor, covered in blood but still playing, and later had a couple of stitches in the gash.

One observer termed the aggressors "Led Zeppelin heavies", while another story had them down as the rugby club.

This sort of incident is becoming more common at colleges — The Damned and The Stranglers recently spent an evening dodging beer cans at Essex University.

*DONOVAN: recording next month.*

## *Donovan in June comeback tour*

**DONOVAN is planning a comeback to the British concert platform after several years' absence. Now resident in California, he recently returned to this country for a stay of four or five months. He is already in the process of putting a new backing band together, and he goes into the studios in April to record a new album under the supervision of Mickie Most — who was responsible for all Donovan's early hits, like "Mellow Yellow" and "Sunshine Superman", in the days when he was hailed as "Britain's answer to Bob Dylan". Then in June, to coincide with the release of the album, he will be headlining major concert dates around the country. He hopes also to take part in at least one open-air event.**

# RECORD NEWS

## ELP change labels; Manticore opt out

EMMERSON, LAKE & PALMER have signed a long-term deal with Atlantic Records, and their previously-reported new album "Works" — due out at the end of this month — will be their first release under the new contract.

The agreement marks the first step in the winding down of ELP's own Manticore label, and other acts with that label are now being placed with other companies — PFM, for instance, have signed with Elektra-Asylum in the U.S. and Canada.

To tie in with the release of the ELP double album, BBC-2's *Old Grey Whistle Test* will screen a seven-minute film of the band performing a live version of "Fanfare For The Common Man" (featured on the fourth side of the new set), which was shot at Montreal Olympic Stadium.

## Genesis maxi

GENESIS have a three-track maxi-single released by Charisma on April 22. The previously-unissued tracks were recorded at the same time as the "Wind And Wuthering" album. Titles are "Match Of The Day", "Pidgeons" and "Inside And Out". The price: 85p.

● The Crystals' "All Grown Up", recorded in 1963 but previously unissued in Britain as a single, is released by the Spector label on March 25.

● German band **Kraftwerk's** latest album "Trans-Europe Express" is released by Capitol on April 7. In contrast to their previous hit LP "Autobahn", this new set is an electronic interpretation of the "metal and rhythms of the railway".

● **Gloria Gaynor's** new album "Glorious " is to be rushed out by Polydor as soon as possible, probably early next month.

● Tamla Motown singles for March 25 release are "Love I Never Knew you Could Feel So Good" by **The Supremes** and "Call On Your Six Million Dollar Man" by **The Originals.**

● Upcoming new album by **Sergio Mendes** & Brazill '77 is co-produced by **Stevie Wonder,** who also makes a guest appearance.

● Next **Alice Cooper** album, planned for release next month by Warner Brothers, is titled "Lace And Whiskey".

● **Strife** are releasing a three-track maxi-single on their own Outlaw label, financed by themselves and distributed through Virgin. Titles are "School", "Go" and "Feel So Good".

*IAN GILLAN*

## Gillan Band: album, tour

THE IAN Gillan Band have signed a long-term worldwide deal with Island Records, and their debut album "Clean Air Turbulance" is released in Britain on April 15. To tie in with this, the band undertake an extensive tour of Europe and Britain through April and May.

They were originally scheduled to play their debut gigs here last autumn, but the projected tour was postponed at short notice, and their revised itinerary is now being finalised — details will be announced shortly. Former Deep Purple vocalist Gillan is joined in the line-up by Ray Fenwick (guitar), John Gustafson (bass), Colin Towns (keyboards) amd Mark Nauseef (drums).

● **Frankie Miller's** fourth album is rushed out by Chrysalis this weekend to coincide with his current tour. Titled "Frankie Miller's Full House", it is the first to feature his present band. It includes guest appearances by Chris Spedding, Gary Brooker, Rabbit and the Memphis Horns.

## Betts Band in Arista deal

DUE FOR release next month, the album "Dickey Betts & Great Southern" marks the signing of Betts and his new band to the Arista label. The set features Betts as writer, producer, lead singer and guitarist. The band comprises "Dangerous Dan" Toler guitar and vocals), Ken Tibbetts (bass and percussion), Tom Broome (keyboards and vocals), and Jerry Thompson and Doni Sharboro (both drums and percussion). Betts and the band begin a coast-to-coast U.S. tour early next month to promote the album, and there is talk — as yet confirmed — of a British visit later in the year.

*LIAR: set for nationwide tour.*

## LIAR RE-LAUNCH

**LIAR, a band who have been functioning for two years, are the objects of a major re-launch this** month by Decca. Originally **formed by David Taylor and ex-Groundhog Clive Brooks, they met with little success until they were joined by Paul Travis, who had previously recorded two solo albums for A & M. He has been** re-shaping the group, bringing in replacement vocalist Dave Burton and new lead guitarist Steve Mann.

**The band are now preparing for a nationwide tour to coincide with the April 15 release of their debut album "Liar — Take One." This was recorded late last year before Mann joined the outfit, and Geoff Whitehorn of Back Street Crawler guested as lead guitarist. A single** from the album, "Straight From The Hip, Kid," has just been issued. Liar have signed with Stallion, for whom Pete Brown is now arranging tour dates.

right, Paul Travis (rhythm guitar, paino, vocals), Clive Brooks (drums), Dave Burton (lead vocals, guitar), Steve Mann (lead guitar) and David Taylor (bass).


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April 24 **Manchester,** Palace Theatre
April 25 **Brighton,** Dome
April 26 **London,** Royal Albert Hall

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# Slade back: May tour

SLADE return to the British concert platform in May, when they headline their first tour of this country for two years. The dates, preceded by an extensive European tour, tie in with the April 21 release of their new Polydor album "Whatever Happened To Slade?"

The itinerary comprises Bristol Colston Hall (May 1), Bournemouth Winter Gardens (2), Sheffield City Hall (3), Liverpool Empire (4), Birmingham Hippodrome (5), Wolverhampton Civic Hall (6), Manchester Free Trade Hall (7), Newcastle City Hall (8), Glasgow Apollo Centre (9), Ipswich Gaumont (11) and London Rainbow Theatre (12).

The band have been working in America since mid-1975, and have played over 400 dates there during that time. They now plan to remain in Britain until the end of the summer, so the possibility of further dates here cannot be ruled out.

Commented Noddy Holder: "People tend to regard us as tax exiles, but we've never stopped paying British tax. It's just that concentrated work has kept us in the States."

# Small Faces plan April dates

AFTER MORE than a year of rumour and speculation, the Small Faces now look set to make their comeback this spring. NME understands there are plans for them to headline a series of major concerts in about a month's time, probably kicking off at Manchester Ardwick Apollo in mid-April.

Their comeback album, on which they have been working since last autumn, will be issued to coincide with these dates. The band's line-up comprises three original members — Steve Marriott, Ian MacLagan and Kenny Jones — plus bassist Rick Wills who replaces Ronnie Lane.

## Dingwalls market

DINGWALLS, the popular rock venue in North London, is planning to operate a record market every Sunday from April 3 (10.30am - 5.30pm). There will be 40 stalls selling every type of record — from current releases and imports to deletions and collectors items. Some stall positions are still available, and dealers should phone 01-267 4967 for details.

## SUPERPORKY

SUPERCHARGE have now been joined permanently by tenor saxist Andy "Porker" Parker, who augmented the band on their recent British tour. He also appears on their new Virgin album "Horizontal Refreshment". This means their front line is now increased to two guitars and three saxes.

*ROGER McGUINN*

# EX-BYRDS PACKAGE with own bands

THREE FORMER members of the Byrds bring their own current bands to Britain next month to headline a joint package tour. They are Roger McGuinn's Thunderbyrd, the Chris Hillman Band and the Gene Clark Band.

Promoted by Cream International, they appear at Birmingham Odeon (April 29), London Hammersmith Odeon (30 and May 1), Manchester Free Trade Hall (2). Leeds University (4) and Glasgow Apollo Centre (5). These gigs are preceded by an Irish date at Dublin National Stadium on April 27.

McGuinn, who spent most of last year touring in Bob Dylan's Rolling Thunder Revue, is backed by a line-up comprising Rick Vito (guitar), Greg Thomas (drums) and Charlie Harrison (bass). This is the same band who appear on his upcoming album "Thunderbyrd", for CBS release on May 6.

Hillman's outfit is noteworthy for the inclusion of ex-Poco sax and fiddle player Al Garth. Also featured are ex-Loggins & Messina drummer Mercel Brigante, Fuzzy Samuels (bass), Richard Marks (guitar and vocals), Skip Edwards (pedal steel) and John Brennan (guitar). They will have a new LP issued by WEA to coincide with their visit.

The personnel of the Gene Clark Band has not yet been announced, but Clark has an album newly released by the RSO label titled "Two Sides To Every Story".

Tickets for all British concert dates are on sale now. After playing these gigs, the package leaves for Europe where it opens a five-country tour in Paris on May 7.

# Shads hit the trail

IT HAS NOW been officially confirmed that the Shadows are going back on the road in May, for the first time in two years. A string of nationwide concert dates is at present being lined up for them, including an appearance at London Royal Albert Hall.

The Shadows decided to reunite because of their chart topping album "20 Golden Greats", which has now sold over half-a-million copies in Britain alone. Their itinerary may be set at 20 gigs, to enable them to go out under the banner of "20 Golden Dates."

With John Farrar currently unavailable, their line-up shows a change from their last appearances together. The old firm of Hank Marvin, Bruce Welch and Brian Bennett remains intact, but they are going on tour with two new members — Alan Jones (bass) and Francis Monkman (keyboards), both normally session musicians.

# Big record deal, but SEX PISTOLS FACE EXILE

**A & M RECORDS have signed the Sex Pistols. The pact was sealed, as manager Malcolm McLaren forecast in last week's NME, in a ceremony outside Buckingham Palace last Thursday — the significance being that A & M are rush releasing the group's new single "God Save The Queen" on March 25.**

**McLaren stressed that the two-year deal carries a guarantee of £150,000 — not £50,000, as was reported in the national press. He does not anticipate any difficulty in obtaining BBC and local radio airplay for the single. "It's not a punk rock version of the National Anthem, but the boy's own genuine tribute to the Queen," he added.**

**The Pistols' main problem now is securing venues, where they would be allowed to perform in Britain. The are hoping to headline a major charity concert at a London theatre next month, but this is dependent upon whether the GLC gives approval at a meeting between the Council and McLaren later this week.**

**At present, the Pistols are banned from appearing in virtually every major city in Britain, due to local council rulings. Said McLaren: "We want to do dates in major cities throughout the country, but the ban is still in effect almost everywhere. The only possible exceptions are Liverpool and Newcastle, and they are by no means definite."**

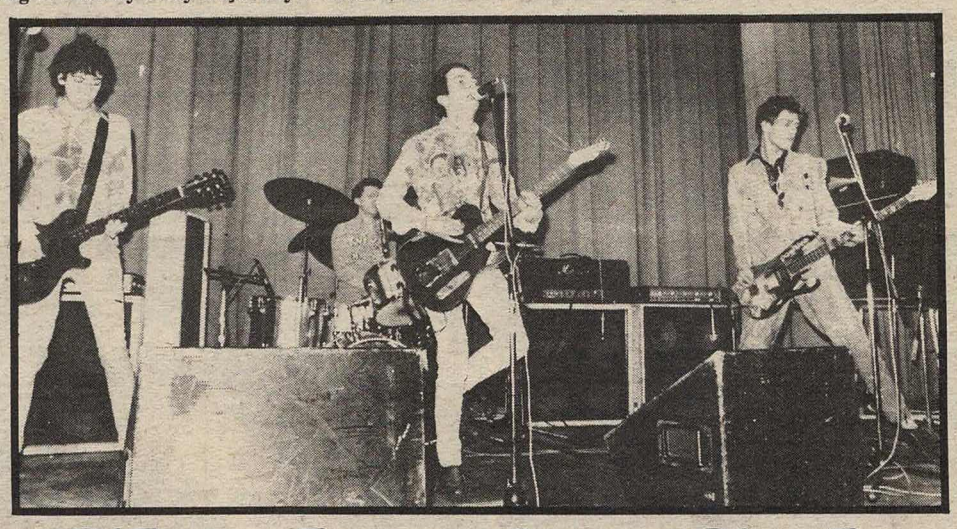
**A series of European dates are being lined up for the end of April, and the Pistols are due to record their first A & M album in May. If there is still no relaxation of the British ban, the Pistols would then tour Japan, Australia, the United States and Canada — where, McLaren assured NME, the band would be welcomed.**

**He added: "The rest of the country will be watching our meeting with the GLC. If we are allowed to perform in London, we hope that other councils will reverse their decision. If not, we shall have to wait until after our overseas tours — because if they prove to be successful and without incident, then maybe they will open a few doors here at home."**

**And if all else fails, and the Pistols are not permitted to work in Britain. . .**

**"We shall have to leave Britain for good," said McLaren.**

**● See also Thrills, page 11.**



# Clash nix Cale tour

**THE CLASH will not, after all, be appearing as one of the support acts in John Cale's British tour next month. Although the promoters announced last week that the band were confirmed for the tour, The Clash say they were never contracted, claiming they rejected the offer out of hand immediately it was made.**

**A spokesman for The Clash told NME: "It's another case of someone taking something for granted. We wouldn't do the Cale tour under any circumstances, because it's not sufficiently radical for us. And in any case, we don't want to be exploited."**

**BTM agreed that The Clash would not now be involved in the tour. A spokesman commented: "We tried to overcome the social and economic problems raised by their projected inclusion in the package, but it didn't work out."**

**However, new Nems Records singings The Boys have now been confirmed as one of the support acts for the John Cale tour — which, as reported last week — opens in Ipswich on April 5. A replacement for The Clash has still to be named.**

## DAMNED, STRANGLERS: BIG EVENTS

**THE DAMNED are to headline a major London concert at Chalk Farm Roundhouse on Sunday, April 24. NME understands there will be two support acts, one of them probably being Lemmy's Motorhead.**

**THE STRANGLERS open a new South Coast rock venue, when they appear at Brighton Buccaneer on Good Friday (April 8). The venue is being run by Fred Grainger, formerly associated with London Hope & Anchor.**

# WE'RE COMING TO WEMBLEY — Beach Boys tell NME

**IT NOW appears virtually certain that the Beach Boys will appear in the massive open-air Silver Jubilee concert at Wembley Stadium on June 11. They personally told NME's Roy Carr in America this week that they are coming over for the event, although it is known that two or three major acts will co-headline with them.**

**The Beach Boys were under the impression that Wings would be one of the other acts on the bill, but a spokesman for Wings discounted this. "They have no plans for any live work this year," he said. "But it is true that they have received numerous offers to play Silver Jubilee dates."**

**● Meanwhile, a spokesman for The Who denied that there are any firm plans for them to play a session at London Rainbow in the late spring. NME last week reported unconfirmed rumours of a nine-day engagement by the band at that venue.**

# *'Robertson quitting Lizzy' rumour denied*

WIDESPREAD rumours, suggesting that Brian Robertson will not be returning to the Thin Lizzy line-up, were discounted by the band's publicist this week. He told NME: "There is no strength to these reports. We are sure everything will be sorted out to everyone's satisfaction when Lizzy return from their American tour." Robertson was unable to go with Lizzy to the states because of illness, and was replaced for the tour by Gary Moore. He has since recovered and has been recording his own solo album.

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# The Kinks Sleepwalker

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ARISTA

# SON OF MAGICAL POUTING PANACHE

*The heart is light . . . The grin is permanent*

***Yep. Here we go again. But this time it promises to be different. BOLAN MARC TWO makes his come-back on tour with The Damned, and also with a new T. Rex and re-vibed life-style.***

Words: PAUL MORLEY. Pix: PENNIE SMITH

*THE SCENE: Offices somewhere in London. . . Marc Bolan, just returned from some tryout dates in France, professes to having a tummy bug — but in neat soft green suit he looks healthy enough. . . his right leg kicks out a lot, he seems more nervous than I am.*

ONE OF precious few genuine early 70s rock'n'roll stars (I can think of two others — one now a graciously indulgent semi-recluse, shades, corkscrew hair, rasp-twist; the other well into hurt-confuse manipulation). The one I mean is Bolan. If you don't think so then you're being as bigoted as you probably think Bolan is. Ya-boo sucks to you if you agedly assumed that he was always earnestly serious.

He was a sculpted, not line drawn, animated rock star; fluffy cloud pretty, groovy-fun-cosmic, indulgent, arrogant, stylish, the ultimate poser, boaster, leader-onner, leader.

Almost single-handedly he filled a fairly huge gap in the blank redundant early 70s; he had assault, impact, appeal — how could any one resist him? Maybe my own continual, perhaps dramatically indiscriminate attraction has a lot to do with psychologically — meaningful — mid — sex — romance — happenings (The first rock'n'roll record I ever bought was "Ride A White Swan". I tripped along to see him (H-32, just 60p!) and with magical pouting punkoid panache, no doubt inherited from Bolan, picked up my first-ever girl.

The first time I ever got laid was after a Bolan gig (she had corkscrew hair, glitter under her eyes, stars on her cheeks, satin jeans. Phewee! That was a period!).

Yeah, but there was more; his records were up-thrilling. The best derivative unambitious, flavour-holding bubblegum rock'n'roll of all time. Plenty of fun, lotsa energy, short and sweet, crass, screaming, funny; vum, vum, vum — one after the other.

Bolan's blunt irreverence, his apparent rigid dogmaticism and occasional (people told me) paranoia didn't endear him to many. A lot were quietly, and not so quietly, glad when 'circumstances' led to a fall from grace. But even when things were really down, Bolan was bubbling around, never totally out.

Right now he's crisper, cleaner more enthusiastic than he's been for a long time. He's bagged a cracking new band, he ain't drinking, he ain't drugging, he's heavily into the beaver year lark. Plus he's as upfront as ever, with better reason than in the last three of four years when things, he admits, were rough.

His heart is light, his grin permanent, and he's not even scared about putting stun-rock experts The Damned as support on his new tour.

"The Damned I like a lot. I was introduced to them because one of them had the good taste to wear a Marc Bolan T-shirt. Of those new bands who don't seem to be breaking out of their environment, I thought it'd be nice to have them on tour."

He's not scared they're gonna blast him off stage? "Naah! Not with this band."

'This Band' is the new T. Rex, consisting of Tony Newman, Herbie Flowers, (the infamous) Miller Anderson and Dino Dines. It's the only T. Rex Bolan's been so obviously satisfied with since the basic Finn-Curry-Legend line-up.

"What happened was, I'd broken up the old band" (a ragged Curry-Dines-Lutton-Anderson line-up that never really came together) "and I had to do a *SuperSonic* for 'Laser Love' and there was no group.

"So I said to Herbie and friends, 'Come along'. It was nine o'clock in the morning and we just did it, straight off, five minutes, To make the record with the old band it took a day, and though it was a great song it was a bad record. With this new lot it all went Crack! And I realised that I could record and be excited about it again.

"So I booked Air Studios that day and we cut four tracks. The new band is everything I've ever wanted.

"John's Children could have been a great group except for inexperience, and the '73 T. Rex was great on record but messy live, although it was what people wanted, what I wanted to do at the time — it was enough just to be out there. . . I couldn't believe it all.

"But now it's very important to get everything right. There's been a lot of preparation. I've even rehearsed this band, which I've never done before. I just played from record to record. So this new band is very solid. Everybody is proud to be in it. It's what should really have happened at the beginning. . .

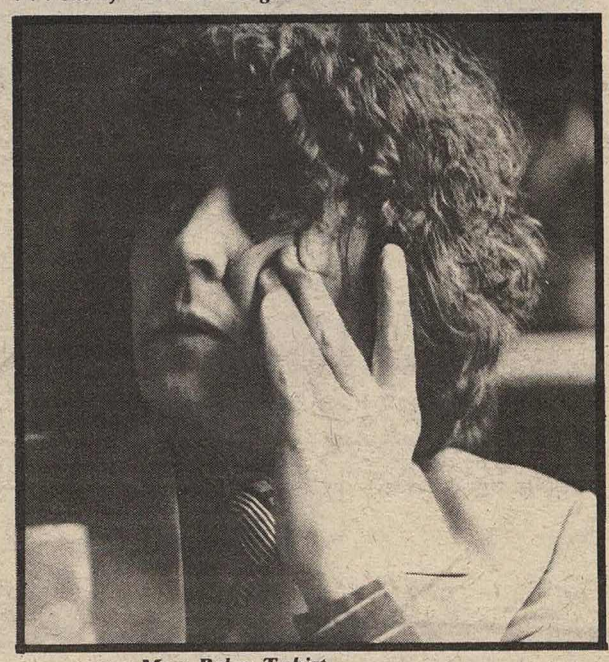
"If I couldn't go on the road with these musicians I'd probably give up music. With this group I'd play with anyone. . . Stones, The Who, The Rubettes. . . maybe not Bruce Springsteen — I hear he's got a pretty shit-hot band. Apart from him anyone."

The making of the new album was fired wholly by the super-duper musicians who jumped to his call — he was reluctant to cut an album with the old band. It was recorded purposefully as an album, not a load of half-forgotten tracks selected from loads previously laid down and thrown together with little thought as the last few have seemed to be.

■ *Continues over page.*

*The Damned I like. I was introduced to them because . . .*

*. . . one of them had the good taste to . . .*



*. . . wear a Marc Bolan T-shirt.*

# BOLAN

■ *From previous page*

"The last two were, yeah, but there were reasons for that. American deals, things that had been left over. The last album was purely a contractual thing, plus I wasn't happy with the band.

"But the new album was cut very quickly with the new band — I wrote six tracks in the studio, and the rest had been around some time. It's a kind of cross between images and hardrock in a way that I've always wanted. It's got this amazing, very unique, odd sound. Like 'Electric Warrior', it sound like a period."

Very indefinable.

"Right, the new one's like that. There's a little magic. Something was happening when we made it."

No album since "The Slider" (that and "Warrior", two classics ignored with contemptuous snort as rock-pop-dance-fantasy albums) has been better than good. All have been patchy, with high spots sure, but some ghastly low spots.

"I just really didn't know where I wanted to go. It happens. I started out with such a definite idea of where I wanted to go; going from acoustic to electric. And then I'd done that by '73. After that I was going in certain directions but not all the way. I'd get into things that weren't particularly good for me to get into. Like Japanese Koto music — I'd hear that and want to play Japanese Koto music. I had to organise my head so that I didn't wander off, and it wasn't easy. I consider the new album the first since 'The Slider' that I'm 100 per cent satisfied with.

"The Slider" was a warm, affectionate almost self-mocking album — the perfect follow-up to the crisp, precise and carefully crafted "Electric Warrior". "Electric Warrior" was the full, urgent fruition of a gradual integration of the basic rock'n'roll sound into Bolan's work that had been gradually evolving since the coy, gloriously smothered, Spectorised Unicorn giggle, with the words as gratituously weird and soundworthy as anything before or since.

Years of confining his instinctive nature to make rock'n'roll exploded in the making of that one album — similar to the Patti Smith years that went into the making of "Horses".

'Warrior' was hard to follow up — Like "Horses" for Patti — but Bolan's compromise was warmth and mock and involvement, cutting continuity but not making any fresh stand. No claims to complexity, no claims to authenticity, almost a kind of conscious self-pollution that later dramatically degenerated into damagingly unconscious self-pollution.

"The Slider" was an understatement, a limited cultural scan but still a marvellous mix'n'match bubble rock album — like its predecessor, a masterpiece of inclusion/exclusion.

After "The Slider" things got slightly eccentric. The shoddy throw-together art work of the "Tanx" album matched the lackadaisical low key performance. It was just product.

"Mmm, I think it was a mistake to do it in France. Very slick and tight but it lost something. Recording is what you put into it."

And not much was put into it. 'Tanx' was the start of a decline both artistically and commercially. Bolan lost control. The next album — "Zinc Alloy And The Hidden Rider Of Tomorrow" (Or A Cream Cage In August) in fact started off heavily wow-don't-fret-it's-all-right, with a wrenched mover, "Venus Loon", that should have been a single. But after that outburst there's little heart, and the one or two really excellent songs ("Loon", "Interstellar Soul") get overwhelmed.

*"Two and a half hours of Punk Funk?"*

And while single-wise things were unflaggingly entertaining — with great send-up pulp-rock singles like "The Groover", "20th Century Boy", "Solid Gold Easy Action" — each one sold less than the last.

This was not important in effect, becuase Bolan had had his fun as superstar, but as his audience dropped away he got more and more messy head-wise.

The next album, "Zip Gun", boasted some fine songs, but poor performance and bad finish. Bolan claims the split with Tony Viscenti had nothing to do with its imposing claustrophobic production — "Tony hadn't worked heavily for quite a while before 'Zip Gun', I just really didn't know where I wanted to go" — but perhaps Bolan was relying too much on his own head when he was already a little unsure of himself, stepping out even further out onto the tightrope, and it shows.

"Musically that 'Zinc Alloy-Zip Gun' period was really bad. I was getting really split up and things; looking back I was way off beam. I should've just retired for a couple of years. I didn't want to play. In my head I was very upset. I'd get into the studio with all the songs and I didn't want to play them. It was very strange.

"People had to put up with a lot of shit. I just didn't want to play. I'd book the studios and then just sit around."

Bolan's crack at America coincided with this dark period.

"Over here things were very organised. But in the States I didn't really play when I should have done. 'Electric Warrior' and 'Get It On' were very big, but I waited two years. When we did play we did very well but it was all sort of two years too late.

"I guarantee" (tarumtarum-tarum) "that we'll be very big this year. We got a new band, and two or three labels are interested in signing us. We're just gonna go out there like no-one ever heard of me — we've had no product there for three years.

"We've still got a lot of cool over there, though. Very F.M. orientated. I never really wanted a string of American hits as I was, quite honestly. I was all booked up to be the B. C. Roller type thing, and in all fairness I'd been through all that over here, enjoyed it, it'd been a groove. But I had no intention of going through it all again. Now I'm ready to go there, and do it like I always wanted to — it'll be hard, but we'll do it. We got a good sort of hardcore public over there.'

Bolan's decision to release one of the all-time bad rock singles, "Zip Gun Boogie", he regards as a calculated artistic cut-out — to end a bad patch both artistically and saleswise with a horrendous single. Slam! Start again.

"New York City" was the comeback — a glorious single, one of my favourites of last year, a calm minimalism with cocky surety.

"Everybody said that after 'Zip Gun Boogie' it'd be really hard for me to get a hit single, but I proved them wrong. 'New York City' was a hit single."

Sadly, last year's album, "Futuristic Dragon," was very limp. Bitty, uninspired, but like those other albums since 'The Slider', so promising, just needing some care.

"Yeah, that was bad. Bits of American and English tapes, I haven't played that for a long time."

Neither have I.

"I think from now on I'm not going to record for six months at a time. There's no point in going in the studios all the time. I've changed my whole approach. . . I'm gonna make sure I know exactly where I am."

He seems well in control again. The new band helped?

Yeah."

It's been a good thing for you?

"Oh, amazing. All my old enthusiasm's back."

Perhaps for the first time in Bolan's stage career, there's some discipline. The '72-'73 T. Rex had no fixed standards laid down; it was enough that he just walked out and did some songs (pure excitement). Later drugs and drink interferred. Wishy-washy bands and untogether repertoires spoilt the gigs — despite even the worst having that . . . something.

Right now he's really enjoying himself.

"We're all having great fun and wanna play together as long as possible. No Gloria; all men. New material, very little golden-oldie stuff, and those done tight, not sprawled. In fact I'm doing an electric 'Deborah', a punk 'Deborah'. It sounds like shooting a shark gun. I dunno why. . . sorta, 'Purk;' — Miller and I are doing a very precise guitar sound."

Your're going on stage sober?

"I don't drink at all now. Not for two months. I don't drink, I don't smoke, I don't take drugs. I screw a lot."

The '72 spirit seems well returned, mixed with a studied maturity. Which has got to be a hellishly good thing. The tour with The Damned — 'Two and a half hours of Punk Funk' — has to be the tour of the year.

And he's still using the T. Rex name. . .

"Right, it's because I want to do a Marc Bolan album, but I don't know what it is yet. It's gonna be like nothing I've ever done before. Might be a spoken word album, it might just be me cracking eggs with loads of echo. . ."

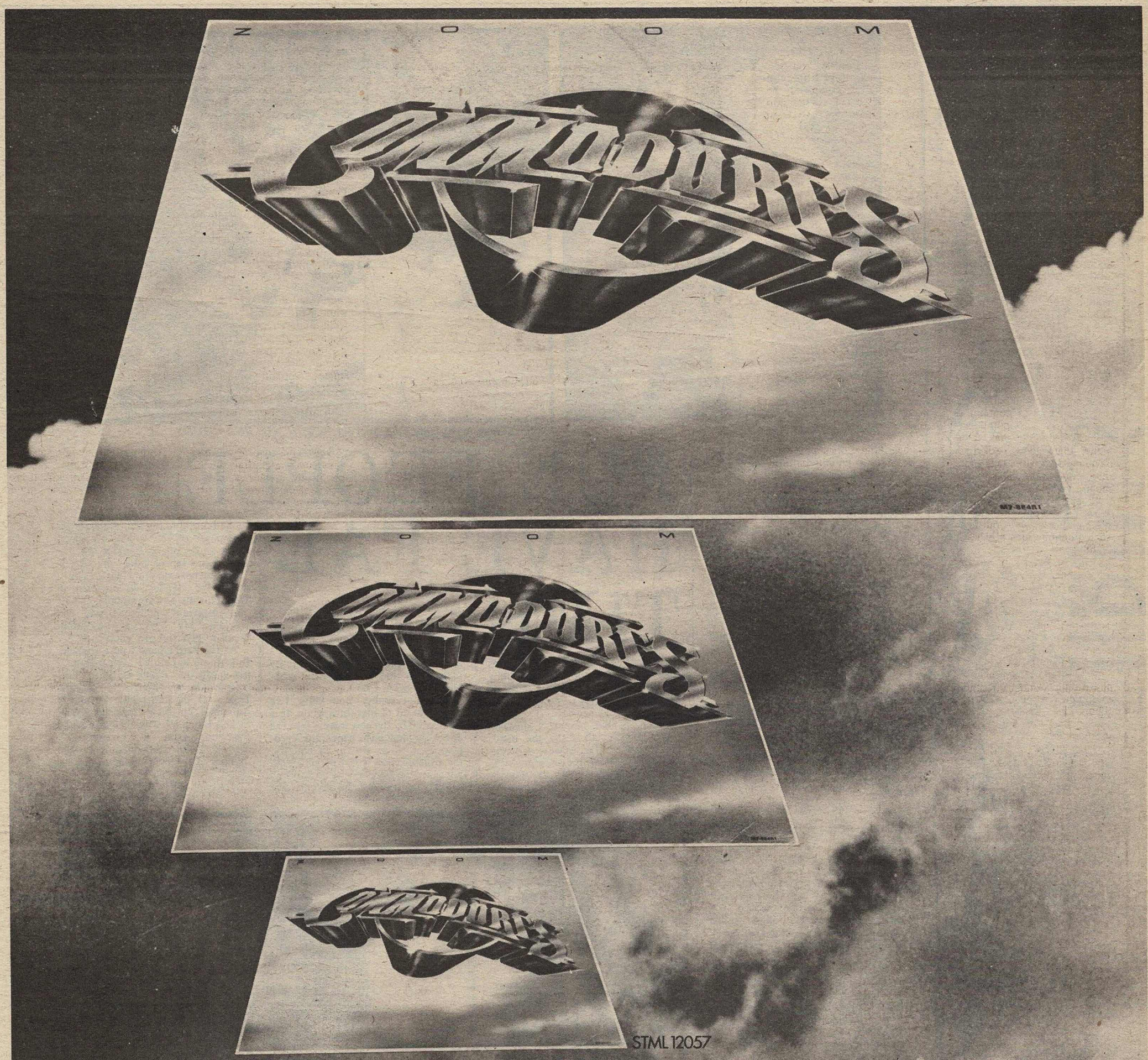

JAN AKKERMAN

TWO GREAT ALBUMS

ATLANTIC

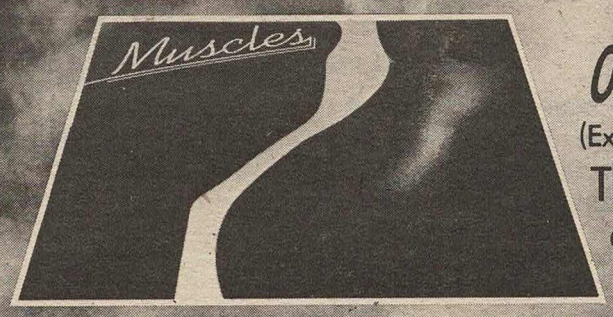
Hear Tracks from Jan Akkerman's Albums on Stuart Henry's Sound System Saturday 11 pm on . . .

208




# ZOOM THE COMMODORES

The new Commodores album ZOOM is available soon. Watch out for their U.S. smash single JUST TO BE CLOSE TO YOU TMG 1058, from 'HOT ON THE TRACKS' STML 12031.

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SUN **MAR 20th LEEDS** UNIVERSITY
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WED **MAR 23rd MANCHESTER** APOLLO
THUR **MAR 24th WEST RUNTON** PAVILLION
SAT **MAR 26th DUNSTABLE** CALIFORNIA

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*Bowie 'n' David Johansen.*

*Bowie 'n' Iggy 'n' Cyrinda Foxe 'n' Your Reporter. Pix: BOB GRUEN.*

# FUN PEOPLE HAVE FAB TIME

IT WAS one of those great New York rock and roll "underground" nights at the Lower Manhattan Ocean Club, with the Patti Smith Group (minus Patti Smith who's recuperating from her Tampa stage fall) performing a variety of oldies, reggae tunes and 'special surprises' with some special guests.

David Bowie was among the packed-out crowd of local musicians and New York "scenemakers" — in great spirits and looking wonderfully fit, wearing jeans, a plaid wool shirt, wool cap and sunglasses.

He'd arrived in New York that afternoon with Iggy Pop for the start of Iggy's American tour.

"I flew," Bowie told me, "for the first time in five or six years. I think the airplane is really a wonderful invention."

And he smiled somewhat like a proud father as Iggy joined the Patti Smith Group for a hot version of "96 Tears".

The crowd went wild. And Iggy gave a *performance* ... shedding jacket, unbuttoning shirt, and removing sunglasses and shoes.

Bowie *will* play keyboards on Iggy's U.S. tour, but wants to remain in the shadows as much as possible just as he did on the British leg. There won't be any spotlights on him onstage —"I have these little fairy lights to just light up the piano"— and it seems he is determined that Iggy should get all the attention.

But as well as doing a great public relations job to kick off Iggy's tour, Bowie really did appear to be having a great time. He drank Moet and Chandon Champagne, smoked French cigarettes, tapped his foot, and sang harmonies (from the table) on many of the songs.

He chatted with long-time friends (like actress Cyrinda Foxe and hubby David Johansen), caught up on gossip, and blended perfectly into the scene.

Later, in the basement dressing room, Bowie talked to the band. When told The Eagles were performing in New York the same night as Iggy, he deadpanned: "I thought Blondie was opening for us?"

We talked about his LP, "Low", and about the assumption made by many here that it was heavily influenced by Brian Eno.

"It's not really. You know I've been into all of that for a while. It is influenced by the new wave — not the American new wave bands, the European new wave. But in all honesty, the collaboration with Eno was 75/25 per cent," he said, leaving no doubt as to who contributed the seventy five per cent.

"I'm proud to say that Phillip Glass (composer of the widely acclaimed avant garde opera *Einstein On The Beach*) is a fan of mine," he added.

As for those rumours that he's lived a Howard Hughes-like existence in Berlin for the past six months, and his "no interview" policy, Bowie just laughed. "My New Year's resolution is not to give out any good copy."

As for Patti's band's performance: In addition to Lenny Kaye's outstanding vocals on "Route 66" and "Girl You're Getting Married", guitarist Ivan Kral did "Parachute Woman", drummer Jay Dee Daugherty sang "Can't Explain", Jonathan and Andy Paley sat in on "A Certain Girl", Tapper Zuki performed a reggae number, and David Johansen did the classic Dolls' "Pills".

It was all good stuff.

□ LISA ROBINSON

*Impromptu Iggy with Smiff Group.*

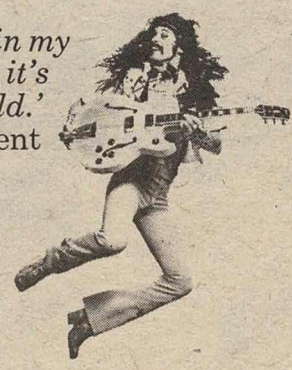

# TED *Detroit's Motor City*

Tracks Include:
Stranglehold
Motor City Madhouse
and his new single
Storm troopin'

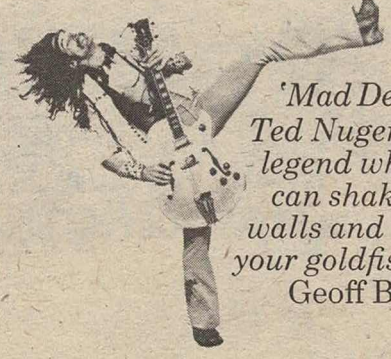
'Ted Nugent' EPC 81196

*'In Nugent's case, music means no-holds-barred, thundering guitar chords: he'll never tap you on the shoulder when he can belt you in the face.'*
Mike Oldfield Melody Maker

*'There's a ringing in my ears and I think it's the call of the wild.'*
Ted Nugent



*'There's no one to overshadow me, there ain't nobody who can outdo me at my own game I mean, have you ever heard anyone who sounds like me!'* Ted Nugent



*'Mad Detroit's axman Ted Nugent a heavy-metal legend whose guitar playing can shake light fittings from walls and can even make your goldfish homeless.'*
Geoff Barton Sounds

*All this, and no sensational coverage? Shee-it! Pic: CHALKIE DAVIES*

# V-SIGN AT QUEEN'S PAD FAILS

**SEEMS YOU have to do more than stick up two fingers and shout "Bollocks" — even if it is in front of Buckingham Palace and you're The Sex Pistols — to merit substantial coverage in the daily press these days.**

**For last Thursday the Malcolm McLaren masterminded stunt whereby those lovable spike tops he manages, The Sex Pistols, "signed" their new recording contract with A&M outside the Queen's prime pad, was greeted with indifference by the press.**

**And not one of the stream of four-letter words the lads let fly at the subsequent press conference was even hinted at in the pages of Fleet Street the following day.**

**Perhaps reporters would have had a more profitable time if they'd attended the proper signing which had taken place the previous afternoon (Wednesday) at Rondor Music, where the group's newest member, Sid Viscious, tried his darndest to vomit and one of the other members, on finding the wine that A&M had thoughtfully provided not to his taste, spat it out on the floor.**

**And there was always Johnny Rotten's custom-made jump-suit, featuring padlocks instead of buttons and a strap tying the knees together, to raise the odd eyebrow or two.**

**Wednesday's signing was the first time A&M's British boss Derek Green had actually met the latest addition to his roster. This was itself an unprecedented event; Green normally insists on meeting new artists before putting pen to paper.**

**But as he says, "It's an exceptional case," adding, "I don't think they liked me very much."**

**McLaren himself says the feeling is mutual. "We don't have a fantastic rapport with A&M. I would say that a lot of people there probably don't like us. A&M are a very middle of the road company and I think they probably thought we could change their image."**

**Negotiations with A&M started on January 9 when McLaren first met Green at the former's instigation. Green was played eight Pistols tracks, including three versions of "Anarchy In The UK", "Submission", "No Feelings", "No Future" and "Pretty Vacant".**

**Naturally McLaren had other irons in the fire — the reason, he says, why he didn't inform the band with whom they were signing until the very last minute.**

**At one time or another RCA, WEA and CBS were all involved around the negotiating table with McLaren — who ultimately had to settle for £50,000 less than the initial £200,000 price he wanted for the Pistols' signature.**

**Although Green refused to give details of the sum he'd paid for the Pistols, McLaren wasted no time in informing the music press and Fleet Street's pop writers, sending them a telegram the next day telling them he'd signed for £150,000. A&M will neither confirm nor deny that this was the actual figure.**

**Both American CBS and American WEA were keen to have the Pistols on their labels, but the British part of each operation was less enamoured of the *enfants terribles*.**

**While WEA's British chief John Fruin "hated the band", his second in command Derek Taylor wanted them on the roster.**

**Under pressure from the States, from whence the majority of the company's acts emanate, WEA decided to leave it to the company's grass roots to make the decision for them. After contacting the shop floor and not eliciting so much as one vote in favour of the Pistols, WEA dropped out of the race (according to McLaren).**

**Which still left CBS.**

**Says McLaren: "In America CBS's president was very heavily for the band, and in fact offered a quarter of a million. But Loggins (Dan Loggins, CBS's British A&R chief) said we sucked. And Oberstein — the managing director, said he got depressed every time he heard "Anarchy In The UK'."**

*ROTTEN*

**McLaren is highly critical of other new wave bands' involvement in the music industry.**

**"I think bands like The Damned and The Clash and The Stranglers have been taken over by the industry.**

**"The Damned are into the custard pie paper bag thing, going through to *Magpie* and being the nice new wave band . . . a little bit of horror rock, a little bit of fun and games and they'll work very well on TV.**

**"The Stranglers will work pretty well on the college circuit. They'll be taken as a reasonably serious rock act, and The Clash, well, they're the intellectuals of the punk rock movement and they'll be taken seriously.**

**"The Sex Pistols don't work within any of those spheres. Their spontaneity is something people feel a little threatened by."**

**Such was the Pistols' spontaneity at their press reception that they immediately zeroed in on the bar, Viscious himself taking hits on a litre bottle of vodka throughout the questioning, which was punctuated by belches from the podium.**

***Sounds* reporter Vivienne Goldman was unjustly abused by the group's new bassist. And when asked why Viscious had joined the group, they replied that it was because he beat up our own Nick Kent whom Rotten proceeded to call a hypocrite. And as events drew to a close the band sprayed the Fleet Street mob with soda syphons.**

**Asked about Glenn Matlock's leaving the line-up, McLaren had this to say: "We always knew Glenn was into The Beatles and at first we lived with it.**

**"It was all right Johnny Rotten having a go at him because of it, but when it became three of the band against one the pressure was to much and I had to deal with it.**

**"I felt he would be better off with another group because he had his own problems and his own attitudes, rather than staying with people who didn't want to accept them.**

**"The Pistols are heavily into chaos and not music. They didn't want to get involved in harmonising and they didn't want to get involved in . . . Glenn was involved in rhythm and blues and things like this.**

**"They thought Glenn had become a pain in the neck 'cause they hate The Beatles. They hated EMI. They didn't want to stand for The Beatles as well. They were a provincial idea to start with. It wasn't something they could relate to."**

**But wasn't Matlock the band's most accomplished musician?**

**"I would deny that. I would say Steve Jones is the most accomplished right now. Originally he may well have been 'cause Steve couldn't play guitar.**

**"But Glenn stayed as he was. Steve has become a great guitarist. The playing is not the big deal. That comes afterwards. It's the attitude that counts."**

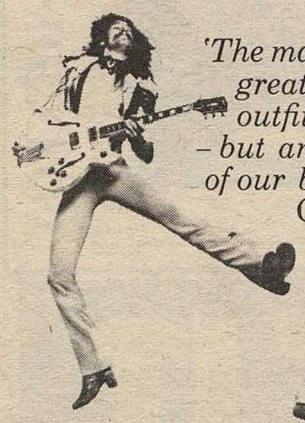
**The Pistols did, however, hit the headlines on Friday when all of Fleet Street reported Johnny Rotten being busted £40 for possession of amphetamine sulphate (speed). A policeman giving evidence told the court that of the £25 per week Rotten is paid by McLaren, he gives £15 to his mother for board.**

● *For Glenn Matlock's view, see over page.*

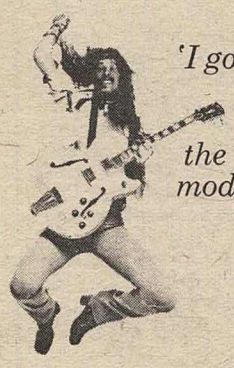
□ STEVE CLARKE


*Madman* **NUGENT**

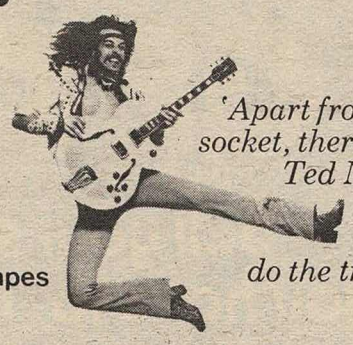
Tracks Include:
Dog Eat Dog
Turn It Up
Street Rats and
Hammerdown



*'The madman's band is the greatest gonzoid heavy metal outfit to be found anywhere – but anywhere – on the whole of our beleaguered planet.'* Geoff Barton Sounds

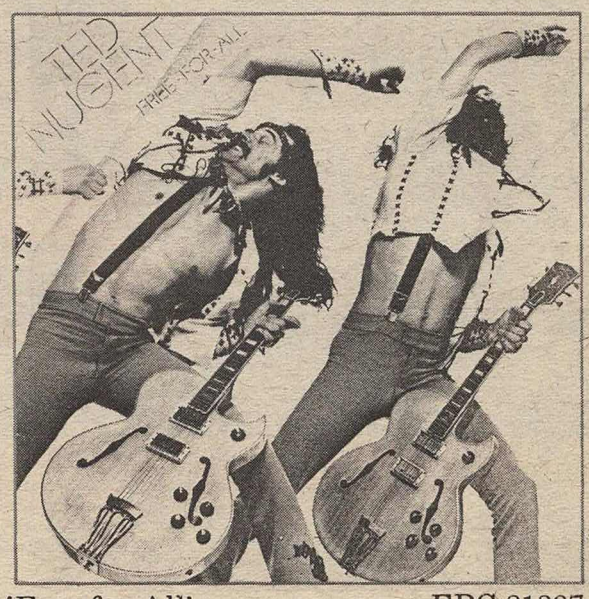


*'I got ears, I can hear it the kids are going crazy, foaming at the mouth ready to tear the legs off the security guard and I should be modest.'* Ted Nugent



*'Apart from pulling out of the socket, there's no way of stopping Ted Nugent ! . . . and then I very much doubt if that would do the trick.'* Roy Carr NME

*'I can shoot the balls off a rhino at 100 yards.'* Ted Nugent

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# . . . EX PISTOL PLANS A NEW BAND

THE SHOCK of recognition. Spiky haired kids making a pilgrimage out to the wilds of Harlesden mingle with the regular Irish clientele of this old fashioned Baroque-style London boozer and occasionally one of them does a doubletake at the geezer leaning against the bar drinking a pint of light.

Yeah, the Bill Grundy debacle has left the boat race of Glenn Matlock imprinted firmly on their memory banks, even though he's no longer in the Pistols . . .

"That telegram Malcolm (McLaren, the Pistols' manager) sent to *Melody Maker* saying they kicked me out was wrong," Glenn claims, without a trace of bitterness. "It was a mutual agreement. I wanted to leave and they wanted me out. In the beginning it was just mates playing rock 'n' roll and then later all the business side came in and spoiled it . . ."

What was it like at the time of your, uh, departure?

"Like playing in The Monkees," he smiles pleasantly. "It just seems like now Malcolm has got to give the impression he's in total control. That press conference, y'know — the Fleet Street lot could just use the articles they wrote years ago about The Move when they were smashing televisions . . . Just change the names."

***GLENN MATLOCK: "It was like playing in The Monkees."***

Last time I saw the Pistols was months back on the local-council-butchered Anarchy tour. Matlock looked the part as much as any of them, and also seemed like the best bass player the New Wave had produced. But even then he had sussed it wasn't gonna work out . . .

"Even before the tour, I'd make suggestions or offer ideas at rehearsals and nobody wanted to know. There was no communication between any of us . . ."

Some musicians who leave big-name bands can't come down, and choose the self-destruct button, but there's no way that Matlock will be going down that route. He's intelligent, creative and a superb musician. He's not bitter about his split from the Pistols.

"I had a good time there for a while," he says. "But I've been through all the front page articles and the national scandal and all the rest of it. I've done all that and don't need to do it again. I just wanna make my music, get a band together. Maybe we'll call it The Rich Kids — with my mate Jimmy Norton, who plays guitar and sings . . . and I want it to be *good!* There's so much dross coming through, ain't there?"

Sure is, Glenn.

He looks at the clock on the pub wall and bolts down his drink. It's getting late and we ain't come all the way up to Harlesden just to talk. The last time I saw Glenn Matlock he was dancing to The Clash. And smiling to himself.

□ TONY PARSONS

LONE GROOVER — BENYON

HEY MAESTRO WHERE ARE YOU?
DOWN HERE/ PRONTO.
WHATS GOIN' ON? I MEAN THERES NO DRAWING.....
ITS EXPERIMENTAL, A SORRTA CONCEPTO STRIP...
GASPO! ITS RIDICULOZA!! Y'JUST CAN'T DO IT. I MEAN EXPERIMENTING AT TH' EXPENSE OF YOR PUBLIC IS A NO NO.....
BOWIE CAN DO IT.
HE'S A GENIUS, MAN.....
BUT THIS IS A RIP OFF, ITS SELF INDULGENT AN' JUST WHAT PEOPLE DON'T EXPECT – IN FACT IT'S ONE BIG PRIVATE JOKE. WITHOUT GIVIN' PEOPLE THEIR MONEYS WORTH.....
AAHH! THAT TOUCH OF GENIUS.....

GET IT
Sell your shirt if you have to–but get it!

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As the 70's meet the 80's-
A new band is born.
For the new age.
Metro.
Original. Unique.
Both of and ahead of it's time.
Don't take our word.
Just listen.

The single: 'Criminal World' (BIG 560)
The album: 'Metro' (TRAG 340)
On Transatlantic Records & Tapes.

# 1977 NME AWARDS TO INDUSTRY

WINNERS OF TWO awards in 1976 (Best Engineered and Best Produced Record for "I'm Not In Love"), 10cc came back again to take a further two categories in the 1977 *NME* Awards To The Record Industry. Their album "How Dare You!" was selected as best rock album sleeve design, and their single "I'm Mandy Fly Me" was joint winner in the category for best 1977 production.

The awards — given annually to recognise "the creative and technical achievements of the British record industry" — were presented by humourist John Bird (doing his H. Wislon number) during a lunch at London's Europa Hotel last week. The awards are organised by *NME* Ad Director Percy Dickins and this is the tenth year they have been in operation.

Full details of the 1977 awards are as follows:

**BEST DESIGNED SLEEVES**

ROCK

"How Dare You!" 10cc. Designed by Hipgnosis for Mercury Records.

*Highly Commended:* "Stratos Fear" Tangerine Dream (Virgin Records). designed by Cooke Key Associates; "The Vintage Years 1969-70" Rod Stewart (Mercury), designed by Moore, Morris and Dempsey; "Gladys Knight Super Hits", designed by Steve Newport for EMI Design Department.

POPULAR

*Joint Winners:* "Hello Again . . . Again" The Geraldo Orchestra (Transatlantic), designed by Paul Chave of Tactics; "Another Fine Mess" Laurel and Hardy (United Artists), designed by Bob Searles of AD Design.

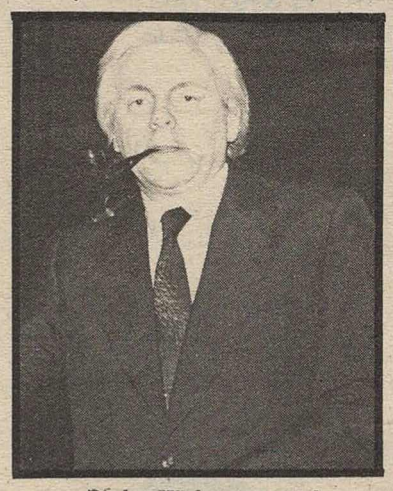
*Highly commended:* "A Salute To America" The Kingsway Marching Band And Chorus, designed by Laurie Richards — Decca Publicity Art Department; "On Tour" The Pasadena Roof Orchestra, designed by Andrew Archer for Transatlantic Records.

CLASSICAL

"Beethoven: The Early Quartets Op 18 Nos 1-6", The Julliard Quartet, designed by Roslav Szaybo, illustration by James Woods for CBS Records.

*Highly commended:* "Beethoven: Three Piano Sonatas" Roger Woodward, designed by Sutton Paddock for RCA Records; "Berlioz/Scenes from Romeo and Juliet, Tchaikovsky/Romeo and Juliet, Leonard Bernstein/New York Philharmonic", designed by Roslav Szaybo, illustration by Janusz Guttner for CBS; "The Queen's Silver Jubilee 1952-1977", designed by Alan J. Peters for AJP Records.

# I'M HAROLD, FLY ME



***Bird as Wislon presents the NME Industry Awards for 1977***

**BEST BRITISH PRODUCED**

*Joint winners:* "I'm Mandy Fly Me" 10cc (Mercury) produced by 10cc; "Livin' Thing" ELO (Jet), produced by Jeff Lynne.

*Highly commended:* "Devil Woman" Cliff Richard (EMI), produced by Bruce Welch; "Music" John Miles (Decca), produced by Alan Parsons.

**BEST BRITISH ENGINEERED**

*Joint winners:* "The Raven" Alan Parsons Project, engineered by Alan Parsons; "Devil Women" Cliff Richard (EMI), engineered by Peter Vince and Tony Clark.

*Highly Commended:* "Allnight" Chris Rainbow (Polydor), engineered by Pete Wilson, Supersoundprojection Carlos Olmes; "Don't Cry For Me Argentina" Julie Covington (MCA), engineered by David Hamilton Smith.

**BEST DESIGNED ADVERTISEMENT APPEARING IN NME**

A & M Records for "Joan Armatrading", designed by T. Richard Johnson.

*Highly commended:* Dark Horse Records for "33⅓" George Harrison, designed by Graves Aslett Associates Limited; Phonogram for "The Penthouse Tapes" The Sensational Alex Harvey Band, designed by Grant Advertising; Chrysalis for "Endless Flight" Leo Sayer, designed by T. Richard Johnson.

**BEST BRITISH MARKETING CONCEPT**

EMI Records for Cliff Richard's "I'm Nearly Famous" album.

*Highly commended:* A & M Records for "Joan Armatrading"; United Artists for "A New World Record" by Electric Light Orchestra; Decca Records for "Rebel" by John Miles.

● *The NME Awards take the form of a miniature front cover of the "New Musical Express" on a silver-plated printing plate.*

# The '60s

# *DONOVAN RETURNS. . .*

***Lionel Bart and Donovan remembering those fabulous '60s together last week in Covent Garden.*** ***Pic: STEVE EMBERTON***

**DONOVAN MADE a cautious return to public life in Britain when he materialised at the Roxy in Covent Garden for a press reception for Marc Bolan. Since Velda Daquiri spotted among the guests members of both The Damned and The Vibrators, Donovan's low-key presence seemed a trifle incongruous. Especially as he was accompanied by his wife and her son, Julian. Velda asked him to kindly explain himself.**

**"I'm a friend of Marc's, so I thought I'd come.**

**"I'm based in California now, but over in Britain for a few months. I'm looking for musicians to put a band together; once I've got the musicians I'm planning to do an album."**

**Velda observed that he not only appeared to be in the best possible health, but was also dressed very neatly in a grey flannel suit.**

**"I've been resting for a couple of years," was the explanation. "But now I'm very anxious to record again. I'll be working with Mickie Most — well, all my best records were with him. We're going into the studios in April."**

**There was further news too. Donovan is now contracted to a new management company — to Brian Lane, who handles Yes.**

**"I definitely want to do some live gigs in June. I hope we'll play some rock'n'roll, but I still want to keep that personal contact with the audience, so it won't only be that.**

**"Oh, yeah — how's the NME? I always liked it."**

# are always with you

# *THE MONKEES REFORM . . .*

## *(according to one source)*

*Dolenz, pictured with once and future colleague Davy Jones last year.*

ON HOLIDAY in Britain recently, Mickey Dolenz broke the news which threatens to leave the rock world completely unshattered: The Monkees are to reform.

"Last year", said Dolenz, "Davy Jones and I toured the States and the Far East with Tommy Boyce and Bobby Hart doing a 'Golden Great Hits Of The Monkees' show. The tremendous audience reaction we received, together with the volume of fan mail that we *still* get, convinced me that there was a real demand for us to get back together. I contacted the other guys and they were all very positive about it."

This has thus come together despite the buoyancy of Mike Nesmith's solo career. He is close to a first British hit single with "Rio", was contemplating a late Spring tour here, and was obliging his U.K. record company, Island, by coming in for press interviews later this month. These have now been cancelled, in view of the need to rehearse with the others, though it's still possible that Island will prevail upon him should "Rio" actually make it to the charts.

The four of them start recording their comeback album next month, with Dennis Lambert and Brian Potter as producers.

The album will, almost inevitably, be on the Arista label.

Further, there are also plans for a concert tour and new T.V. series, which will initially have a variety format, though Dolenz would ambitiously like to see it broaden into areas of science fantasy and comedy.

"Comedy with music always was our real strength," says Dolenz. "I'd like us to do something like *A Chorus Line*, or perhaps a crazy movie — 'The Monkees Meet Godzilla', maybe."

It is perhaps of significance that *Head*, The Monkee's first and only cinema film, made in 1969 by Bob Rafelson, (who has since directed *Five Easy Pieces, The King Of Marvin Gardens, Stay Hungry*, and other excellent films, and has been quoted as saying that he still regards *Head* as his finest effort), was shown recently by the National Film Theatre as part of its "Corman Connection" season, and attempts are now being made for it to be shown publicly in Britain for the first time.

During the separation of the Monkees, Nesmith has been developing his own cult following, through his own recordings and concerts and producing albums for Ian Matthews and Bert Jansch, while little was heard of Peter Tork, though, as *Thrills* reported recently, he has been teaching at an experimental school in California. He is also rumoured to have served time for a drug offence, though that has never been officially confirmed.

Davy Jones made a solo album and several singles, none of which set the charts alight, and did TV appearances, cabaret dates and a film for Walt Disney productions. Dolenz himself has cut a few singles, including Nilsson's "Daybreak" for MGM, but has been more active behind the camera.

"Directing some of the later episodes of the Monkees' TV series gave me a real break. After we split, I set up my own production company, making TV commercials, which were a real success." Dolenz, who was divorced last year from Samantha Juste, the former *Top Of The Pops* girl, also kept active in TV and films, most recently appearing in the horrendous *Linda Lovelace For President.*

He says he was never bothered by criticism of the original band.

"It was harder for Mike and Peter, who, as musicians themselves, wanted greater artistic control of our product. It never bothered me, because although I had some musical background, I was primarily an actor cast as a drummer. There was no way we were a real rock'n'roll band, any more than Leonard Nimoy is a real Vulcan."

Dolenz explained the original termination of the band's activities in 1969.

"Peter quitting in 1967 didn't help, and perhaps our audience was reluctant to accept the more sophisticated music we were making by that time, but the main reason we disbanded was simply that the physical demands imposed on us all by the work schedule had nearly killed us.

"We had to film two TV episodes a week — that took us five to six days, and then there was rehearsing, recording, going out on the road, and generally functioning as a rock'n'roll band.

"We all needed about two years to recuperate once it was all over."

Dolenz merely grins when I suggest to him that The Monkees were, in their small way, responsible for some significant contributions to the rock scene.

For example, they helped bring Nilsson, Michael Murphey and Neil Diamond to prominence. Then, it was Dolenz himself who saw Jimi Hendrix playing guitar in a small club, and insisted on him being signed as support act on their tour. (Though in fact, Hendrix only played a few early gigs with The Monkees; it rapidly became evident that the two acts weren't suited to one another.)

Dolenz was also one of the first rock musicians to use a moog synthesiser (on "Pisces Aquarius Capricorn & Jones Ltd."), though some might consider this a negative contribution.

Although the four Monkees will not, initially at least, be forsaking their individual solo careers, Dolenze is optimistic about the reunion:

"First time around it was hard work, but we had a great time. We've all been doing different things, but have kept in touch over the years; I'm really excited about the prospect of working together again."

However, despite Dolenz's confidence, there is still an air of mystery surrounding this supposed Monkees reunion. For Dolenz first publicly aired the news some two weeks ago on London Weekend's *Saturday Scene* programme, and referred several times to the fact that their new contract was with Clive Davis' Arista label.

Arista themselves however know nothing of all this. Howard Harding, U.K. press officer, said neither they nor their U.S. colleagues could confirm any story about The Monkees. "At the moment", said Harding "there seems to be no foundation in it at all."

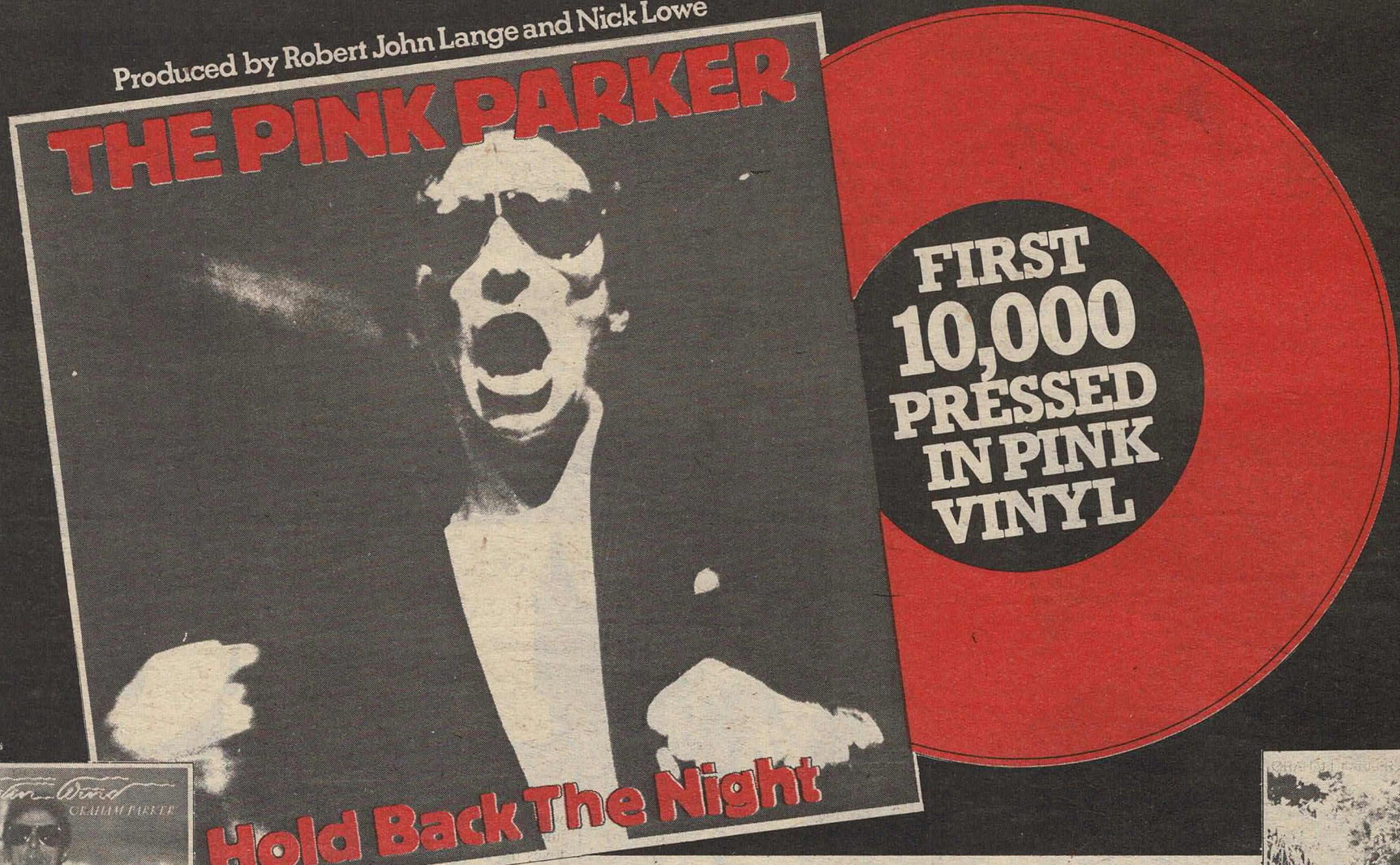
□ JOHN CLAYTON

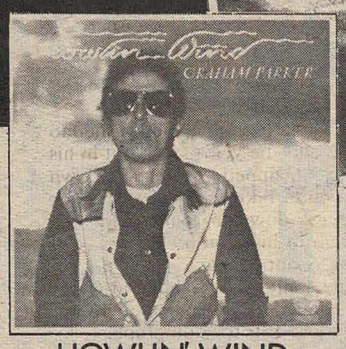
# GRAHAM PARKER & THE RUMOUR

# "THE PINK PARKER"

## An EP featuring: 'Hold Back the Night' 'Sweet on You' 'White Honey' and 'Soul Shoes'

Produced by Robert John Lange and Nick Lowe

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23rd NEWCASTLE, City Hall
24th BIRMINGHAM, Odeon
25th NOTTINGHAM, Trent Polytechnic
26th BBC TV Sight & Sound
27th IPSWICH, Gaumont
28th LEICESTER, De Montfort
29th BOURNEMOUTH, Winter Gardens

**APRIL**
3rd MANCHESTER, Palace Theatre

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RUMOURS ROD STEWA
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TRUDEAU A BEATLES MAN...
WOOD A LEG MAN
KEEP THIS UP SQUIRE AN' WE'LL HAVE TO RENEGOTIATE YOR DIFFERENTIALS.....
DAILY BUM.... FOUND OK! TOUCH WOOD!
SPOKESMAN FOR STONES SAYS UH!
TONY BENYON

# YOU CAN COME OUT NOW PIERRE, THEY'VE GONE . . .

## Chapter 631 in 'It's Only Rock And Roll' (more's the pity), an everyday story of elite showbiz gentlefolk.

Report:
LISA ROBINSON
Dateline:
TORONTO, March 11 1977

IT WAS A surreal rock dream.

Last Saturday night in the unlikely setting of a tiny Toronto club, the Rolling Stones performed what may have been their last show together.

What was planned as a live set for their forthcoming album turned into a drama when guitarist Keith Richard was arrested in Toronto last week for the possession of both heroin and cocaine. Given either a possible jail sentence for Keith, or the fact that he may well be denied future entry visas to the United States, the future of the band seems gravely in doubt.

So, with the added elements of frustration and fury, the Stones performed a magnificent two-hour show to 350 ecstatic radio contest winners in the El Mocambo club.

(The 350 lucky ones were picked by radio station CHUM who held a contest: "Why I Would Like to go to a party with the Rolling Stones". The replies apparently ranged from the simplest fan tribute to the hilarious and obscene.)

For the band this club performance must have been strange; they haven't performed in a club since 1964 in Bristol.

"I wish we could make money doin' gigs like this," Mick Jagger said after Friday night's exhilarating show.

But before they went onstage Saturday, he sat on a banquette in the private area reserved for the band and we talked seriously about the Rolling Stones — who performed for ten million people on their last tour in the U.S. — doing a concert in a club.

"It's not exactly us goin' in and doin' a club," Mick said.

"Look around. There's all these lawyers. . . bodyguards. . . radio contest winners. . . It's an artificial set-up, really."

What about the excitement of being able to see the Stones up close?

"Oh that's good," he agreed. "But these people who think we should do it all the time are livin' in the past."

I always thought that one of the best moments of the 1975 US tour was the actual pre-tour "press conference" when the Stones drove up to a Fifth Avenue hotel on a flatbed truck and did "Brown Sugar" for the astonished assembled press.

No makeup, street clothes. Just rock and roll.

This night in Toronto, Mick wore no makeup except for a thick line of kohl under his eyes, and he looked great. And, with a white terrycloth robe over the green and white striped jumpsuit that would serve as his stage costume, Mick laughed about doing a show dressed in a "tropical outfit".

"Last night I wore a t-shirt, leather pants, and boots, just street clothes. But it was so *hot* onstage.

"The good thing about stage clothes is that they're meant for the stage," he said, somewhat defensively. "If I go on in jeans, or leather trousers, they'll just split."

"It was fun onstage last night, but all these girls were grabbing my balls. . . Once they started, they didn't stop. It was great up to a point, then it got very difficult to *sing*."

As for the band's future: "I dunno what's goin' to happen," Mick said seriously. "It's really been *very* heavy up here. . .

(One of the plans was for the Stones to have recorded a studio LP in Toronto following these live recording gigs. Now that Keith's trial is set for the 14th, and the pressure has been so intense, the other members of the band are in no emotional frame of mind to hang around Toronto, and many of them are leaving to go their separate ways this week.

Whether or not the band will be able to plan to tour, and how this will affect their signing an American recording deal, all depends on the outcome of Keith's trial.

Already last week Robert Stigwood announced that he had withdrawn a seven million dollar offer for American recording rights to the Stones.

While he denied that it had anything to do with Keith's bust, saying that the decision was made for commercial reasons, obviously such problems would have been a major consideration in the decision.

In the dressing room was Margaret Trudeau, wife of Canada's Prime Minister, a constant member of this week's Stones' entourage.

Mme Trudeau, who ditched her security guards and checked into the room next door to Keith Richard in the Harbour Castle Hilton Hotel, arrived at the club both nights with Jagger.

Afterwards she was observed wandering around the hotel hallways dressed in a white bathrobe, and hanging out with the band.

"I've always been a Stones fan," she said simply, while her husband's comment, as reported in the Canadian press, was: "It's her private life and she's on record as saying she wants to lead it the way she wants to. You don't get any official comment from here."

Watching Mrs. Trudeau pose for photos with Keith Richard, Mick Jagger and Ron Wood, Charlie Watts muttered, "I wouldn't want *my* wife associating with us."

Bill Wyman said straight faced: "She's helping to improve English-Canadian relations."

While Richard and Wood tuned up behind some amplifiers in a makeshift area of the "dressing room", Bill said, "This is great. There isn't the pressure of performing, really. There's the pressure of being in a recording session, but it's not the same thing."

"Also, I don't have to jump around," he deadpanned. "I don't have to dance. . . or worry about doin' my visual bit."

The atmosphere around the band's inner circle seemed to range from a casual air ("Let's get this over with") to a slight sense of panic, as if they were performing to 20,000 people in the Maple Leaf Gardens.

"It's a good thing to do once in awhile," said Ian Stewart, "But it wouldn't be good to flog it to death."

Excitement had been building up in the club for three hours (the audience had to sit through a set by April Wine, one of Canada's "better bands") and when the Stones came onstage after 11 p.m. with no fanfare, it seemed both natural and incredible actually to see them there.

"Honky Tonk Woman" began what was obviously going to be a great set.

As the Stones flashbacked through their own history with numbers from the latest "Black and Blue" LP, material performed on the 1975 tour, early Stones classics and vintage blues, it was impossible for any Stones fan — and that must include anyone who loves the energy of rock 'n' roll — to remain calm.

The show belonged to Keith; the musical emphasis was on the nasty rockers so closely identified with *the* rock and roll guitarist.

"Dance Little Sister", "Hand Of Fate", "Brown Sugar", "Crazy Mama", "All Down The Line", "Tumbling Dice", Let's Spend The Night Together" (they apparently haven't done that live for over ten years) "Little Red Rooster," "Route 66", and "Mannish Blues".

But it was impossible to keep one's eyes off Jagger, who was giving a *performance*.

One of Jagger's problems in arenas is that his intelligence and the campy humour of his art does not come across hundreds of feet away.

With this show, the memory of Jagger as a prancing ant in the 1975 behemoth stadium concerts was erased.

It was a shame that every Stones fan couldn't have seen this set.

Jagger pulled out all the stops: eyeballs rolling, mouth leering, body posturing. . . and his actions were instinctively scaled down to the size of the stage he occupied.

He is a complete professional, and realised that the eventual album would sound better if he worked up the crowd.

But he can't fool me; despite his attempts to seem blase, he was having fun.

And so, he was *very* sexy; wriggling his rather well-endowed lower anatomy suggestively, and revealing his nearly hairless chest glistening with sweat.

He sang so hard the blood rushed to his face and the veins stuck out in his neck. He unzipped his jumpsuit down to his white bikini underwear, stuck his fingers down his pants and then put them in his mouth.

He was outrageous.

While some girls grabbed at Mick, other handed bits of paper to Keith, Woody and Bill for autographs.

They obliged; and Jagger even signed the arms of one girl who now has the familiar dilemma of deciding whether to ever wash again.

One fan kept yelling out for "Sister Morphine", which prompted *New York Times* critic John Rockwell to whisper in my ear: "What a sense of occasion". . .

The old Muddy Waters blues and early Stones numbers they did brought to mind something Mick told me in 1975 about "aging rockstars":

"When I started out, I never wanted to be a rock and roll star. I wasn't into singing teenage lyrics. I was singing songs written by 40,50. . . 60 year old men.

"So age, what does it matter?

Mick Jagger, singing these songs without the aid of flamboyant costume or exaggerated makeup, was ageless.

And with the energy evidenced that weekend in Toronto, if the Rolling Stones are allowed to continue to perform, they still have quite a future.

HOW APPROPRIATE of the BBC to replace the *Song For Europe* programme that was blacked out by cameramen this week with three *comedy* shows

Other than the Miss World contest I can't *think* of anything funnier than **Lyn Paul, Carl Wayne, Lynsey De Paul** and company, all *tarted* up to the nines battling it out with crass, commercial catchy songs.

VELDA *STILL* believes that **Cathy McGowan** is more than just a "good friend" of **Elton John's** so I was delighted this week when an intimate acquaintance informed me that she played hostess at a recent dinner party EJ held at his stately mansion (**Cliff Richard** was among the guests).

And notice my angels, no more mention has been made at all of young **Melanie Greene,** the female to whom young Elt was supposed to be attached.

Did she ever exist I ask myself?

ELEGANT father of two, teen heart throb **David** (you've got) **Soul** arrived last Friday morning in Britain.

Estimated crowd at the airport: 50.

Hours later, he gave a press conference. Total number of ladies waiting outside the hotel: five.

The following day he spent a few hours being filmed with some Dr. Barnardos children in a river boat on the Thames.

A close friend of mine spotted the blond bombshell *running* from the boat into a waiting limo looking hurriedly around him, hotly pursued by: NO ONE

Bring back the Osmonds my dear — or at least Paul Michael Glaser.

□ VELDA DACQUIRI

*GEORGE 'n' guitarist BIG JOHN (right).*

# REDNECK IMMIGRANT SHOCK

WHAT HAS long blond hair, wears black leather, struts and stomps like Foghorn Leghorn on White Lightnin' and does all songs 'bout wahn, wimmin an' a good ole boogie?

Why shucks, that's easy, it's your genoowine Suthin-style singer. Got lots a them 'round Texas, Georgia, Arkansas an' all. Go down real well in these parts too.

With the further hint that the particular strutting, leathery blond I got in mahnd has been wowing 'em in England this year you might well guess rightly that it's George Hatcher, with his band and all.

The George Hatcher Band started connecting on tour with the Feelgoods, but if you ain't seen 'em yet and Southern boogie crossed with Heavy Metal is your big thang, take note. At last the audience that leans to Z Z Top, Lynyrd Skynyrd, Black Oak Arkansas et al has got a British-based band gigging their pants off and providing purely pleasurable, stomping boozer's blues and boogie.

George is Carolina born and bred, and he did his thang on the Georgia scene until he got fed up with being shuffled around too much in a crowded, very inbred musical set-up.

With a band called Flatrock he recorded three albums under the production of Shadow Morton. None were even released. "It was too much," he drawled.

A typically charming, talkative, extrovert Southerner, Hatcher has also obviously got a lot of smarts. An *afficianado* of British bands, he turned his restless sights on England, moved over about two years ago and set about getting it on.

A chance meeting with Chris Stainton's wife on the plane over led to George meeting a good circle of musicians right away, although it took over a year to assemble the band he wanted in its present form.

Drummer Terry Slade was at one time with Kevin Coyne, but the rest of the band are relative newcomers professionally: on keyboards is Steve Wren; on bass Harris Joannou; on rhythm Phil Swan, and the ace card in an impressive lead guitarist is chunky little Brummie Big John Thomas, who has the countenance of a benevolent, moustachioed chipmunk.

They're currently recording their second LP, and have a single, "Black Moon Rising," due out on April 1st. At the end of this month they're doing three dates with Frankie Miller — Glasgow, Manchester, and London.

The songs Hatcher writes are, perhaps predictably, pretty much concerned with having a good time, fooling around, getting drunk and dirty — "All Night Gambler," "Rockin' In The Morning," "Drinkin' Man" and the like.

All the same they're intelligently put together, tuneful, snappy and all of that stuff, providing a sound basis for both George's fine belting and the band's well-crafted blitzing. Creedence Clearwater meets Nazareth.

On stage George greets the eye clad in black, shirt open, and what's left of a bottle of whisky in his hand.

"Are y'all raght! Whoo! God bless y'all, we're just goin' to *do* it!"

Yelping in time-honoured, Dixie fashion, he comes on like an escapee from a visiting Macon band package, highly conspicuous in an otherwise ever so English-looking outfit. He brought the raunch, but the others have taken it up with conviction and serve it up with style.

Sets are feverish and fun, running from the blowout treatment of the old Taj Mahal classic "Statesboro' Blues" through Hatcher's stash of skull splitters to the commanding hokum of sincere slowie "Four O'Clock In The Morning."

"All Night Gambler" is a telling accomplishment of ensemble dynamics. The instrumentals fairly lilt along to George's soulful contortions, quieten down, hover on the brink of a pause, and then leap off into hair-tearing honkey-tonk.

While Hatcher swaggers back and forth swinging his hair, stalking the microphone and seizing Thomas in bearhugs, the little guitarist quietly oozes hard, sparkling finger work, intense slide runs and any number of interesting, slightly jazzy bridges.

Hatcher's own range and delivery remind me a lot of David Clayton-Thomas, except that he sounds tougher, grittier and far less self-conscious. Up front and visually hammy. the show's all his whenever he's growling, moaning or shaking his tonsils, but he sensibly leaves enough openings for each of the others to show off rather tastefully, albeit at full volume.

This is demonstrated to best effect on their debut album for United Artists, "Dry Run," as Steve Wren's flair and versatility on keyboards is apt to be done down by the over the top stage mix. But live it's mainly down to the energy, force and manic choogling they convey. And it never fails to turn on the mane shakers.

The band recently decided to record a live EP, an obvious move for a team with their raison d'etre of spontaneous excitement. In a hurry to get out "product" before the current round of heavy gigging, it was decided to do the EP in a studio but get in a party crowd to provide the feedback.

So a horde of journalists, liggers, friends and thrill-seekers descended on Olympic Studios, got pissed out of their tinies and extremely loose.

"We're 's drunk 's you are," George guffawed as an intro. Maybe so, but under the influence things were really cooking all round. Observers blew their cool to crowd around the band and whoop co-operatively to the previously unrecorded "Statesboro' Blues" and "Drinkin' Man" and two tracks from "Dry Run." Best of all was a rave-up pounder called "Black Moon Rising," a fahn, fahn potential single and a potent denomstration of what it's all about.

If you're into getting drunk and having a stomp, you can't miss these boys. They jes' *do* it, all raght.

□ ANGIE ERRIGO


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| 5 | IN YOUR MIND — Bryan Ferry | 2.70 |
| 6 | BURNIN' SKY — Bad Company | 2.60 |
| 7 | I CAME TO DANCE — Nils Lofgren | 2.70 |
| 8 | SOMETHING MAGIC — Procol Harum | 2.60 |
| 9 | COMING OUT — Manhattan Transfer | 2.40 |
| 10 | BOSTON | 2.50 |
| 11 | SONGS FROM THE WOOD — Jethro Tull | 2.60 |
| 12 | KIKI DEE | 2.70 |
| 13 | BULLINAMINGVASE — Roy Harper | 2.45 |
| 14 | EVITA — Soundtrack | 4.99 |
| 15 | AN EVENING WITH DIANA ROSS | 3.99 |
| 16 | SONGS IN THE KEY OF LIFE — Stevie Wonder | 5.25 |
| 17 | GREATEST HITS VOL 2 — John Denver | 2.60 |
| 18 | EVERY FACE TELLS A STORY — Cliff Richard | 2.45 |
| 19 | HARBOR — America | 2.40 |
| 20 | NIGHT MOVES — Bob Seger | 2.70 |
| 21 | WIND AND WUTHERING — Genesis | 2.60 |
| 22 | A DAY AT THE RACES — Queen | 2.95 |
| 23 | WINGS OVER AMERICA — Wings | 5.15 |
| 24 | HOTEL CALIFORNIA — Eagles | 2.90 |
| 25 | ARRIVAL — Abba | 2.90 |
| 26 | IN FLIGHT — George Benson | 2.40 |
| 27 | DANCER WITH BRUISED KNEES — Kate & Anna McGarrigle | 2.40 |
| 28 | A NEW WORLD RECORD — Electric Light Orchestra | 2.60 |
| 29 | LOW — David Bowie | 2.80 |
| 30 | DOWNTOWN TONIGHT — Racing Cars | 2.60 |
| 31 | GREATEST HITS — Abba | 2.50 |
| 32 | WHITE ROCK — Rick Wakeman | 2.70 |
| 33 | ENDLESS FLIGHT — Leo Sayer | 2.60 |
| 34 | LIVE AT THE GREEK — Neil Diamond | 4.09 |
| 35 | THEIR GREATEST HITS — Eagles | 2.90 |
| 36 | SONGWRITER — Justin Hayward | 2.60 |
| 37 | JOHNNY THE FOX — Thin Lizzy | 2.60 |
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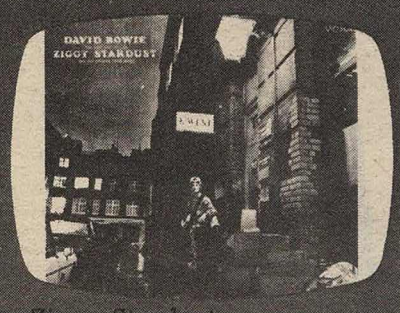


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What are songs but exercises in solitude?
Why do I continue to dice with style, cliche, and experiment?
Who won the World Cup in 1934?

Pics: CHALKIE DAVIES

# Will Peter Hammill end up crazy?

## These, and other pressing questions, summarily dealt with herein by ANGUS MACKINNON.

"I'M SURE THAT A LOT of the people who are into Van Der Graaf really and honestly believe that I go around in a perpetual cloud of gloom, that I'm incredibly ascetic, that I never say anything unless it's terribly weighty and then depart into dark corners to scribble.

"They'd be genuinely shocked, I think, if they saw me flat on my back in the street pissed out of my head, which is how I get from time to time. Yes, I Peter Hammill, get inordinately smashed.

"Yet people have this impression of me as being some sort of ultimate dementoid. But I haven't been locked up or anything. I don't know if I have more problems than other people; I suspect that I don't at all.

"I most certainly don't think I'm weird, although the band and others who know me think I am — but then I reckon they're all weird too. Nor do I think there's anything *wrong* with singing rock songs about psychiatric problems.

"After all those problems are just alienation, aren't they? And that's what it's all about — I mean, hell, Pete Townshend's 'I'm A Boy' is weirder by far than anything I've ever written . . ."

Peter Hammill hunches forward in his chair, as if he's about to crumple like some Origami paper bird in a sudden gust of cold air. But no, he lights himself an untipped Camel, pulls deeply, exhales, sighs and lets the vaguest spirit of a smile traverse his features.

Hammill is stick-insect thin.

He talks with quiet insistence.

His speech proliferates with pauses, hesitations and other soundless mannerisms for which punctuation has no equivalents.

His words come bulged in sporadic bursts, their sense only with some effort.

WE WERE discussing Hammill and Van Der Graaf Generator — Hammill as Hammill knows Hammill to be and Hammill as Hammill is (or at least seems to be) known by VDGG fans.

Fans? Some would say fanatics. VDGG have (perhaps unwittingly) attracted an almost unnaturally dedicated, til - Death - do - us - and - Hammill - part following.

Hammill himself appears an unlikely recipient of such adulation. He wears it awkwardly, a dark bird of ill omen on his shoulder. He admits to being disturbed, freaked even by its unwavering intensity.

"You know someone scrawled 'Hammill Is God' on our truck recently. I just don't know where that's at and I'm not sure I want to either. Ditto the people who come up and ask me what philosophers I read and why I said such-and-such in a song. I hardly know myself so how can I tell them?"

Van Der Graaf Generator — the outriders of the psychotic storm.

To some they're an indispensable life-support system, a *sine qua non*, a/the reason to believe; to others they're absolute anathema, and to those like myself they're more of a conceptual animal, often fascinating, often not.

*"Van Der Graaf is For Everyone"* proclaimed the garish lime green, orange-red, blue and phosphorescent posters advertising "World Record," VDGG's seventh and most recent album. Would that it were so.

VDGG may themselves be ready for the world — and Hammill reckons they're as ready as they're ever likely to be — but the world still isn't ready for VDGG. But why? Hammill isn't sure.

"I find it really disappointing that we haven't widened our audience. I really believe that we're a rock band; I don't have any misconceptions about it being ART," he comments, almost despairingly.

"We're just come back from the States and Canada. It was exactly the same over there. Whilst on the one hand it's (break) gratifying in a way to have people coming from hundreds of miles away to see us play, on the other I wish I felt that at least some of our audiences were there *casually*, just to check it out and not because they're already made their minds up that VDGG are IT.

"There are times when I think that the lunatic fringe of VDGG freaks actively put other people off coming to see us or hearing the albums.

"I wouldn't know about the record sales, I hardly ever look at them. But we've made a real effort to prove we're not some bunch of crazies who split, reform, split and so on.

"But there again I don't see any reason why we shouldn't break out. One of the main intentions behind "World Record' was to do a very rock-orientated album, a band album, one that you could dance to. But that aspect of it doesn't seem to have made much impression.

"There'll be changes in the next year. I don't know precisely what kind, but they'll come. They have to. I feel an incredible amount of pressure on me at the moment. The audiences, their expectations and everything . . .

"After eight years of all this there's a PETER HAMMILL up there that has very little to do with me. I've tried to keep an outside view but none of this makes things any easier."

THAT OLD GHOUL again; the confused loneliness of the long-distance songwriter.

Not a pleasant experience by all accounts, but inevitable sooner or later when any songster worth his salt puts a large amount of undiluted self into his work, as Hammill does. Although Hammill seems more aware of the discrepancies between public and private functions of the song than most. Coming to terms with coming to terms with self, and all its attendant double-images.

"But it might have something to do with the way our following is the way it is. I'd like to think that people get into it so heavily because it's done with honesty and that this comes across.

"I am trying to do something real, I *believe* the things I feel are universal. I write songs to offload my own doubt — yes, to that extent it's a cathartic process — and to categorise my own uncertainty. But God forbid that what I write should be taken as gospel. It can't be, by any stretch of the imagination.

"I find it odd — and vaguely unpleasant — that people take songs as dictates and not just one person's point of view.

"These are obviously deep waters — but essentially I'm a highly materialistic individual perhaps balancing out that materialism with doing the songs, which is why they get so labyrinthine.

"Somehow my totality doesn't get across. I've got no more idea how it is than anybody else and if I had then I wouldn't write the doubting things. I may concentrate on the 'darker' side but most of the songs offer some kind of hope. It's cathartic in that respect as well. The fact that I've said it's all dark should somehow make it less frightening.

"Those bleaker aspects are simply the ones I feel most inclined to deal with; they're the ones that affect me most. There are a million writers who can tell you what it's like to be 16 or to want to fuck, but I don't know of anyone else who does the things I do — which doesn't mean I'm particularly good . . . maybe there's just a need for it. Or maybe . . ."

Hammill stops himself in mid-sentence, shrugs diffidently. But do you ever feel you're repeating yourself, I ask?

"No, I may feel I'm getting drained but also that I'm really going to end up crazy. If I were to stop for the sake of stopping I'd be as crazy as if I were to do it for the sake of doing it. The er, weight, you know.

"Partly because I've got to the stage where you start dicing with what's your style, what's your cliche and what's your experiment.

"It's an effect of time rather than anything else, because as you go along if not the mental process involved itself but certainly the manifestation of that process emerges. I don't like to think about that too much otherwise I *might* stop."

Why' because you find yourself putting items of personal experience to one side?

"That's it, exactly. The moment you become a writer you can't say things to someone the way you could before. You keep the deepest things in reserve for songs or some other part of the creative process.

"You see, somewhere along the line the potency of playing music and singing songs got to me as an ultimate drug and now I can't see any way I'll get out of that for my life."

So you're hooked?

"Yes. My solo album 'Over' — well, I did it at a time when it was absolutely necessary to write songs to survive in a human sense. The more the channel of song-writing is dug, the more the other means of (everyday) expression dry up.

"The album? It's 75% love songs, ends or ending in some way or another. I can't really talk about it."

HAMMILL PLAYS the recording.

Whilst the tapes roll he sits in trance, eyes shut, hands tapping rhythms on knees, lips mouthing every word of the songs.

"But what are songs but exercises in solitude?" he asks rhetorically, as the record ends. "In more general terms I think it all has validity as long as it has uncertainty, as long as it has uncertainty, as longs as it's moving towards and never arriving.

"And life goes on, doesn't it? We all know there's something more otherwise we wouldn't carry on.

"I mean I lead a happy life in so far as one can say such things. And God? Well, I was taught by the Jesuits for ten years, an experience I greatly value. Most of my mental processes come from that.

"Because of being brought up an orthodox Roman Catholic I went through a period of total religious fanaticism coinciding with adolescence. All those religious and sexual hookups —

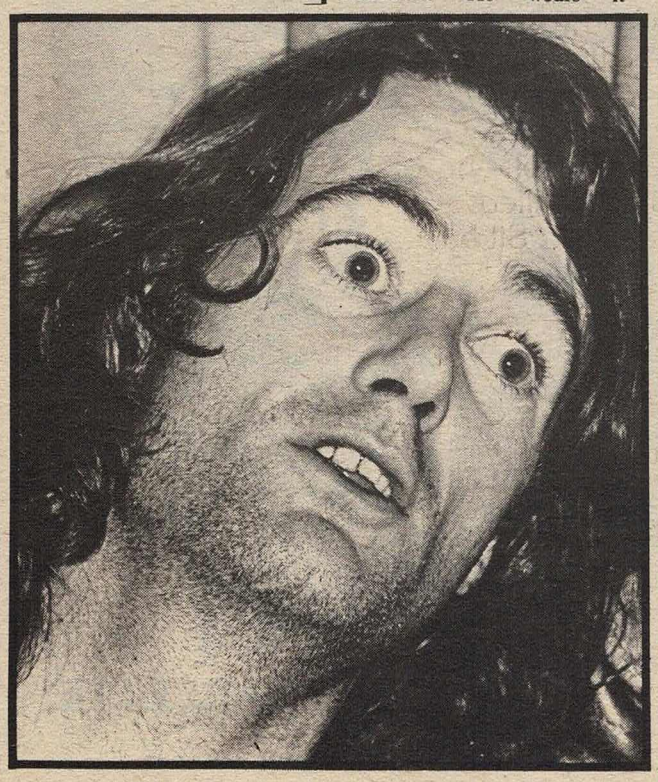
"All so ingrained and yet all so much a part of the past. But of course you find me at a very unknowing time I wouldn't know what VDGG is . . . at least nine-tenths of the weirdness is the reaction to it all.

"I suppose we've survived the way we have because we're organised internally and so our fates are pretty much in our own hands. It would be great to be able to start all over again without any preconceptions, but impossible.

"But I have this compulsive need to talk and think about it all. I feel I haven't been making much sense — which is a statement in itself because when it comes down to it, there's not really anything else you can say.

"Is there?"

***(Not unless we give you another page, no — ED).***



*"I have this compulsive need to think . . ."*

# Information CITY

EDITED BY FRED DELLAR

I HAVE just listened to "Pink Moon", an album by singer-songwriter Nick Drake, and thought it really excellent. I've never heard of him before — could you tell me if he has any other albums available? — **DAVID JONES, Mayford, Woking, Surrey.**
IS NICK Drake dead? If so, when and how? — **DAVE HOWARTH, Chipping, Preston, Lancs.**

● **Drake, a brilliant singer-songwriter, died from an overdose of an anti-depressant at his parents' home at Tamworth, Arden, on October 25, 1974. The coroner's verdict was death by suicide caused by prolonged mental illness. But Nick Kent, in a superbly constructed investigation into the life and work of Drake (NME 8-2-75), contested these findings. Whatever the truth of the matter, all that remains to remind us of his talent is a trio of albums — "Five Leaves Left" (Island ILPS9105), "Bryter Later" (ILPS9134) and "Pink Moon" (ILPS9184).**

I LIKE Asleep At The Wheel very much and keep reading that they've been influenced by Bob Wills. I'd like to obtain one of Wills's albums but can't find any at my local record shops. Can you tell me where I can obtain these LPs? Also, can you tell me a little about Wills himself? — **M. CLEMENT, Woking, Surrey.**

● **Wills, a fiddle-player from Limestone County, Texas, was leader of the Texas Playboys, probably the finest Western Band of all-time. His rise to fame began when he formed the Light Crust Doughboys during the early '30s, from which band he was fired due to excessive boozing. Forming the Playboys — an aggregation which at one time comprised 18 musicians — he bacame based in Tulsa, establishing a nationwide reputation, his 1940 recording of "San Antonio Rose", a Wills original, becoming a million-seller.**

**Though he featured horns on many of his earlier recordings, after World War II Wills opted for a somewhat smaller outfit, often using fiddles upfront. Dogged by bad health during the late 1950s he suffered heart attacks in 1962 and '64 and had to virtually cease touring — though his recording activities continued. But in 1969 he became paralysed, his power of speech impaired.**

**However, he still fought back and began appearing at various functions once more — albeit in wheelchair. In December, 1973, he attended his last record date, with many of his original Playboys, plus Merle Haggard, taking part. But Wills had a stroke on the evening of the first session and some hours later went into a coma that lasted 17 months, his death occuring on May 13, 1975.**

## Nick Drake: the remaining albums

**Today his music is kept alive by the likes of Asleep At The Wheel, Commander Cody, Dusty Chaps, etc, while Leon McAuliffe, a Wills sideman since the days of the Doughboys, has just led a revived version of the Playboys on a Capitol recording session.**

**In the meantime, the only Wills recordings available are on import only, one that I can thoroughly recommend being "The Tiffany Transcriptions 1945-48", on the Tishomingo label, available from Mike's Country Music Room, 18 Hilton Avenue, Aberdeen, Scotland, price £3.65, plus 36p postage and packing.**

ARE HOME'S "The Alchemist" and Argent's "Ring Of Hands" albums available? Both releases seem unheard of in this neck of the woods. — **F. Somewhere In Eire.**

CAN YOU help me trace an elpee called "Freaker's Ball", by Shel Silverstein — and anything else by him, for that matter? — **KEN SCANES, Leighton Buzzard, Beds.**

● **"Freakin' At The Freaker's Ball", which contained some of the most delightful tracks ever to grace the CBS catalogue ("Don't Give A Dose To The One You Love Most", "Sarah Cynthia Sylvia Stout Would Not Take The Garbage Out" etc.), was released in Britain on CBS 65452 in 1972 — but it's since been deleted both here and in the U.S. And nothing else by Silverstein is currently available. With the other two titles it's a matter of one Home and one away, "The Alchemist" remaining in the catalogue (quote the number CBS 65550 when you order) but "Ring Of Hands" being long gone.**

CAN YOU tell me where I can get hold of any discs by Irish folk-rock band Poteen? I know they've made some but I can't find a record shop that's even heard of the group! — **PHIL WARHURST, Hemel Hempsted.**

● **Poteen, a London-based Celtic-rock outfit, have only released one single to date — "Kitty's Misfortune"/"Green Valley" on their own Poteen label (PR1016) — presumably manufactured by slave leprechaun labour amid the illicit stills of Kilburn. Distributors for the disc are Shannon Distribution Ltd., 240A/242A Kilburn High Road, London N.W.6, a firm specialising in releases by such bands as Na Fili and Horslips.**

COULD YOU tell me how many Elmore James singles were released on the British Sue label? I've found "It Hurts Me Too" (Sue 383) and I wondered if there were many more? — **BOB McDONALD, Stockwell, London.**

● **According to Paul Pelletier's *Sue Record Listing* (Available price 65p from Record Information Services, PO Box 226, London SW4 OEH) four James singles found their way onto the label, these being: Dust My Blues/Happy Home (335); It Hurts Me Too/Bleeding Heart (383); Calling The Blues/Knocking At Your Door (392); and I Need You/Mean Mistreating Mama (4007).**

**Pelletier adds that the "A" side of 392 is actually by Junior Wells and Earl Hooker and is mis-labelled, this mistake occuring on the U.S. Chief original.**

*The late NICK DRAKE*

WHERE CAN I get David Bowie's "Thin White Duke" bootleg? — **T. DERBYSHIRE, Maidstone, Kent.**

COULD YOU reveal where in the Manchester area I can locate a copy of Bowie's "Thin White Duke"? — **BOWIE FREAK, Bury, Lancs.**

● **I've been swamped by scores of similar cries from the heart, but for a number of various good reasons we just cannot reveal the sources of bootlegs.**

I ATTENDED one of the recent Bryan Ferry concerts at the Royal Albert Hall but didn't get a copy of the souvenir programme (as mentioned in Roy Carr's article). Can you please find out if I can still obtain a copy somewhere? — **KEVIN BROWN, Southend On Sea, Essex.**

● **Copies of this programme, plus a shaboodle of Ferry teeshirts, badges, posters, books of matches, etc. can be obtained from the Ferry Fan Club, organised by Peter Leay, 9 Sunbury Road, Wallasey, Merseyside. Leay, who flogs the said programmes at 50p (plus 20p postage and packing) tells us that he also runs the Roxy Music, Eno and King Crimson clubs and will provide details of these various fraternities if anyone cares to direct a S.A.E. his way.**

WHAT HAS happened to Chris De Burgh? — **SWEDISH READER (Address lost in the wash).**

● **An *NME* secret agent, highly disguised as a chip shop owner in Willesden High Road, reports that De Burgh was recently in that vicinity, apparently working on an album at Morgan Studios, where Paul Samwell Smith, producer to the stars (Cat Stevens, etc.), has been putting him through his paces, Alun Davies, Jean Roussell and Dave Markee ranking among those earning session fees. Odd thing, though — the way that everybody interested in De Burgh seems to hail from outside these mortgaged Isles. A&M tell us that "Flying", a single off the lad's first album, was No.1 in Brazil just a short while back, while "Spanish Train", his second album, went gold in Canada. Can't be bad for the economy, I suppose.**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# SIDESWIPE

## THE McDONALDISATION OF BRITAIN

# Inside Hamburger Central

***. . . is where, amongst other things, they watch out for teenage infiltrators, stroke their employees' egos, and plot total global control. ROY CARR eats his fill . . .***

IN THE FUTURE, FOOD will no longer exist, but there will be McDonald's!

Though the humble hamburger has been an integral part of American sub-culture since the turn of the century, it wasn't until as late as 1954 that it was to drastically alter America's entire concept of eating.

It took an enterprising 52-year-old milkshake-mixer salesman from Chicago by the name of Ray Kroc to elevate the hamburger from a simple beef patty served-up on a toasted bun to the status of an All-American symbol for the proletariate to look up to, admire, salute and chomp on!

Today, as Americans continue to dig their own graves with their own teeth, it's estimated that the average American devours 3.5 'burgers each week; more than 180 per year.

A very large percentage of these originate from well over 3,000 McDonald's stands.

AMERICA became a nation of fast-food addicts around the turn of the 50s. The widespread introduction of war rationing, in-plant factory food and C-rations had so homogenized The Great American Tastebud, that it not only made the public's palate highly susceptible to standardized junk food, but created an almost insatiable appetite.

Ray Kroc was one of the first to realise this fact and, motivated by such industrial revolutionaries as (Richard Warren) Sears and (Alvah Curtis) Roebuck and the legendary Henry Ford himself, quickly came to the conclusion that standardized simple foods could be effectively prepared and dispensed along the assembly line principle.

If you could mass-produce the motor-car, then why not the hamburger?

In 1954 Kroc encountered two San Bernadino 'burger barons called Maurice and Richard McDonald. Such was the action at their roadside takeaway that Kroc estimated that they must be grossing $250,000 a year and on that basis persuaded them to sell franchises.

As a result, Kroc went to work for the Brothers McDonald for a meagre 1.4 percent of the gross. The business flourished. When, in 1960, he offered to buy the brothers out for $500,000, they asked for over five times that amount and Kroc coughed up.

By streamlining the process of preparing and selling 'burgers and fries — standardising his suppliers, eliminating wastage, customization, sticking fanatically to his credo of Quality, Service, Cleanliness and Value and backing it up with heavy advertising — Ray Kroc sold fast-food faster than any of his closest rivals. In doing so, he eventually became one of America's dozen richest tycoons, with a personal fortune once put at $500 million.

However the image held by many Americans of the McDonald's Corporation isn't always the one that Kroc and his high-powered team of advertising executive envisage while overseeing the operation from their Chicago H.Q. — Hamburger Central.

Indeed the hamburger has become something of a political pawn.

IN 1972 Hamburger Central was involved in a costly legal stalemate with the City of San Francisco. For over 18 months pressure was applied to City Hall to prevent McDonald's from opening a third stand.

Local union officials alleged that the mere presence of McDonald's threatened to sabotage the whole economic situation in the Bay Area.

They went so far as to brand the fast-food chain as unfair competition, "engaged in the exploitation of young people for profit and gain".

Eventually, however, McDonald's moved into the city. Had they been prevented from opening, it could have placed both the Corporation's stock and the entire future of Hamburger Central in jeopardy.

(This wasn't an isolated incident. Fears that McDonald's would eat-up Gotham City caused deputations to be sent to the Mayor of New York. Over the years, McDonald's have constantly been at the centre of union run-ins concerning either their rock-bottom wage structure or their motives.)

Hamburger Central may see McDonald's as good, clean and wholesome; being in the words of Kroc, "synonymous with Sunday School, Girl Scouts, the YMCA, the Flag." (A self-effacing slogan when taking into consideration that, in the 50s, fearing teenagers as a social menace, McDonald's went so far as to ban all young female employees from counters to prevent them attracting the wrong kind of boys!)

This was later amended but, in the manual that dictates company policy towards counterman, it states ". . .order-takers must impress customers as being 'All-American' boys. They must display such desirable traits as sincerity, enthusiasm, confidence and a sense of humour".

However, in 1971, McDonald's managers were warned:

"Watch out for teenagers. They can definitely affect your profit picture by driving away your adults. They are extremely noisy and messy. They'll use profanity, and that can never be allowed at McDonald's. They'll neck on your lot — and you better nip necking right in the bud."

Hamburger Central may print out statistics of how many billions of its burgers are consumed each year; that it purchases one percent of the nation's beef; buys more processed potatoes than enyone else; serves more meals than the entire U.S. Army — but it's argued that McDonald's has become much more than a fast-food service company built on beef, buns, french fries and soft drinks.

Environmental planners attack McDonald's as being a Real Estate Empire worth billions, pointing out that rentals and franchises provide over half of its annual income.

Though rising inflation may have upped the ante, $200,000 — a large slice of which is paid upfront in cash — secures a 20-year McDonald's franchise. With this money, Hamburger Central locates a site, builds the establishment in accordance with certain specifications, equips the restaurant and rents it to the licensee at 8.5 per cent of the annual gross plus another 3 per cent annual franchise fee.

*Eat, drink, and be merry — tomorrow your arteries may seize up...*

IN 1968, Hamburger Central inaugurated Hamburger University — a seat of learning to teach Hamburger Science to Hamburgerologists.

Like many American corporations, McDonald's prefers to "indoctrinate" its own operators from the vast turnover of part-time labour. Those who display the right attitudes towards burgers are selected and groomed for promotion.

First they take the Basic Operations Course, after which they're despatched to 'Hamburger U' for Advanced Operations training.

Whenever the question of wages (or the lack of them) has arisen, McDonald's has always defended itself by stipulating that, in order to stay competitive, it's forced to implement cheap labour at rock-bottom scale.

However, by encouraging their officers to come up through the ranks, they promote incentive and thus ensure a certain degree of loyalty from their employees. The techniques known as "ego-stroking" boosts teamsmanship and maximum productivity.

At all times employees are warned to be on the look-out for dissidents and trouble-making union infiltraters. Before it was classed as illegal, candidates for employment were subjected to lie-detector tests.

Today, McDonald's have instigated their own Internal Intelligence Service. Monitoring of potential dissidents is carried out during highly-sophisticated interrogation sessions, which McDonald's prefer to term "raps". Such "raps" are held ostensibly to allow employees to register their grievances, but in fact are used to detect signs of militancy within the company.

At the same time — the "raps" are utilised to inculcate "attitudes", foster the spirit of "competition" and encourage employees to strive for a place on McDonald's "All-American Team". (Five years ago, the self-explanatory First National Hamburger Olympics were held in Las Vegas.)

WHEN THE MAYOR of Greenwich unveiled the plaque inaugurating the 3,000th McDonald's stand in Woolwich, South London, in October 1974, he signalled the beginning of the McDonaldization of Britain.

There are now seven fast-food restaurants in London and another eleven planned for later in the year.

Notwithstanding the fact that the nutrition chief of New York's Mount Sinai School of Medicine once warned the American Public Health Association of the creeping menace of "the McDonald's generation" — suggesting that such a diet is conspicuously low in vitamins B and C and has a very high cholesterol count (which can induce a high-rise susceptibility to premature heart attacks) — it seems that Britain will be the next society to succumb to fast-food mania.

McDonald's isn't just a matter of servicing the public with relatively inexpensive fast-food faster and more efficiently than its competitors. The reason why McDonald's will have such a drastic effect on this county's eating habits is manifold.

For the first time in the history of retail food, the British public is being exposed to cleanliness, civility, speedy service and a uniformed palatable product. Neat neat neat.

In additon McDonald's glamorous burger-promotion campaigns appear to be psychologically irresistible to the masses.

In the form of Ronald McDonald — a somewhat unisexual clown — they win over the sub-teens; a recent survey established that amongst American tots, Ronald is as popular as Santa Claus.

However, there's another aspect as to why Big Mac might oust fish and chips as Britain's cheap traditional takeaway hot meal.

Stateside, McDonald's has often defended itself by insisting that nobody eats it as a regular diet. However, in times of economic stress, deprivation and mass unemployment, there's evidence to suggest that, in low-income and ghetto neighbourhoods, McDonald's fare constitutes the staple diet.

Indeed, at one time Hamburger Central was so concerned about this — and the widespread reports of the burger's low nutritional value — that it decreed a series of television ads over Christmas 73/74 featuring Ronald and a rock band called The Nutrients to encourage kids to vibe up on vitamins (as well as their daily dose of fast food).

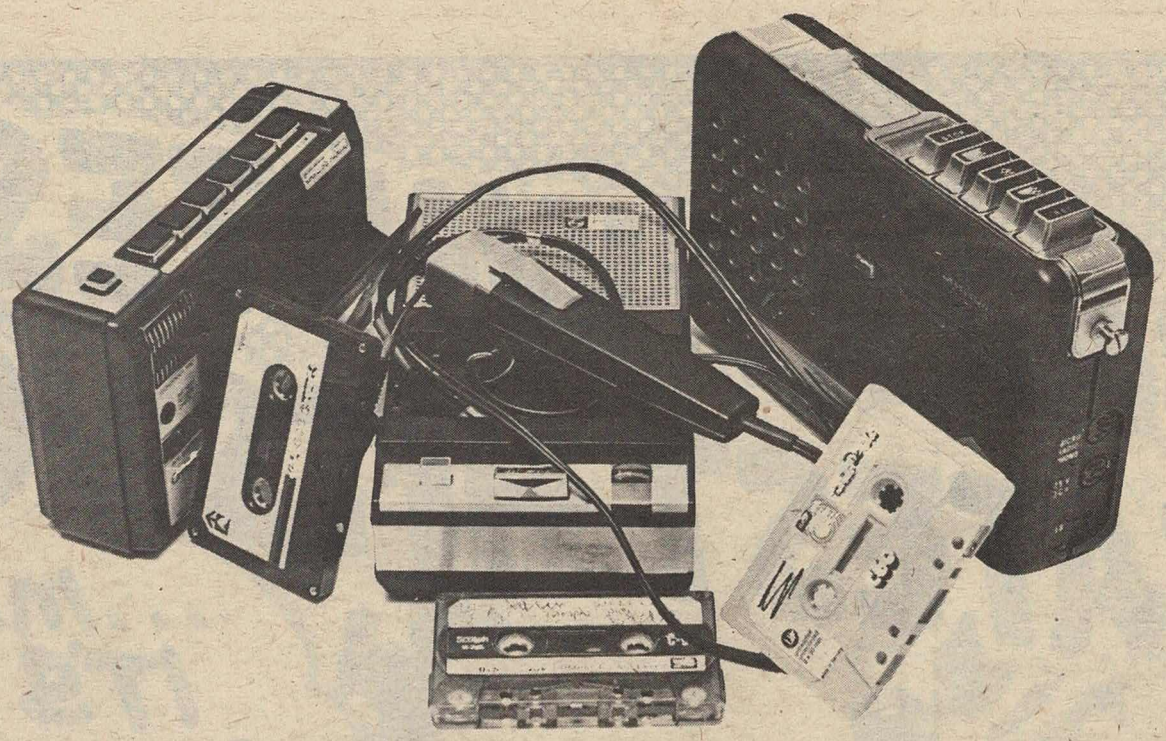
Fair enough, but when you're hungry and you've only got small-change, who cares if the nutritional value is zilch?

As an alarmingly large percentage of America's Blacks will confirm, more than any other fast-food at competitive prices, a McDonald's guarantees to kill that pain in your belly.

You are what you eat!

**MMM.....STACKED WITH TOP TWENTY HITS INCLUDING "I'M QUALIFIED TO SATISFY YOU"**
BARRY WHITE, LOVE UNLIMITED AND THE LOVE UNLIMITED ORCHESTRA. APPEARING AT,
16 MAR. NEW VICTORIA, LONDON · 17 MAR. GUILDHALL, PRESTON · 19 MAR. MANCHESTER PALACE, MANCHESTER
22 MAR. THE PORTSMOUTH GUILDHALL, PORTSMOUTH · 23 MAR. CONGRESS THEATRE, EASTBOURNE
25 MAR. THE THEATRE, SOUTHPORT · 26 MAR. THE HIPPODROME THEATRE, BIRMINGHAM. COURTESY OF
JEFFREY S. KRUGER (FOR THE EMBER CONCERT DIVISION).

PYE RECORDS GROUP
Precision Tapes Ltd
20TH CENTURY RECORDS



# NME/LASKYS BASEMENT TAPES SONG CONTEST

OK BLUE eyes — this is the Pay Off.

It really is Put Up or Shut Up time.

No more excuses about how you've never been given an opportunity to turn the music world on its ear blah blah blah. This time we're calling your bluff.

You're qualified either to square up or back off in the Basement Tapes Song Contest, which is being organised by *New Musical Express* in conjunction with the Laskys chain of hi fi stores.

If you've been reading our announcements over the last two weeks then you'll know that *we want songs* . . . that *we want songwriters.*

It's really quite simple.

If you reckon you can write songs, put your best (only one song) on a blank cassette and mail it today to the address given below on the free entry form.

Obviously a good presentation of your original song will help, but it isn't essential. Whether you use the full might of the London Symphony Orchestra or just accompany yourself on guitar, piano or spoons, doesn't come into it. We'll be judging the *song not the performance.*

The NME/Laskys Basement Tapes Song Contest is open to all readers in the British Isles except published songwriters or anyone who has held a recording contract. **("O.K. McCartney, to the back of the queue" — Ed.)** Employees of IPC Magazines and Laskys are also prohibited.

Entries, none of which should exceed four minutes in length, will be judged on originality. So don't get smart and attempt to rip off a whole bunch of Stevie Wonder, Elton John or Brian Wilson songs and just change the lyrics -- 'cause we're hip to the trip.

So who gives the thumbs up to the winning entries?

Roxy Music and 801 guitar star Phil Manzanera has graciously offered to lend his ears and expert opinion — likewise *NME's* very own Roy Carr and a representative from Laskys.

Now, apart from the prizes, *NME*/Laskys also guarantee that the three winning songs will be brought to the attention of United Artists Records A&R chief Andrew Lauder, who will consider all three for possible recording.

But we should make this plain: we *don't* guarantee that the winning songs will be recorded. That's up to Andrew Lauder. However, if they've got sufficient commercial potential then, as they say, you're in with a fighting chance.

To find out what you can win see the panel in the centre of this page.

**IMPORTANT POINTS TO NOTE:**

- Closing date for entries is last post April 7, 1977.
- There must be only one song on each cassette; and only one entry per person — though a group can enter a song written by one or more of its members. In the case of a song written by more than one person, this disqualifies individual members of the writing team from making further entries in a "solo" capacity.
- Each entry must be accompanied by an entry form.
- No correspondence can be entered into.
- Cassettes will be returned *only* if the sender encloses a stamped addressed envelope. Every care will be taken of entries — however, neither *NME* nor Laskys can accept responsibility for loss of, or damage to, cassettes. Neither can proof of posting be accepted as proof of receipt.
- Songs should not exceed four minutes in length. Only entries on cassettes can be accepted (i.e. no reel to reels, or demo discs).
- Entries must not have been published elsewhere, nor may they be entered in any other competition or offered for publication elsewhere before this contest has been judged.
- No entry will be used for any purpose other than this competition, except with the permission of the entrant.
- As a precaution, we suggest you put your name, address and song title details on the cassette as well as the entry form.
- The decision of the *NME*/Laskys judging panel and the editor of *NME* will be final.

## What You Could Win

***1st PRIZE***

***A mini home recording studio comprising:***
***Akai 4000DS/II reel to reel (retail value £121.50).***
***Eagle FF32 mixer (£45.95)***
***Eagle UD50HL microphones — pair (£26.70).***
***Eagle RA859 reverb (£26.00).***
***Eagle FS268 stands — pair (£22.50).***
***Eagle BA132 booms — pair (£13.50).***
***Audiotronic headphones LSH20 (£7.50).***
***5 × Memorex 7in reel tapes (£12.90).***
***OR goods to the value of £250.***

***2nd PRIZE***

***Sansui SC2000 Cassette Deck (£168.60).***
***OR***
***Audiotronic LA1515 amp (£65.00); Pioneer PL112D Turntable (£56.50); Audiotronic AMC50E cartridge (£8.95); Wharfedale Denton 2XP speakers (£41.50) pair.***

***3rd PRIZE***

***Audiotronic ARC200 cassette/radio (£49.95); AND ten Audiotronic C60LN tapes (£2.80).***

***4th PRIZE (20 winners)***

***Audiotronic C60LN cassette pack.***

TO ACCOMPANY the song competition, Laskys are making a special discount offer on cassette packs to *NME* readers. Read the small print on the cassette voucher on this page to discover how to get your discount from Laskys stores — but note that you need two vouchers per purchase, and therefore need to have collected vouchers 1 or 2 from past issues. But please note that the discount is a reader service bonus — IT IS NOT NECESSARY TO USE AN AUDIOTRONIC CASSETTE TO ENTER THE SONG COMPETITION. ANY MAKE OF CASSETTE WILL DO.

Winners will be announced in *NME* within one month of the closing date.

*Detach and send with song entry*

NME/LASKYS BASEMENT TAPES SONG CONTEST
***FREE ENTRY FORM***
***Post to: NME TAPES CONTEST, 55 EWER ST., LONDON, SE99 6YP.***

***Name*** ..... **(Block capitals)**

***Address*** .....

.....

***Age*** .....

***Song title*** .....

***I declare that I have not had a song published, nor have I ever held a recording contract, and that this entry is my own original work and not copied from any other source.***

***Entries must be received by April 7, 1977*** ***Signature(s)*** .....

*Present at Laskys stores for cassette discount*

**NME/LASKYS BASEMENT TAPE CASSETTE VOUCHER 3**

This voucher, in addition to one voucher (numbered 1 or 2), allows the bearer a 10 per cent discount off the retail price of a five or ten pack of Audiotronic cassettes when presented at any Laskys store. Offer closes March 31, 1977.

# SINGLES

# The answer is a Brick...

**THE CLASH: White Riot/1977 (CBS).** Last year's words belong to last year's language and next year's words wait for another voice. Look out, listen, can you hear it?

It's pointless to categorise this with the other records: "White Riot" isn't a poxy single of the week, it's the first meaningful event all year. Try and discount it. Go on, say they sold out to the enemy at CBS, say it's another idle London fad irrelevant to the lives of working people, say it's all a clever hype that's conned everyone, say it's just the 60s rehashed an' you can't make out the words.

Say what you like, you still can't discount it coz Clash aren't just a band, and this is more than just a single. There's a book written by a trad fan in 1963 saying how shoddy The Beatles were, how ripped off from R'n'B, how they could never last in the world of Tin Pan Alley. They didn't last in it, they took it to pieces.

Whatever your standpoint everyone basically agrees there are two sides. You know it's coming, we know it's coming and *they* know it's coming. Clash are the writing on *their* wall. The recorded version of "White Riot" is one minute 58 seconds of buzzsaw guitars, Simenon's pumping offbeat bass, an insolent slurred vocal and sheer musical aggro. Won't pick up much airplay coz you can't make out the words — it'd pick up much less if you could: *"Black men gotta lotta problems but they don't mind throwin' a brick . . . white people go to school where they teach you how to be thick . . . White riot, wanna riot of my own . . ."*

Flip is "1977", already well known to those in the know: *". . . No Elvis, Beatles or Rolling Stones in 1977".*

Hmm, so how come the riff is pure Kinks? No matter — forget the medium, and massage you can get from any other single in the shops. This one has the message. Blag it, steal it, borrow it, tape it off the radio if they'll play it. Buy it an' you're a wimp, miss it and you're a real turkey.

**DAVID DUNDAS: Another Funny Honeymoon (Air).** "Jeans on" soundalike, complete with mild attack of the strings. The String Section is an abomination which should've been stamped out along with the Black Plague. Every 'commercial" record in the pile, black or white, from gushy ballads to jolly pop tunes to hardline disco fodder is contaminated by cancerous violins creeping in through the gaps. A string section, left unchecked, spreads into every available nook and cranny in the song until the artist drowns in a nightmare of syrup and candyfloss.

Why those singles aimed uncompromisingly at the Top 30 should be specially prone to the violin virus is a mystery — maybe the *TOTP* orchestra is contagious. Dundas hasn't got it too bad here and may pull through, no thanks to Roger Greenaway. Intriguing line: *". . . dirty habits destroy my blood and it's beginning to show".*

**100 TON & A FEATHER: Just To Be Close To You (Pye).** Jonathan King's okay. His records stink. A few honourable exceptions: this isn't one of them.

**LYNSEY DE PAUL & MIKE MORAN: Rock Bottom (Polydor).** Our song for Europe. The title sez it all.

**HENRY MANCINI: Theme From Charlie's Angels (RCA).** For sheer skill in Musak orchestration Hank is still streets ahead of upstarts like B. White and I. Hayes. This could've been a smash in the discos if he'd shot the drummer and producer in time.

**JOHN CHRISTIE: Always Be Your Valentine (EMI).** Within the MOR field, for what it's worth, Dave Clark's production pisses all over the MacCauley / Cook / Greenaways of this world. John Christie sounds a bit like Christopher Rainbow:

*". . . They were people we knew, they blew out dinner for two, and I drank too much French wine."* A miss.

**THE BATCHELORS featuring CON CLUSKY produced by TONY HATCH: Torn Between Two Lovers (Galaxy).** Violin count 10, *TOTP* quality 1, lyrical content 0, originality 0.

**EDDIE RABBITT: Two Dollars In The Juki Box" (Elektra).** Two minutes 22 seconds of classy rock'n'roll. Slinky piano/bass backbeat, apt guitar work and authentic vocals: *"Two dollars in the juke box, five dollars in the bottle . . . and ten more just in case that don't do the trick."* Adding pedal steel was a bit suspect, and the production's too immaculate to really please the purists. Flip reminiscent of the American Housewives.

**VICKI BRITTEN: Flight 309 To Tennessee (Arista).** Julie Burchill's right about Arista — first The Kinks and now this ghastly MOR drivel: *"She was a beauty queen . . . she came in between . . .'*Writing credited to Ronnie Scott — Whaaat? Actually The Kinks are rather good, come to think of it.

**LIAR: Straight From The Hip Kid (Decca).** Bet they're great live. Nice writing, guitar work that's pure vintage Kossoff, band that sounds like it's enjoying itself. Be enormous in a year or two, but this song's nothing spectacular.

**WOODY WOODSMANSEY'S U BOAT: Star Machine (Bronze).** *"What's-his-name, lost his fame, what a shame . . . His Cadillac, was taken back, who's to blame . . . It ain't easy, it ain't easy . . ."* Melody and chords pedestrian as the lyrics. Quite nicely played and Gerry Bron's production (vocals particularly) is crystal clear. You can hear every word: rather a pity. If U boat ever make it big it'll probably be thanks to the love, care, money, time and promotion lavished on them by their record company.

**MIGHTY DIAMONDS: Coming Through (Virgin).** "Reggae!" "SHIT!!" "Reggae!" "SHIT!!!" All you members of the love and peace generation at the Reading Police Festival who threw dirt-filled Coke cans at The Diamonds last year, you got cloth ears, closed minds and manners of pigs. Okay, U-Roy

*THE CLASH: first meaningful event of the year?*

was nothing special but The Diamonds sang their hearts out for you and you didn't even listen. All the love and peace you could want were up there on the stage — at the climax the lead singer raised his arm to salute you, caught a flying can, and held it aloft in triumph through to the end, singing all the while.

"Coming Through" is about what people like you do to your sisters and brothers and about what the law did to you all weekend. The Diamonds are gentle and mild about the whole thing, slightly puzzled by it *". . . the thing that I can't understand, I'm just another man".* But too bad, they say, it's your hangup — I'm coming through anyway whatever you throw at me. It all seems a bit saintly compared with Clash.

REVIEWED THIS WEEK by TOM ROBINSON

Curiously the 'A' side is a bland ditty called "Country Living" with birds tweeting and that spine-jarring backbeat ironed right out. Sounds like a self conscious attempt at packaging for a more commercial market — not quite a string section number, but getting on that way. What Happened?

Neil Spencer points out that Alan Toussaint's was the producer in which case A.T. has a lot to answer for. But on the flip "Coming Through" is so strong it stands up to even Toussaint's emetic cosmetics. Live, they were sensational.

**BERNI FLINT: I Don't Wanna Put A Hold On You (EMI).** All MOR singles are MOR but some are more MOR than others. This one's in with a chance since Berni Flint is young, outrageously goodlooking, and has been winning *Opportunity Knocks* for the past 57 weeks or so. Don't really see how it can fail. Sigh.

**THE MANHATTANS: It's You (CBS).** Tired production line 'soul' with nothing to recommend it. Utterly ordinary.

**MINNIE RIPPERTON: Stick Together (Epic).** More production line soul, but danceable with midly infectious chorus. Shame really, when "Loving You" was so unusual. S. Wonder credited as co-writer.

**DRIFTERS: I'll Know When True Love Really Passes By (Arista).** Jeezus! Come back Lieber and Stoller, all is forgiven. Unspeakably turgid song, limp back vocals castrated by insipid white production. Dear Christ, what can Clive Davis be playing at?

**STYLISTICS: 7,000 Dollars And You (H&L).** Groan . . . oh no. Shoulda stuck with The Drifters: pert Tijuana trumpets, Mancini organ and perfunctory L.A. percussion. Lyrically The Stylistics are twee at the best of times, but this is excruciating — it'll make *TOTP* for sure. A smash. Urgh.

**JIMMY HELMS: Putting It Down To You (Pye).** Ah, this sounds better. Anything would sound better than that bilge. A harmless and unexceptional ballad — pretty ordinary but quite well put together. Bearable lyrics, good singing — could even be a minor hit if it makes the playlist.

**DRAGONS: Misbehaving (DJM)** Hardworking Bristol band well worth seeing, with strong London reputation carved out at the Golden Lion. Pleasant single with creamy Pilot/Hollies hamonies, clean cascading guitars and fat tasty drums all put together with a purity and commitment you can't fake and which you can't knock. C'mon you blase DJ's, give 'em some airplay. Personally I prefer something altogether nastier. But given a coupla years in the biz. . .

**AVERAGE WHITE BAND: Going Home (Atlantic).** Unmistakeable AWB sound — crisp incisive drums, skeletal bass line, unique sax sound, semi scat vocal, superb Fender guitar. The Average White's arguably have only one number in their repertoire, which they play with consummate skill. Call it what you like: "Pick Up The Pieces", "Cut The Cake", or "Going Home" — makes no odds. They play it again live on the flip, where it's called "I'm The One".

**SAMMY HAGAR: Catch The Wind (Capitol).** How to transform lightweight pop into blistering soul as on Cocker's "Help From My Friends". Donovan's inoffensive ditty's a rather ambitious canvas to work on, but Hagar's voice got the range and quality to bring it off. The ponderous, melodramatic orchestrated production has neither, however. Zilch.

**GARY WRIGHT: Are You Weeping (WB)** Simultaneous and aggressive use of at least five keyboards: of all white whizzkid synthicrats (Rick Van Emeraz & Co) Wright is easily the least obnoxious. Drives along quite nicely — mainstream Spooky logically developed through the late 70's. Zzzz.

**GARY BENSON: Can't Let You Go (State)** Martin Ford was MD for my ol' mates Barclay James Harvest and their 90 piece backing orchestra, succeeding the peerless Robert Godfrey. Here responsible for bland MOR production of bland MOR ballad. Ms. Coon sez G. Benson is better looking than David Soul. I say big deal.

**RY COODER: He'll Have To Go (Reprise).** Sun goin' down over the prairie, rockin' chair on the porch, liquid Mexican accordian, authentic down home guitar, tequila in the bottle, easygoing bass and drums — almost hear the boardwalk creaking underfoot. Normally hate this kinda music (an old Jim Reeves hit for Christsake!!) but Cooder's such a master it's completely irresistible. Honest playing that sends shivers down the spine. 'B' side is Leadbelly's savage "Bourgeois Blues": musically impeccable, vocally a pastiche Led himself could be proud of. Ethnically v.suspect — *can* blue men sing the whites?

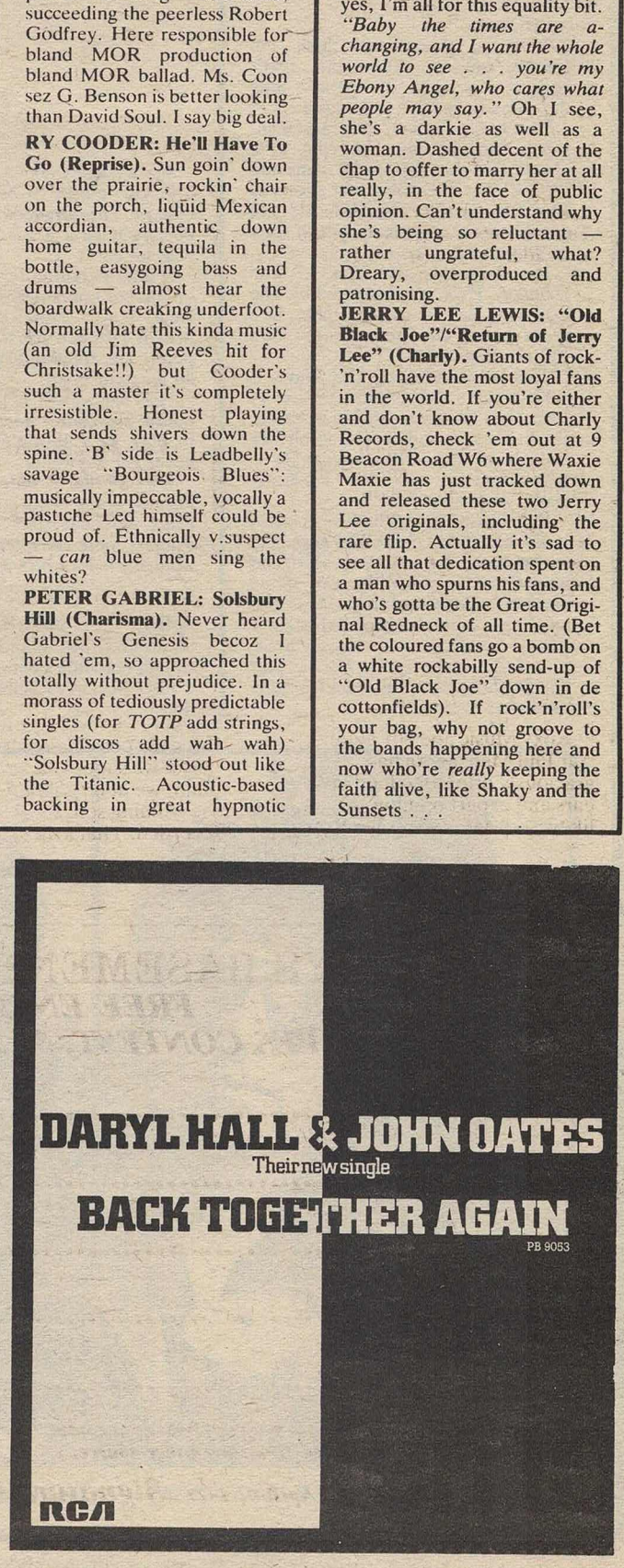
**PETER GABRIEL: Solsbury Hill (Charisma).** Never heard Gabriel's Genesis becoz I hated 'em, so approached this totally without prejudice. In a morass of tediously predictable singles (for *TOTP* add strings, for discos add wah wah) "Solsbury Hill" stood out like the Titanic. Acoustic-based backing in great hypnotic swathes of 7/8, restrained orchestration, real attack on the vocals and a complete departure from the routine Verse/Chorus/Middle 8/Instrumental format. Great lyrics (*"don't need a replacement"* rhymes with *"what the smile on my face meant"*). A bit calculated — maybe, but what the hell. Enjoy it.

**PIERO UMILIANI: Mah Na Mah Na (EMI International).** Bloody stupid record which eats into your brain. Idiot scat singing that'll have Muppet fans helpless in the aisles. Me included. Probably a smash. Don't buy it.

**ELVIN BISHOP: Twist'n'Shout (Capricorn).** White boys who got rich playing de blues in the 60's turn their hands to reggae in the 70's. If Elvin's actually taking lead vocal on this his black rip-off technique's improved 9,000 per cent in authenticity since Butterfield days. Eat your heart out, Slowhand.

**NEIL SEDAKA: Ebony Angel (MCA).** OK, so "The Queen Of 1964" was offensively patronising to women in general and groupies in particular, but after all it was cleverly written, quite a catchy little tune, and (as Mister Sedaka himself wrote to *MelodyMaker*), only meant in fun. So letting bygones be bygones, let's give Neil's newie a spin: *"I told you that we're getting married . . . now don't you try changing my mind"* Ah yes, I'm all for this equality bit. *"Baby the times are a-changing, and I want the whole world to see . . . you're my Ebony Angel, who cares what people may say."* Oh I see, she's a darkie as well as a woman. Dashed decent of the chap to offer to marry her at all really, in the face of public opinion. Can't understand why she's being so reluctant — rather ungrateful, what? Dreary, overproduced and patronising.

**JERRY LEE LEWIS: "Old Black Joe"/"Return of Jerry Lee" (Charly).** Giants of rock-'n'roll have the most loyal fans in the world. If you're either and don't know about Charly Records, check 'em out at 9 Beacon Road W6 where Waxie Maxie has just tracked down and released these two Jerry Lee originals, including the rare flip. Actually it's sad to see all that dedication spent on a man who spurns his fans, and who's gotta be the Great Original Redneck of all time. (Bet the coloured fans go a bomb on a white rockabilly send-up of "Old Black Joe" down in de cottonfields). If rock'n'roll's your bag, why not groove to the bands happening here and now who're *really* keeping the faith alive, like Shaky and the Sunsets . . .

**By night, Ray Burns is a quiet, normal boy of chaste dreams and angelic countenance . . .**

**By day he turns into the raving, inhuman baby-eating CAPTAIN SENSIBLE!!!**

THE KID IN THE PUB doesn't believe I'm me.

"You a roadie?"

"I'm a writer."

"Yeah?"

He's already dubious.

"Who do you write for then?"

"NME."

He's even more dubious.

"What's your name then?"

"Mick Farren."

"Bollocks."

I try to reason with him. I'm friendly, smiling, even gentle. that's because I'm tired. It's beem a long day already and it's only 6 pm.

Eventually I cut the argument short, showing him the cute little plastic card that carries my name and picture. The only thing that allows us access to the IPC monolith. He still doesn't seem convinced, but at least he leaves me alone.

He turns his attention to The Damned. He's not impressed by The Damned. He's never seen them, he's never heard their records, but he's still not impressed.

This kid is definitely Old Wave.

He's come out tonight to see T. Rex. He's twenty, a brickie by trade. His hair's long and curly — a bit like Bolan's in fact. His complexion is sallow and his eyes have a permanently suspicious look.

He's obviously put on his best Levi jacket and flared jeans. The ensemble is completed by a T. Rex scarf and purple nail varnish. The scarf is the synthetic silk football club kind. The ones burly hustlers sell by the million, outside stadiums and concert halls. The kid's scarf looks like it was bought three tours ago, and carefully preserved ever since.

Brian James comes into the pub. The kid refuses to believe that he's one of The Damned. Brian James doesn't have a plastic card to prove who he is.

It doesn't matter too much, though — the kid's no longer slagging off the New Wave. Now he's waving a heavily-tattooed arm to prove another point. He apparantly plays guitar in an amateur band.

He's aggresively hopeless about his music. No matter how well he's able to play, he's absolutely certain he'll never get anywhere.

It's odd that despite their arrogant negativity, the blank generation do, at least, hold out some kind of hope. This far more conventional kid seems whipped before he's even begun.

THE NEIGHBOURHOOD around the Manchester Apollo couldn't provide a better backdrop for a Late Seventies cultural confrontation.

The Apollo is a medium-sized Thirties picture palace converted for rock and roll. It and the adjoining pub stand rather forlornly in the middle of a vast tract of bleak scorched earth. The bulldozers have been and taken out the acres of back to back, Coronation Street terraces.

Here and there half a terrace still stands in surreal isolation, like dazed survivors of a massacre. In the distance the alien, Clockwork Orange high-rise towers are waiting with their final solution to the people problem.

In a landscape like this, it's all too logical for kids to turn to nihilist, Weimar Republic self-destruction to assert their own individuality.

On stage, the Weimer nostalgia boom is in full swing. It comes in the person of singer Dave Vanian.

Dave Vanian could have been designed by Fritz Lang.

Off-stage, he looks fragile and tired. In the spotlight he's a frail bundle of sinister energy, an amalgam of Nosferatu, Bela Lugosi and the toast of an SS gala night. Although it's the band's first major tour, he works a big stage as though he has been on one all his life.

His violent, spasmodic movements are a perfect complement to the unrelenting energy that pours out of the band behind him. He leans from the catwalk across the pit until he's within inches of the out-stretched fingers of the front row. It's a ploy worthy of Jagger at his peak.

Vanian isn't exactly Jagger, nowever. He's simultanously ten years on and forty years back. As he presses himself against the PA, and violently lurks in the dark spaces of the stage, he begins to look like something that slipped out of the cabinet of Doctor Caligari while no-one was looking. If the rest of The Damned were another three Vanians, the atmosphere of night and fog would be all too intense. Instead, the other three almost complete a full spectrum of rock personae that gives the band a variety of interest that makes for total viability. There's enough going on in The Damned to guarantee their staying power.

Brian James is almost traditional. He's the macho guitar player.

Friday night finds him in a black and gold shirt, collar turned up in back, that could have belonged to Elvis Presley. His movements are kind of familiar — he twists, struts and grimaces at his guitar.

It's a piece of rock and roll body language that goes back through Keith Richard and Beck, all the way to Eddie Cochran. It's familiar and in its familiarity it provides a perfect foil for the slightly nightmarish Vanian.

Rat Scabies also has a tradition going for him.

Already his spike-haired extrovert energy has made him a punk personality. Once behind his drums, however, all becomes clear. There's no mistaking that he comes from that long and noble line line of maniac British drummers, a line that includes Keith Moon, Viv Prince, Twink and Bonham.

Scabies isn't the stone-faced rhythm machine who, once hunched over his drums, never emerges until the end of the set.

Scabies is a fuel-injected flailer of the best kind.

He explodes with energy. When it starts to peak it brings him off his stool, standing beside his kit, laying into it as though it is some wild dangerous thing that has to be pounded into submission.

And then there's Captain Sensible. The Captain is unique. People like him show up about once in a generation.

Depending on the social climate, they have been treated in a multitude of different ways. Had he lived in another century he might have been burned at the stake, locked up in an institution or revered as being closer to God than the average mortal.

It looks as though the last quarter of the Twentieth century might just possibly make him into a rock and roll star. It helps that, in addition, he is a reliable, rock solid bass player. A disintegrating guitar slightly marred the Manchester show, but what was lost in sound was more than made up for in spectacle.

Captain Sensible is virtually a show on his own. The origins of his stage presence have no roots in fashion, rock and roll, or anything else you can easily put your finger on. No

***BRIAN JAMES a.k.a BRIAN JAMES (guitar)***

***DAVE LETTS a.k.a DAVE VANIAN (vocals)***

***CHRIS MILLER a.k.a RAT SCABIES (drums)***

# The page you are looking at takes no responsibility for your sanity or well-being.

## MICK FARREN and CHALKIE DAVIES on tour with THE DAMNED 1977

*(Top) Band on bus; (middle) BRIAN JAMES, JAKE RIVIERA, and somebody else; (bottom) band on stage. Message ends.*

Third Reich images for the Captain.

At Manchester, he walks on stage in a crumpled nurse's uniform, a dog collar, black monkey boots and thick green woolly socks.

THIS IS basically the first venture on the part of punk rock into the sink or swim world of mainstream rock and roll tours.

The Damned are a long way from their own turf. It's the moment when a band are confronted by the necessity to get across on the strength of their music, and not from any notoriety or novelty value.

The audience could be worse.

There's a solid sprinkling of left-over little girls from the days when Marc Bolan was born to boogie. They have blank eyes, loud voices and are decked out in as many Bolan souvenirs as they can manage to attach to their clothes and bodies.

As far as they are concerned, The Damned could play like gods and they wouldn't want to know. They've come to see Marc, and that's it. Anything that gets in the way is simply part of a dirty conspiracy.

On the other extreme there's a small contingent who have tarted themselves up from S & M Supplies' (confidential) rubberwear catalogue.

For them, The Damned can do no wrong. It's The Damned, the whole Damned and nothing but The Damned. They pose sullenly in the almost empty bar while Bolan is playing.

In between these two extremes are the uncommitted. These are the ones who really count. They are also the ones who can set a band on the path to US tours and monumental tax problems.

Within the space of the first song, it becomes abundantly clear that they aren't going to have too much problem with the impartial majority.

Behind the shocks, horrors, scandals and hysterical newspaper headlines The Damned are, first and foremost, a tough, raunchy rock and roll band. The publicity and punk panoply are very much an adjunct — rock and roll is the real *core* of what the band is all about.

It's not only on the stage that The Damned exhibit a very basic strength and resilience.

Any new movement in rock and roll, like the punks, or the hippies before them, is bound to create resistance among the old guard of professional rockers. A new wave is frequently forced to create its own scenes, its own venues and its own terms of reference. At the same time it usually also creates its own excesses.

Without making any behavioural value judgements, it can be hard for a new wave to assimilate into the mechanism of the old one. The one-act farce starring the Pistols and the board of EMI is exactly such a case of organic rejection.

Reports of the "Anarchy In The UK" tour indicated the punks were'nt exactly settling into the routine of being on the road without teething troubles.

There didn't seem to be too many problems on this tour bus. There were certain irritations, of course. There always are when two otherwise unconnected bands are thrown together for interminable hours on the same bus.

The level of star fantasy in the Bolan camp seemed to be a trifle high, and the differences between the living conditions of the headliner and the support are bound at times to become abrasive.

The Damned are very solidly on square one. They have yet to pass Go on the great Monopoly board of rock and roll.

Bolan may stay in Post Houses and Holiday Inns, but for The Damned it's Mrs. Bun's guest house, up by 9.30 or miss your share of greasy fried eggs and canned tomatoes, sharing rooms and wondering whether to buy a meal on the motorway or save the money to get drunk later.

THE BAND seem to have taken to life on the road like rats to the proverbial drain.

Of course, they haven't been at it long enough to become neurotic. There's still a certain novelty in the contrast between the short bursts of intense energy on stage and the long hours of boredom, punctuated by bad food, high-speed ingestion of stimulants, uncomfortable dressing rooms and far from adequate sleep.

All bands develop games that pass the time and provide safety valves when tensions build up. Each generation of musicians have different games.

The Bolan band play poker, strum guitars and talk quietly about old times. The Damned are most boisterous.

Memories are racked for the names of obscure groups and absurd singles. The idea is to get the maximum response when each one is yelled out.

Rat and the Captain tend to break into sporadic attacks of hitting, kicking and spitting on each other. Although they seem to take a delight in freaking the citizens at motorway stops, there's no overbearing punk-manship on the coach.

They may get rowdy at times, but when you get down to basics they're a rock and roll band doing a job of work. They're living in the same world as The Beatles, the Stones, or even Gene Vincent and The Blue Caps when they were at the same stage of the game.

The one thing it really wasn't possible to do on the tour bus was to conduct a full-scale formal interview. The coach driver seemed to be conducting a one man war with his gearbox and conversations had to be carried on at a discreet bellow. Tape recorders and note pads were out of the question. It was simply a matter of listening, watching and letting the conversation go where it would to find out what went on inside The Damned.

James and Vanian were the most forthcoming.

The main thing that emerged was that the band have no pretensions about being political world changers. It should be a medium for having a good time. It may not be deep, but at least it's honest.

But hang on a minute. What about all their punk regalia?

What about the Captain's nurse's outfit? What about Dave Vanian getting himself decked out as a look-alike for Helmut Berger in the movie of the same name? What about the discreet SS badge on the lapel of his tuxedo?

"It's part of a show. Anything you can use to jolt people, to get them going, has to be worth it."

So the major enemy is apathy?

"Yeah."

But surely there's a less than pleasant side to the New Wave? Some of the self-mutilation games have gone a bit far.

"We don't like everything that goes on, say, at The Roxy. Some of the kids go over the top — but that happens in any scene where things are going on."

Later in the conversation we seem to reach an agreement. The most sinister figures in the New Wave are probably the small group of older hustlers who have moved into the scene and like to give the impression that they're in control.

THERE'S ONE final question.

Isn't there a time when a rock and roll band has to take some kind of responsibility for what happens in the audience? What happens if something they use to get things cooking goes wrong on them, like for instance The Damned's Weimar pose?

"Are you asking if a band should be responsible for what the audience does?"

Yeah.

"No. That's their responsibility."

The final scene is in a Manchester late night bar. The place is filled with the kind of people who feel a need to drink at 3.30 in the morning.

There's TV actor Patrick Allen. There are the usual off-duty hookers, croupiers, travelling salesmen and local hoods. Sam Apple Pie are gathered in one corner. They're getting drunk before they go and sleep in the truck.

Captain Sensible is still in his nurse's uniform. He's three parts drunk and mumbling at Sam Apple Pie. He fits in perfectly with this assortment of night people.

Assimilation isn't as difficult as it might seem.

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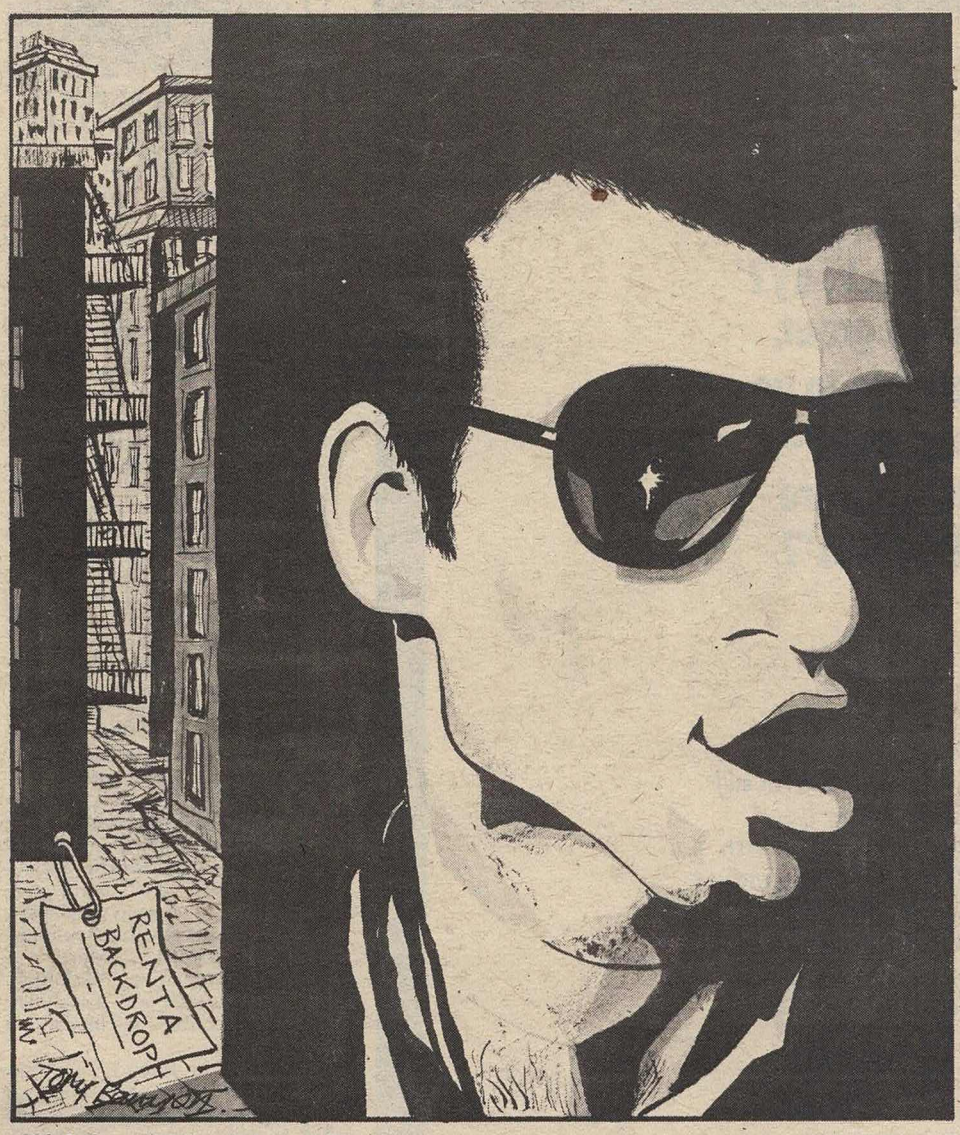



Illustration: TONY BENYON

*Nils Lofgren: 'Mellow did ya say?"*

## Lean Kid Skips Softly On Old Moontears

**NILS LOFGREN**
*I Came To Dance (A&M)*

I'VE JUST realised that the basis of Nils Lofgren's appeal for me may well lie in the fact that he looks rather like my father.

Of course, all Italianate midgets with Philadelphian connections look a lot alike. And they look more alike the older they get. When they get to be about 60 they all look just like Pope John XXIII.

Some day Nils Lofgren will be bald and round and his grandchildren will scratch their heads in wonder when they hear that he was once deemed the archetypal punk guitarist.

Of course, that particular epithet dried up when he confessed that he'd toted an accordion around for years, but on top of that the guy's gone and got mellow on us.

It's nothing to worry about yet, but I'm just warning you that played alongside the comparatively spare but powerful set on "Nils Lofgren" and the bolder slam-bang of "Cry Tough", "I Came To Dance" is a lot lower on the emotional, high-energy chutzpah quotient that is one familiar part of the man's charm.

Notice I said the man's. The deal is that it is in the nature of lean and hungry musicians and songwriters to pour their hearts and heroic riffs out on dramatic debuts and impressive, successful early follow-ups.

Then, when the corners of youthful desperation and stronger feelings are knocked off, Superman puts his clothes back on and heads for the office.

The artist emerges, perhaps more mature and with more self-command, to settle down and elaborate on what has already been laid down. If something is gained, something is also lost.

Lofgren, unquestionably an ace whizz kid of the decade, evidently feels strongly enough now about what he is doing and where he wants to go to cut loose from his usual producers David Briggs and Al Kooper, both of whom served him well.

Too many people think they can be truer to themselves by dispensing with an independent hand on the control panel, and they end up doing themselves down.

Lofgren has not proved an exception. In co-producing himself with his drummer, Andy Newmark, he has pulled out a nice sounding affair with funkier undercurrents than the previous albums.

He's done the manly, democratic thing by his new five-piece ensemble, and added musicians on vibes, congas, horns and strings, also half a dozen backing singers on every track. He's managed to obscure his own magical properties partially in the process.

That said, "I Came To Dance" still has more going for it than most. Lofgren's strength as an interesting writer continues to bear scrutiny, and his stance remains the same — the tough street musician rocks on, equating True Love with his Fender.

The title track, for example, is a characteristic Lofgren rock and roll devotional.

*"I'm not Bobby Dylan, but I never miss a beat/I ain't no philosopher, I dance in the street."*

The most immediately nifty track, it shows off pianist Reverend Patrick Henderson and the rhythm union of Newmark and bassist Wornell Jones with Nils doing his dirty stuff, big-mouthing in a spoken verse and putting in some whining runs.

Next up on the Memorability Meter are the Grin ballad descendent "Home Is Where The Hurt Is", thoughtful, melodic and nicely balanced, and the defiant, incendiary "To Be A Dreamer".

*"Oh, I miss love like water, when all there is is coke/I dull the pain with hard liquor and smoke/Bet my best friend I'd be dead at 23/And I lost 'cause of one thing my father said to me . . . I brought you into this world to be a dreamer."*

Here is the panicky guitar, the Angry Young Voice and the substance that sticks.

"Code of the Road" and "Jealous Gun" make in on the same criteria, but like the remainder of the songs they suggest a dangerous temptation on Lofgren's part to be facile, riding on what he's already done, been, said and played definitively.

They're consolidation rather than exploration, rocking but not burning and tossed off with a slickness that tends to trivialize. In particular I find the Broadway chorus stamping and snorting soulfully on top of Nils's voice often tedious and unnecessary.

In content, too, there are glib departures from his more perceptive and heartfelt material, although the story lines in the two most narrative numbers are wry in "Rock Me At Home" and humorous in "Happy Ending Kids".

"Rock Me At Home" is a medium tempo boogie dialogue from an exhausted rock'n'roller coming home to a screaming wife.

He doesn't seem to be sure himself which side he's on, imitatively complaining one minute and conceding that it's a raw deal the next.

"Happy Ending Kids" is funky and taut. A kid swipes a guitar, gets caught but let off by store owner Nils telling the kid's parents that all is cool because their boy's got soul.

The loving backward glance, association - with - his - heroes number here is Keef's "Happy". The guitar work is appropriately flash and bluesy and the singing hard-bitten, but it comes out a little joyless in tone, possibly because he's obviously taking a deep breath first and straining to do it proud.

I wish I could foresee where Lofgren intends to go from here; this album makes me nervous because after many listens it's really fine but under-par for him.

My guess is that he thinks it's great because he probably had a really great time making it and had a smooth, exhilarating time of being in charge of the recording.

That's when to start worrying, man. The pressure is going to be heavy for the next one to rate the critics' end of the year ten best bracket, which may be crass and unpleasant but is unavoidable since he has stuff to do it.

What I really want to hear is more of the real Nils himself where he belongs on record — right up front. You know, beat me up, daddy, beat me daddy, eight to the bar.

**Angie Errigo**

**CAN**
*Saw Delight (Virgin)*

WELL NOW, Can haven't sounded so confident or forthright on record since "Soon Over Babaluma". This is a vast improvement on their last set, the untypically inconsistent "Flow Motion".

The Cologne-based band have recently added bassist Rosko Gee and percussionist Reebop Kwaku Bah, both members of later Traffic lineups.

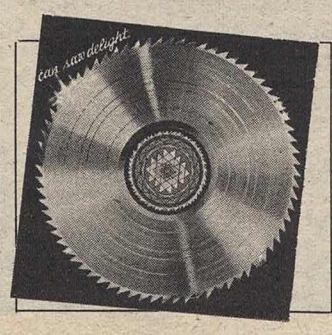
Erstwhile Can bassist Holger Czukay has moved to take care of "special sounds". By adding short wave radio tunings, tape loops and concrete music, Czukay's successfully introduced another unorthodox, often anarchic element to Can's sound.

Drummer Jackie Liebezeit's radically modified his cyclical style to match Gee's insistently solid yet supple playing; Liebezeit now relaxes more into the stream of the music.

All the same, "Don't Say No" isn't too auspicious a start. A slightly faster version of "Moonshake" from "Future Days" that Can have always wanted to refurbish, its general snazz is spoilt by some aggravating mutron phaseish effects from (I think) Irmin Schmidt's organ keyboard and the aberrantly facile lyric content.

Instead of chanting "Do what you feel you need to do" and other meaningless discoboogie maxims, Can should have left the field open for Michael Karoli's clean, concise rhythm and fractured fuzz lead guitars.

Both "Don't Say No" and "Fly By Night", a harmless fillet of pellucid Cansong in the vein of "Come Sta La Luna" from "Babaluma", underline the fact that the band still haven't settled on a course that allows them to combine a degree of commerciality (these are songs, you know) with their other idiosyncrasies.




But the rest of the album compensates. Can recapture the summery pollen drift of "Future Days" (the whole album) with "Sunshine Day And Night", only here the feel's closer to that of the dance music of the black Anzanian townships.

Karoli's twitching chords and soft, hazily muted lead course over Reebop's boisterous congas and timbales, Czukay jumbles in dislocated threads of tuned sound and burbling voices.

Cut to icy winds and a brief cascade of strings before headstrong bass and drums introduce "Call Me". Gee's vocals are almost submerged as Czukay unfurls sheets of pure sound between Schmidt's ghostly organ electronics and Karoli's viciously sustained lead. Definitely the darker side of Can.

In the past the band have perpetrated numerous EFS (Ethnological Forgery Series) snippets, but none as purposeful as "Animal Waves", a piece that takes up most of the second side.

Apparently unrelated themes are seamlessly juxtaposed. Schmidt's Alpha 77 electronics provide the first of many layers; they're archly classical, very High German Romantic. Karoli superimposes a melancholy East European tune on electric violin. And there's your basic flow.

"Waves" surges on implacably to embrace a West African (?) tribal chant and reedy Islamic pipes. These fade and reappear before Karoli's guitar surfaces, distant at first, perilously close to feedback, before uncoiling into a whiplash frenzy of modal scales.

Somehow it all gels with propulsive fluency. It's an astonishing piece of work that, despite complex overdubbing, portrays Can as they are on stage — vitally intuitive and with a healthy disregard for formality or convention.

"Saw Delight" follows a mere five months after "Flow Motion". If Can's intention was to show themselves capable of better things, then they've succeeded unconditionally. **Angus MacKinnon**

**THE DELLS:**
*Cornered (DJM)*

DJM's golden-oldie ghetto department maintains its exemplary reissue programme with a mid-price double compilation of The Dells' early recordings, the first time to my knowledge that all but a couple of the tracks have been issued in Britain.

Based in Chicago, The Dells have never been properly recognised on this side of the water even though they've recorded consistently and with reasonable success since the early '50s. Only last year they were in the American charts, reinforcing their claim to outstanding longevity.

This 28-track set of goodies covers their years with Vee Jay Records of Chicago: 1955-58, when they were an R&B/doowop quintet led by Johnny Funches: 1961, an updating of the same approach with new lead singer Johnny Carter; and 1964-65, when they began to get to grips with the sound of the '60s.

These Three contrasting stages are best illustrated by their classic hit, "Oh What A Nite" (1956), a mock-Coasters novelty, "Swingin' Teens" (1961) and a beautiful soul ballad. "Stay In My Corner" (1965).

Around these totems are many equally fine examples of this resilient group, particularly the early tracks which are all ace and range from oo-wah-oo desperation ("Tell The World") to bupbup shoop-shoop rock 'n' roll ("Jo Jo").

Dare I suggest that you Dellve into your pocket-money and treat yourself to this one?

**Cliff White**

**NEIL SEDAKA**
*Sounds Of Sedaka (MCA)*

NEIL SEDAKA sings love songs for people born dead from the waist down.

No passion, no pain, no ecstacy contaminates their world; just golden bands and holding hands.

A shame really, because way back when Neil Sedaka said more about unrequited teen love in a couple of lines of "Oh Carol" than most people manage in a lifetime.

Then there was the relief of finally getting what you were after; "I Go Ape" (as Jessica Lange was once heard remark), "Calendar Girl" and "Happy Birthday Sweet Sixteen."

Tubby, balding Neil now comes on with the most boring, inhuman trash since we used to gape lovingly at those plastic puppets The Partridge Family on Saturday mornings.

The strings rot your teeth quicker than amphetamine sulphate. Everything on this record is layered until it resembles one of those grotesque American sandwiches which contain everything bar the kitchen sink.

For a boy from Julliard, Sedaka believes in overkill. The Tom Jones notorious Non-Hit "Puppet Man" opens the album.

*"If you wanna see me do my thing/Baby pull my string."* You subtle swine, Neil.

An amusing and droll ditty about the ups and downs of loving an alkie follows and "Ebony Angel" is a patronising little mixed marriage spiel. "The Love Of A Woman" plummets to the depths of dreck as in *"The love of a woman/Determines a man/Whatever he can't do/She shows him he can."* Poppycock.

"The Girl I Left Behind" is a study in giving someone the push before they can do it to you, while "Cellophane Disguise" does not explore an interesting sexual perversion, but concerns having the wool pulled over ones eyes.

"Don't Look Over Your Shoulder" is a toothpaste commercial-type advice to the love-lorn to set their red eyes on some positive forward goal and *not look back* but "The World I Threw Away" touched a raw nerve.

*"I was young and full of spring/Till I saw her wedding ring/It told me of the world I threw away."*

Let that be a lesson to you.

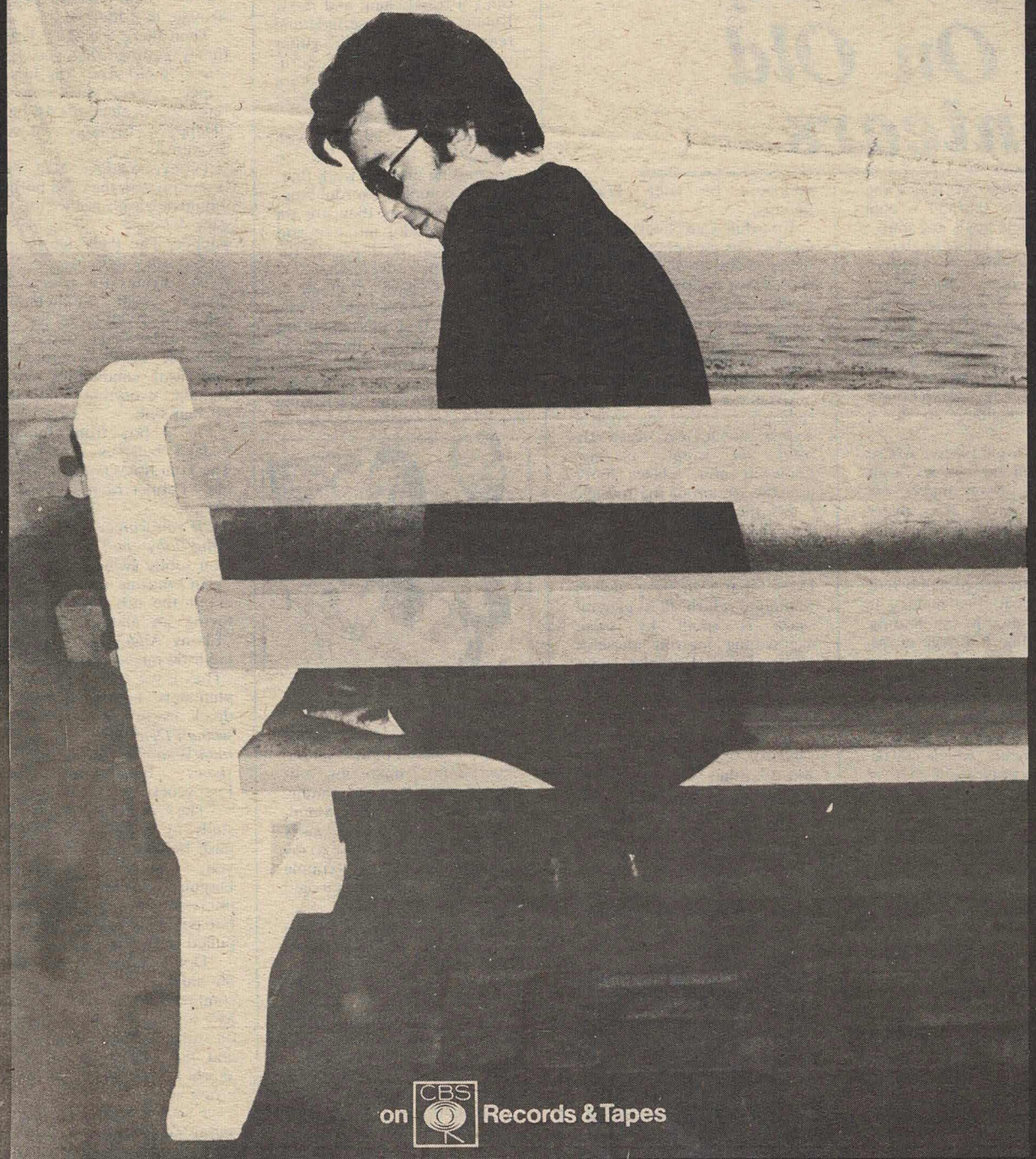
**Julie Burchill**

# BOZ SCAGGS

**If you've already heard 'Lowdown' and 'What Can I Say?' and thought they were great, wouldn't it be reasonable to go for the complete package? – the album these songs were taken from, 'Silk Degrees'?**

A year ago Boz Scaggs was known in Britain only to a handful of mid-sixties West Coast freaks who still treasured his work with the Steve Miller Band. Today, thanks to 'Lowdown' and his current smash 'What Can I Say?' Boz is now a British hit single maker. But as one of the biggest selling album artists in America in 1976 – the year that included Frampton, McCartney and Wonder albums... isn't it time to enjoy him to the full?

**'SILK DEGREES' CBS 81193**



on CBS Records & Tapes

**WEATHER REPORT**
*Heavy Weather (CBS)*

THE GENERAL drift of Weather Report's early recordings was largely determined by Miles Davis' epochal exploration of electric jazz notations on "In A Silent Way".

Josef Zawinul and Wayne Shorter had contributed to both– "Silent Way" and the later "Bitches Brew" before forming their own band to develop the staggering range of possibilities suggested by Miles' New Directions.

Restrained and atmospherically descriptive in the studio, Weather Report were often unnervingly loud and aggressive on stage. Their third set, "Sweet-nighter", went some way towards reconciling these extremes. Although 'transitional', it had little or nothing in common with the well-intentioned but short-term yield fusions of McLaughlin's Mahavishnu Orchestra or Hancock's Headhunters.

Instead Weather Report staged their own breakout, and in iconoclastic style. Twinned drums and electric basses sustained an unrelenting percussive assault; keyboards and reeds were brutally clipped to extended paylines of polyrhythmic phase-shifting. Studio sound was existential: ultra-electronic and luminously spatial.

Weather Report were now effectively non-aligned. They'd bypassed their peers' casual matching of rockfunk (rhythms) with jazz (harmonies), so freeing themselves from the constraints such a process of hybridisation entailed.

More recent albums have been less extreme refinements of the "Sweetnighter" approach. Rhythm and melody were more comfortably balanced as Zawinul and Shorter scouted through Eastern, African, South and Central American ethnic musics to widen their musical brief. Their band has consistently avoided the contrived mannerisms of later Mahavishnu, Hancock and Return To Forever lineups.

All the same, by last year's "Black Market" Weather Report had ranged as far as they could in their post-"Sweetnighter" sound ocean; they seemed about to resort to formularisation.

But "Heavy Weather" is something else again. It concedes nothing to current trends; Shorter's even renounced his Lyricon reed synthesiser.

The new material's more overtly melodic (positively songful in fact) than anything Weather Report have previously recorded.

In many ways it's reminiscent of the Miles Davis Quintet of the Sixties — which included Shorter — and their later albums. There's that same sense of eloquence, elegance and almost timeless serenity about the music and musicianship.

The band are as they were for last summer's London concerts. Percussionist Malano Badrena's smatterings are unobtrusively energetic whilst drummer Alejandro Acuna's warmly effusive, at ease whatever the pace.

Jaco Pastorius has rid himself of the sometimes overbearing conceits of earlier forays. An ambitious player with an awesome harmonic sense, he seems to have appreciated there are limits even to his capabilities.

Zawinul and Shorter are their incomparable selves. Shorter's tenor and soprano saxes are as unexpected, brisk or soothing, acrid or poetic as ever.

Zawinul's keyboards dominate. He combines and contrasts acoustic and electric piano with deceptive facility. His soft-edged synthesiser work is effortlessly naturalistic, based on the assumption that synthesisers are simply new and undiscovered instruments, not *synthetic* substitutes for familiar sounds.

There are three Zawinul compositions. "Birdland" opens, snappily ecstatic over Acuna's deliciously crisp hi-hat and graced with a memorable ostinato (Z-shaped?) theme.

"A Remark You Made" is a slow, luxuriant ballad, classically mainstream in conception — homage to Duke Ellington perhaps? Just dig Acuna's delicate brush work and Zawinul's ethereal synthesiser trillings.

The set's jewel in the lotus has to be "The Juggler", another of Zawinul's exotic sketches with a melodic sway that would charm the skins off pythons.

Shorter's smoky tenor permeates the saxist's sultry, Latinate "Palladium"; his gentle "Harlequin" rises on Zawinul's resonant acoustic chords.

"Teen Town", a fast, snapshot spiral with Pastorius himself on traps, and "Havona", a seething Salsa-style flux, are the bassist's credits.

So it's high time for clearout once more. Weather Report remain the most lasting antidote to all the interminably vacuous fusioneering spewed upon us these days.

If, like myself, you've had your fill of speedrock and slick-funk hyperbole, then here's where to begin again.

**Angus MacKinnon**

**METRO**
*Metro (Transatlantic)*

IF YOU saw the picture accompanying the recent singles column in which I nominated this band's "Criminal World" as the week's single, then you'll know they're poseurs.

At the time I hadn't seen that shot, nor the pretentious advertising for the album, and I was agreeably astonished that even with their snug faces before me, "Criminal World" remains quite brilliant.

Unfortunately, its weird, inspired music is absent from most of "Metro". Yet when I compared its "intense sexuality" with Lewis Furey's, I was unwittingly accurate. Although the proud Fureyesque duality suggested by the single is also largely absent here, it *is* an unusual album because virtually every track is concerned with physical sex.

Dominated by ballads about romantic sex, strictly for consenting adolescents in private, Metro's bedroom confessions range from the very beautiful "Flame", which treats promiscuity, abortion, infatuation and moral outrage with stunning sensitivity, to the crassly sentimental heavy breathing of "Black Lace Shoulder".

The musical accompaniment for these songs if provided by a sophisticated pick-up rhythm section over which the three members of Metro play cool, pleasant, synthetic fabrics.

Sean Lyons plays lots of guitars, while the two frontmen, Freddie Mercuroid lead singer Peter Godwin and multi-instrumentalist Duncan Browne (who had a hit some years back with an adventurously structured MOR folk song called "The Journey") control operations.

It's a disappointment. High class muzak, occasionally touching, tiresomely postured. But singles as good as "Criminal World" are very, very rare.

**Phil McNeill**

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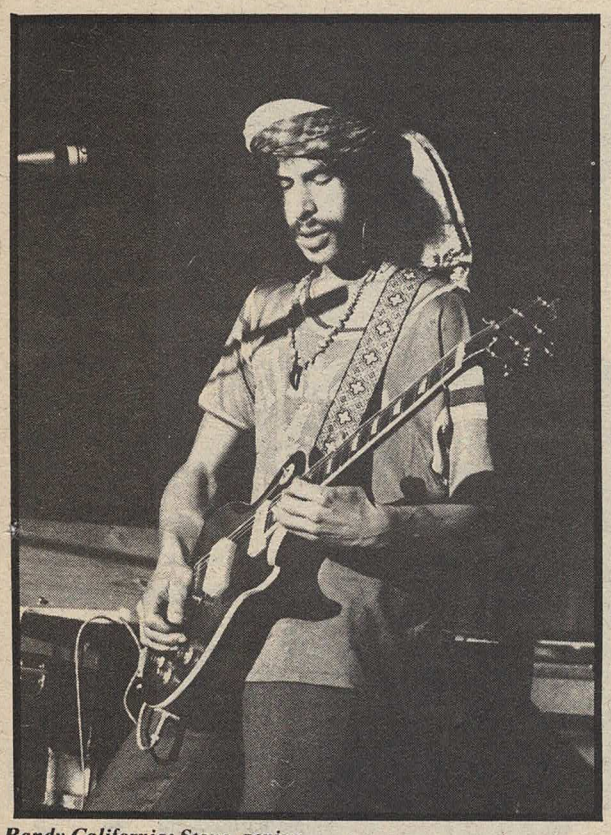
# Spirit Warp Into Future Perfect Mode



*Randy California: Stone genius*

**SPIRIT**
*Future Games — A Magical Kahauna Dream (Mercury — Import).*

THE RETURN of Tab, Hunk and Dr. Sardonicus — more outrageously smooth than ever before. A new Spirit album is not only becoming a frequent event, it also signals certain difficulties on the part of the listener.

Kaptain Kopter is increasingly taking over the distribution of psychedelics on his particular Time Coast, but the results are harder to disseminate.

Whaddya make of the cover, with California pulling a fast macho guitar pose that looks like a square up to Nugent?

How to come to terms with 22 tracks of interwoven dementia that fuse the Spirit elements of Hendrix meets Zappa into one bitch of an impression that still leaves me no nearer an understanding of the concept, itself comparable to the "Journey Through Potatoland"?

Still, having met California twice and conducted interviews somewhere near his wavelength that doesn't surprise me.

Back comes Burt Shonberg, the Spirit of '76, traces of "Nature's Way" and a myriad of sound, effect and stone beauty in composition that makes "Future Games" the closest thing we have yet to "Electric Ladyland" Seventies style. I mean if you thought the other Spirit albums were weird . . .

Phase in to "CB Talk", truckin' vocals and a breaker rap on the car radio by way of introduction.

Slipping into "Stars Are Love". From then on in you're on your own buddy. A whole gaggle of soaring musical delight nestling next to snatches of American T.V., movie and wireless script that is totally synchronised to the mix and deliciously disorientating.

*"I could order you to have a medical examination".*

If the formal (sic) structure of "Farther Along" left you dying for the endless Randy California lick then this time you get it on the title cut, weaving his chain of sinuous notes around a framework of bubbling percussion and somnambulant singing — another affirmation of how the boy is keeping out of reach. Sardonicus, joker on the run.

Reality is definitely slipping during "Buried In My Brain", one of two Kim Fowley collaborations. Considering my own opinion of Fowley's relative talent this and "Bionic Unit", both written with engineer Blair Mooney at Tampa, Florida, are departures from his normal idiocy. Or has he found his niche? Segue into Dr. Demento:

*"Conscience is already beginning to bother you. Why don't you confess now?"*

*"You're mad".*

If the last two Spirit albums have sounded like flashbacks this is solid window pane with an open defiance of accepted rock techique. Hence you don't decipher the solos or follow Cass round the drum kit.

Instead the cosmic console is set to an overall texture that pulls you inside with tantalising results. Like the twenty first century Beach Boys oohs that constitute the nineteen seconds of "So Happy Now", recalling all those throwaway moments of bliss on "Holland's" "Magic Transistor Radio".

More and more curious. Randy steps into his Jimi Hendrix hat to do Bob Dylan again. "All Along The Watchtower" just as finely executed as his "Hey Joe" and "The Times They Are A Changing", if not as faithful. California keeps the view deathly clear too, this one has to be turned up loud to appreciate the guitar bleeding its functional heaviness.

*"Are you real? I mean I'm not imagining you am I?"*

*"We're real enough."*

*"You speak English, Earth people?"*

*"From the Federation".*

"Would You Believe" is Spirit turning its circle of optimism. In a year when the best English rock record is called "Low" this is pretty conclusive evidence that we just never get the formula right at all.

Even "Jack Bond Speaks" is proof of a certain humour missing in most contemporary local product.

Side two will delight fans of Bones, Jim and the Starship Enterprise who should go a bundle on "Star Trek Dreaming" and "Interlude XM". There's a minor return to normality for Ed Cassidy's "China Doll" (no relation to The Grateful Dead) which raises an impromptu image of Chairman Mao making the inscrutable masses smile. Oh well.

*"I'm asking you to report for an examination,"*

*"What! What do you base that on?"*

*"The development of emotional instability and erratic mental attitudes since returning from that planet."*

California opens the pod door wide on "Hawaiian Times/Gorn Attack/Interlude 2001" releasing a strong buzz of melodic instrumental prefacing one of the only distinct entities on "Future Games", a tribute to Cobo Hall, called naturally enough, "Detroit City", and a sign that Spirit is reaching from coast to coast.

This is a dynamite charge with California's electric lead picking a mellow path towards kindred minds and softly pedalling from blues to *The Muppets;* Kermit gets a spot on "Freakout Frog". More incongruity here as the zonked lyric defies you to take the riff seriously. Richard Meltzer would undoubtedly approve.

Captain Kirk again in bad shape on the receiving end of "The Romulan Experience" which is in turn deciphered by a glorious Ronettes echo, "Monkey See Monkey Do", back-up vocals recreated by Kopter and Terry Anderson who sounds edible.

The last four minutes is reserved for an absolutely astounding number written by California and Tom Hall, enigmatically titled "The Journey Of Nomad". If the rest is obscure this is one of those Los Angeles specials with Randy breaking up the party by saving the killer chord until the end.

It's a protest song, to these ears, the equal of vintage Dylan, in any case the epitome of ten years grooving with Spirit.

"Nomad" places the future cold war game in a deeply moving summary, a genuine warning cased in chilling imagery and sung in California's custom crystalline way.

*"Get with it and go to bed. No more of this nonsense".*

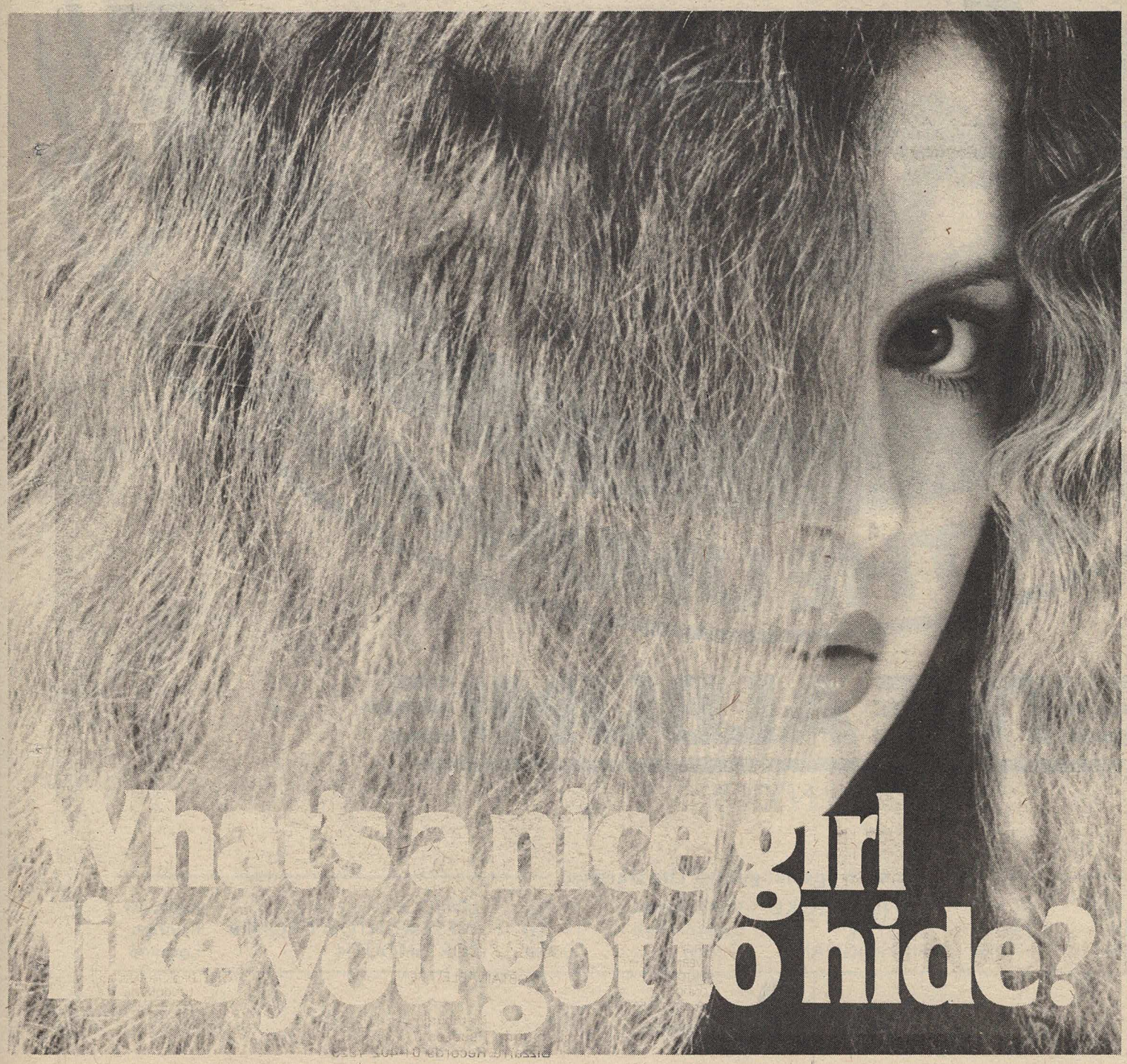
Keep on taking the tablets, Spirit, you've got it right. Hearing is believing that Randy California has tripped out on his own genius. Again. If I had my way I'd make you buy this record.

**Max Bell.**

**BLACK OAK ARKANSAS**
*10 Year Overnight Success (MCA)*

REDNECK ROCK is great when celebrating such quintessential delights as committing GBH on Neil Young, eating Acne-Burghers in countless motels, and getting sweaty with nubile Georgia Peaches, but when it comes to these matted sons of Arkansas, the game starts getting turgid.

The initial turn-off with Black Oak is Jim Dandy's voice; growling, gutteral and contrived, it sounds like David Clayton Thomas of the best-forgotten Tears, Blood and Perspiration. His stomach churning noise is not improved by the band's self-penned songs.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The band wade through their repertoire of undistinguished raunch-a-boogie with all the enthusiasm and energy of a clock watching assembly line worker, they only put into the chore at hand what they absolutely have to.

Lyrics consist of unconvincing macho posturing with Jim Dandy giving the impression he's worried you might think he's a nigger loving faggot if he don't keep that mock erection pulsating over every last inch of vinyl.

"Can't Blame It On Me" is the only track that has enough tension to convince you they really mean it. The rest of the cuts are around the four minute mark and are either blooze-based or limp staccato-chord rockers.

For a real taste of the South, avoid this record like the crabs and buy a bottle of Jack Daniels instead.

**Tony Parsons**

## ANTHONY PHILLIPS
*The Geese And The Ghost (Hit & Run)*

THEY PLAY "The Geese And The Ghost" a lot at my friendly neighbourhood record store — a good sign when with an album which has arrived like this one, unheralded and unreviewed, by an unfamiliar name on an obscure label.

Not, however, that Phillips is himself an obscure or unfamiliar artist. He was the original guitarist with Genesis, whose first two albums he graced with that lyrical electric style now so dear to contemporary axemen like Brian May and Steve Hackett.

After "Trespass' he quit the band, for a variety of reasons which must perforce remain private, but which were nothing to do with "musical and personal differences".

Charisma then dutifully shelled out several thousand quid for him to build a home recording studio and work with Mike Rutherford on an album. This is the somewhat belated result.

Phil Collins handles the vocal chores on two tracks, and it was his success here that prompted him to try the same thing with Genesis after Gabriel's departure.

Meanwhile, after the completion of the album, Charisma prevaricated for some three years, advising several complete re-mixes before finally deciding against issuing the album. Hence it now comes to you from Hit & Run — the debut, and possibly only, release from Peter Gabriel's management company.

The cover is an amusing parody of the Roger Dean school of rock-and-roll surrealist artwork. On the front, a minstrel strums to a poolside image in mdedieval Rhineland while a in miniature knight on snail-back charges at a lizard. On the reverse, a Kaiser Wilhelm II armoured goose is bombed by RAF wall-to-wall Mallards.

This whimsical appoach extends to the music, which is still very much in Genesis territory. Though the slow, reflective quality of the music sometimes becomes depressing, nevertheless there is always an underlying sense of levity that is absent from the bulk of the work of Mike Oldfield, with whom Phillips will be inevitably compared.

Three straightforward songs — "Which Way The Wind Blows", "God If I Saw Her Now" and "Collections" — might all have been sunk by their tiresome homespun philosophy, were not the overall schmaltziness handled so sympathetically.

"Henry: Portraits From Tudor Times", one of two long pieces, is given a jokey commentary; an earlier mix made the track a Western B — movie pastiche with full-blown "Blazing Saddles" orchestrations. Here, the arbitrary continuity is in danger of detracting from what is a very fine piece of music; themes develop and recur, mock Tudor fanfares segue into acoustic guitars, with a backing courtesy of Rents Spector.

Mastering at Trident studios meanwhile hasn't totally cleaned up the semi-garage production. Thankfully, the surface noise on the fret board and crackles on the tape remain. We're spared the gleaming studio sterility.

Overall, it's a languid, stylish sound; close to muzak.

Anthony Phillips' next album will be "Macbeth" with Glenda Jackson and Michael Jayston. Honestly.

**Jonathan Barnett**

## HERON
*Diamond of Dreams" (Bronze)*

IN WHICH Mike Heron, the former eccentric hippie troubadour, moves discernably closer to rock superstardom. Heron has always written intriguing lyrics and lasting melodies. Now he's acquired a band that can sell them to a wider public.

This is Heron's first album for two years. The previous one, on Melanie's Neighborhood label, bore the unfortunate title "Mike Heron's Reputation".

Having discovered that there was no living to be had on the strength of reputation alone, Heron's new band is simply called Heron.

This time around the emphasis is on the band's sound, with strong melodies less obviously to the fore. Guitars snarl, keyboards roll, drums thunder.

You no longer buy Mike Heron, solo artist of distinction, but Heron, a rock band whose name will surely be quickly established.

The potential is glaringly obvious. No matter how lush the songs Heron used to write, his curiously passe style did him down.

The nasal vocals that are his trademark are still evident, but they're supported by performances from the band that are infinitely more appealing than all those tinny, jangling guitars of yore.

Guitarist Frank Usher and keyboard player Dave Sams have a confidence that would not be out of place in a division one rock band with many years' pedigree.

Heron himself has come up with a batch of suitably impressive songs for the band to embellish.

"Don't Kill It Carol" is perhaps the most memorable. A love song that takes a somewhat precious image — that of a rose about to break into bloom — and gives it an integrity that transcends its apparent limitations.

"Are You Going To Hear The Music" is one of those narcissistic songs that rockers like to write about themselves. Predecessors include Chicago's "Introduction" and Wings' "Rock Show". Still, this latest example of the species allows Heron to show off their ensemble strength.

"Redbone" dabbles with respectable results in sword and sorcery, and "Do It Yourself" offers the Heron philosophy on the will to live.

Whether this set will make much impression on the charts is open to question. The blueprint's there. More albums and a lot more gigging should produce the breakthrough.

At the very least, it's good to hear Heron making such a determined attempt to throw off the restrictions of his kaftan legacy.

**Bob Edmands**

## ALBION DANCE BAND
*The Prospect Before Us (Harvest)*

THIS IS the first, official, full price Albion Dance Band album, and if you've bought any of their previous work ("Morris On" etc) you'll have a pretty good idea of what to expect.

Traditional dance tunes set to a tasteful electric backing, most melodious to the ear.

Producers Ashley Hutchings and Simon Nicol seem to be attempting to broaden the horizon of the Albion's music by their inclusion of dance tunes older even than Alex Harvey, pieces from the 13th century: a stately and dignified procession and an indication of just how extensive a repertoire the Albions can draw upon.

One of the strengths of the Albion Dance Band is the rhythm section of Hutchings and Dave Mattacks who lay down a solid beat for the variety of instruments such as curtals, shawns and bagpipes to embellish upon.

A new addition to the vocal line-up is melodeonist John Tams, who contributes a delightful "I Wish I Was Single Again", which is adapted from an old Regal Zonophone 78 by an Irish Highway Patrolman!

"Horse's Brawl" is a rousing finish to an album from an ensemble that just keeps improving and, judging by the variety of material on "Prospect Before Us", there's more where that came from. Richard Ainley — the underrated 18th century Irish playwright — summed them up when he said, "Albion contains nothing less than a capacity for excellence". And he should know, he's older than me!

**Patrick Humphries**

## DON WILLIAMS
*Visions (ABC)*

DON WILLIAMS has been the flavour of the year in country music.

It's almost exactly twelve months to the day since he was received with rapturous fervour by the Wembley Festival audience and since then he has charmed Clappo out of his tree and contracts out of Mervynn Conn. This Wembley appearance will be the laid-back singer's third one in Britain in a year.

"Visions" is his seventh British album.

In rock one could get into some serious retrospective analysis on a performer's seventh album.

In country it's not necessary. This runs along exactly the same lines as the other six and it's almost certain that he'll continue in the same vein for a while.

That's how country works.

Hell, Charley Pride has made *thirty* near identical platters.

His producer, Allen Reynolds, might reasonably be described as the Huey P. Meaux of Nashville.

Like the Cajun producer of Doug Sahm and Freddy Fender he keeps things very much to the bone, emphasising the song and not cluttering up a single bar.

If it has no purpose in the mix out it goes. The result is warmth, simplicity and presence. You can turn up the volume and swear that they're actually recording in your living room.

Williams has the kind of supple baritone that traditionally makes the most effective country.

It can purr along in the lower registers for much of the time yet the higher crunch passages present no terrors.

His voice is deep, rich and warm, yet it has enough light and shade to make for interest.

The material is country-jogalong stuff, don't look for the Waylon Jennings style of macho-raunch. Many people would call it easy-listening and they're dead right.

It's easy on the ear but, being country, it contrives more inherent sincerity than most MOR. On studying the sleeve credits I see that producer Reynolds has actually used a pretty wide array of musicians, the whole works from steel to strings.

For your mellow moments, if you are still prone to any, try Don Williams.

**David Redshaw**

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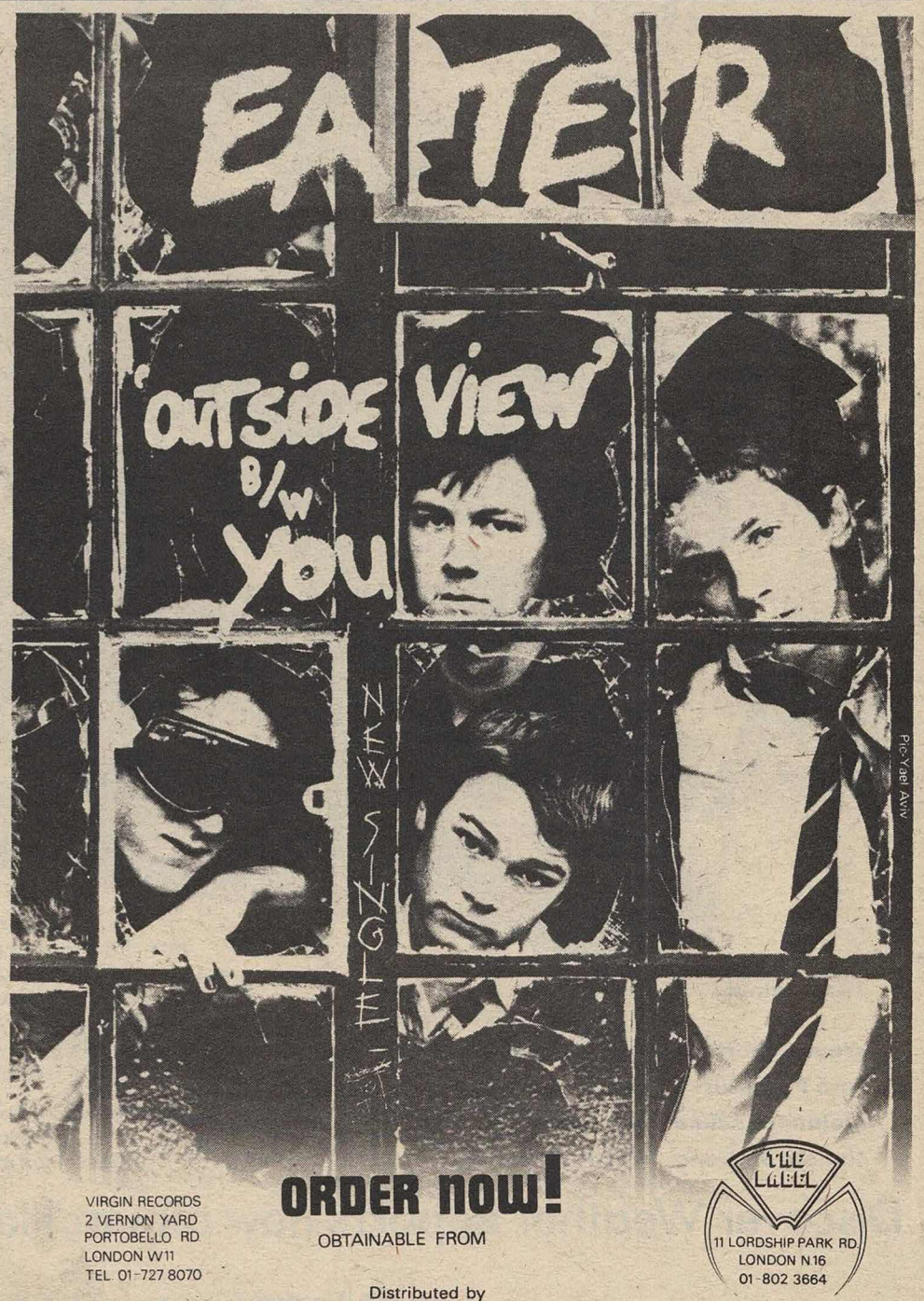


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**GENTLE GIANT**
*Live (Playing the Fool) (Chrysalis)*
GENTLE GIANT are something of a collectors' item. Their music is as far way from the rock mainstream as it's possible to imagine. They are so eclectic in their approach, they make the Floyd sound conservative (as indeed, they possibly are).

Giant switch from ponderous, strident riffs like "Just the Same" to oddball, medieval pastiches like "On Reflection". They offer marathon concept works like "Octopus" and daft forays into comic swing like "Sweet Georgia Brown".

At one extreme vocalist Derek Shulman can come on like a bronchitic Roger Chapman ("I Lost My Head"). At the opposite, the band get together for a slightly precious round (part of "On Reflection").

As you may know from their ad campaign, the guys play an endless variety of instruments, recorders, cello, vibes, and tambour being only the least familiar.

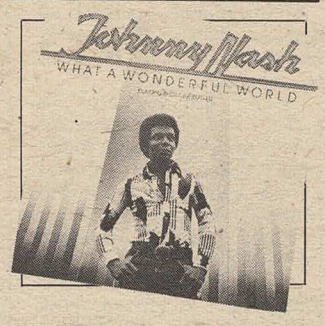
You can't help but be impressed by the way they've carted their distinctly strange act around the States and Europe, prime targets for that breed of philistine prone to yelling "boogie" at the most tasteful points of the programme.

After years of hassles in the biz, and from the biz, Giant are a cult group of sorts, gaining a following, perhaps, among the intellectually perverse. This is the album that ought to put them into the big league, if it's true that their cult status indicates wider potential.

It would be nice to think that it's all about to happen. The band try hard (maybe too hard), they're inventive, and they're musically accomplished. What they lack is forceful simple melodies. The structures of their songs tend to be excessively complex, and while that's no handicap with a specialist audience, it's likely to stand in the way of platinum albums.

Peter Frampton not withstanding, a live double album is a massive gamble for an act that's still struggling to get established. This offers a greatest hits set with added live vigour. It may take off on a grand scale, but if it flops, where does that leave the performers? Denied the euphoria of success, the follow-up must inevitably be that much more daunting.

**Bob Edmands**




**JOHNNY NASH**
*What A Wonderful World (Epic)*
MANY MOONS ago I vowed I'd either be a good boy for the rest of my life or sell my soul to the devil if only *someone* from out of the ether would award me with the vocal magic of a Sam Cooke or a Johnny Nash.

Came the morn I still sounded like an asthmatic Mick Jagger and I've been an atheist ever since (especially after Sam was snuffed).

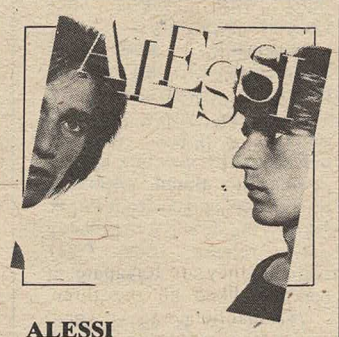
Fifteen years on, Nash is still totally captivating every time he opens his mouth, even if he does keep underselling himself with too much lightweight material. If we must have undemanding pop (and why not? It can be fun) then let it be performed by artists of his calibre.

Here he's recorded in Lowery Studio, Atlanta, Georgia and Muscle Shoals Sound Studio, Alabama, using The Dixie Rhythm Rangers for drive. The Muscle Shoals Horns for strength, and The Atlanta Strings for that theoretically commercial touch of sweetness. The result is not exactly stunning in its audacity but it does groove along pleasantly.

Joe South's "Birds Of A Feather, Sam Cooke's "Wonderful World" (a recent single) and The Everly's "All I Have To Do Is Dream" are sensitively treated to his now-familiar brand of romantic reggae, while Bobby Darin's "Dream Lover" and Tony Orlando's "Halfway To Paradise" are given arrangements (one sprightly, one sombre much the same as the originals. Speaking as one traditionally suspicious of new versions of old favourites, I commend both tracks to your attention.

Less noteworthy is a straight-faced performance of South's ridiculous "Rose Garden" and the opening to "Jamaica", which has too much of the Harry Belafontes about it to be taken seriously. Four other tracks of various but none too heavy moods complete the set; the best a bluesy soul-ballad called "That Woman", featuring Nash's finest performance on the album; the worst a yawn invoking Hugo & Luigi lullaby, "Goodnight Baby".

**Cliff White**




**ALESSI**
*Alessi (A&M)*
COUPLED WITH the rhetorical hype on the back sleeve, the first cut is almost seductive. "Do You Feel It?" begins with Queen-type harmonics over keyboards and synthesizers, bridges with pure Beach Boys vocal abstractions, then swiftly regresses to run of the mill pop pap.

And unfortunately the remainder of the album merely demonstrates the Alessi twins' adroitness in straddling all manner of mainstream fences.

Billy Alessi plays keyboards and synthesizers (quite good) and brother Bobby is on bass and lead guitars (quite ordinary), supplemented by the likes of Hal Blaine, Tom Scott and John Geurin. Not surprisingly, then, it sounds OK but any delving beyond the superficial gloss reveals faults.

Leaving aside Bones Howe's fussy production, "Alessi" is monumentally wet. These lads cover every aspect of adolescent love (no sex please, we're twins) from "You Can Have It Back" (your love, that is) to "I Was So Sure" (I would never fall in love again).

Moreover the Alessis conscientiously hedge all their bets, from watered-down soul to anaemic doo-wop. In "Big Deal" they sing of alcoholic practices ("My life's a disgrace, I'm drunk all the time") whilst sounding as if they couldn't hold a Babycham. "Oh Lori" contains the classic line, "I'd like to ride my bicycle with you on the handlebar".

So they sing soppy songs. I guess great big *girls* will love them.

**Monty Smith**

**NASTY POP,**
*Mistaken I.D. (Polydor)*
ON HEARING this album the discerning pop pundit surmises thus:

(a) Nasty Pop are a group in the fine tradition of high grade, British 60's pop music. That is, they write short songs, whose focal points are melodic choruses, sparkling vocal harmonies, and jolly rhythms.

(b) They successfully bring this medium up to date with the subtle introduction of influences which range from soul to American West Coast, all wrapped up in a thick luscious production which is intelligently controlled so as not to lose the music's vital simplicity.

(c) If you need them, the cross-references are: Beatles, Pilot, SB&Q, Eagles and IOC.C. (especially since the split).

After listening to Nasty Pop's album our omniscient rock critic has this to say:

(a) Don't let the above mentioned emphasis on mellifluousness fool you; Nasty Pop are neither mellow or laid back. This record bubbles over with energy, both musical and mental.

(b) Actually this album has got nothing to do with the true spirit of pop because the harmonious little tunes contain lyrics seething with black cynical black humour which satirizes the trivial ("I Wanna Hold Your Hand") and cliched side of pop, and which plays games with the listeners' expectations. "Mistaken I.D." you see, and Nasty, you bet!

Negative world views just don't come into it — there's songs about lonely, desperate people unable to come to terms with life or love; a view of relationships along the lines of "Keep her, Use her, Love her, Lose her"; and a song about losing the material benefits of life that has an incredible whining melancholic chorus of "We Don't Wanna Die" (Can you imagine that on Tony's prog?).

(c) This is a (gasp) Concept Album. If I have my doubts about, "Mistaken I.D.", it's only that 10C.C. had this thing sewn up in "I'm Not In Love". If they could have come up with two or three more songs to match the production then this would have been a classic. Moreover, it's obvious that Nasty Pop can't go much further in this direction, though their style and imagination promise that next time they'll come up with something worth the wait.

Still, it would be exceedingly foolish not to give "Mistaken I.D." a listen next time you visit your local record shop.

**David Housham**

**PAICE ASHTON LORD**
*Malice In Wonderland (Oyster)*
GIVE THEM credit, you'd never imagine that two thirds of this eponymously-named band were progenitors of Deep Purple. For starters, their powerful riffs are keyboard-

## IMPORTS

THOUGH KEEF can hardly be expected to agree, it's interesting to see how influential the Maple Leaf music scene is becoming nowadays. A&M have just provided British releases to three Canadian bands, **Symphonic Slam, Hometown Band** and **Offenbach,** while everybody who's anybody appears to be heading for Morin Heights or similarly situated recording venues.

Ever fashion conscious, I've been putting in time listening to **Klaatu,** a band who have an album of that title out on Daffodil (Canada) and Capitol (USA). Do I like it?. . . hmmm, well, um, yes. . . I suppose so. Thing is, I feel maybe I shouldn't. If you can imagine Pepper-era Beatles, led by Jon Anderson, performing a near relative to "Space Oddity", then you've got a fair idea just Klaatu open the show. Next comes "California Jam" and — yeah, you guessed it — everything's highflyin', full of summery vocals, coca cola and the sound of surf. Meanwhile, back at a track called "True Life Hero", the mysterious ones (no info is included on the sleeve) have opted to become BTO and head into pop-raunchery. Confusing, What?

And so, as **Klaatu** go out in a blaze of banjo strumming glory on "Sir Bodsworth Rugglesbury III" (vaudeville tune, Muppet lead and speeded up Disney vocals) I'll repeat that I like it. . . but a lotta folk are going to think I'm looney for doing so.

Keeping Canuck, I'll mention that I've at last got my mitts on a copy of **Phil Ochs'** "Gunfight At Carnegie Hall (A&M) a Canadian release that I've mentioned in the past. Recorded at the New York venue in March 1970, "Gunfight presents a different facet of the Ochs character than normal — which is probably why the album has never received a release either here or in the States.

It protrays Ochs the good-time rocker, romping through Buddy Holly and Elvis Presley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created; for main course, drummer Ian Paice has rarely had as sympathetic a partner as bassist Paul Martinez; and for dessert, Ian Gillan of Purple never sounded as shop-worn as vocalist Tony Ashton does here.

Though he neatly swaps many a keyboard chord with Jon Lord, Ashton's vocals are unfortunately delivered in a dreary monotone (I believe the euphemism is 'gravelly'). Further damaging are the unnecessary brass section and female backup singers employed throughout. The opening track, for example, begins promisingly with twin boogie-woogie pianos before the ladies and horns arrive to ruin the effect.

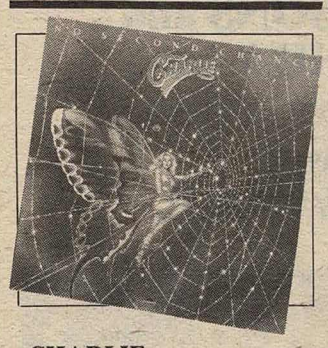
Aside from these anachronistic embellishments, a honkey organ is heard on several cuts to debilitating effect.

An element of humour is evident on "I'm Gonna Stop Drinking" (with its mock-gospel arrangement) and "Sneaky Private Lee" (rhyming "New Joisey" with "Boise"), otherwise it's a hard slog.

"Ghost Story" has daft lyrics which are not lent any credibility by Ashton's obstinately flat delivery. "Malice In Wonderland" is vaguely political (so vague that they may as well be singing about the price of beer), and "On The Road Again, Again" is another, another tired entrant in the working band stakes: "Another Holiday Inn/And then you shave your chin" (gosh, they take the hard life seriously, don't they?)

PAL are OK on riffs but since 5 out of the 9 cuts are over or nudging 6 minutes, they tend to overstay their welcome.

**Monty Smith**



**CHARLIE**
*No Second Chance (Polydor)*

MONEY MONEY money money — this album reeks of it. It's not so much the veneer of Floydian coffee table elegance that's responsible, as the seeming inevitability of Charlie's ascension to the ranks of rock muzak elite.

This is almost their "Crime Of The Century", their "Sheer Heart Attack", their "The Yes Album". But because of their lack of pretension and imagination they just miss out on cutting that sort of 'classic', leaving themselves free to struggle to achieve it next time out.

In this they are fortunate.

See, I liked all the three albums mentioned above when they came out, and, to various lesser degrees, still do. But each of those records broke their respective creators into another dimension where they became Product first and foremost, where perfection became more important than inspiration, bombast and technology triumphing and music vapourising.

Charlie haven't got anything like the flair of Queen and Yes anyway. They are a guitar-/keyboard/bass/drums pop-rock group led by one Terry Thomas, who looks (as all four of them do) like a refugee from the Moody Blues, and who writes, sings and plays guitar.

His voice is strongly reminiscent of Supertramp's Richard Davies, particularly on the second side, where several of the songs could easily be Supertramp without the spatial keyboards and melodramatic convolutions, pared down to the commercial melodies, the occasional textures and chord sequences that tug at the nostalgic subconscious, and the shallow lyrical *concern.*

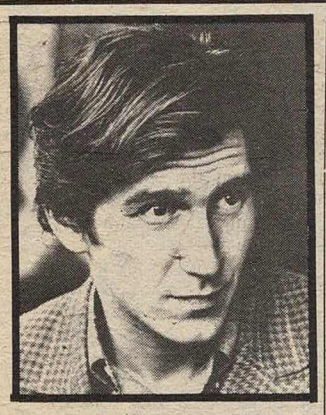
Indeed, "Johnny Hold Back" sounds like an out-take from "Crime": All it lacks is Ken Scott's chillly production. It's great, the sort of track you listen to aghast at the plagiarism of the intro, but by the guitar-firing-over-cut-up-riff break you catch yourself punching the air along with the rhythm section. Curse it . . .

They've come a long way from last year's "First Class Travellers", a rather gawky but ambitious set highlight by the "Killer Queen" soundalike title track. They're sure to go a lot further.

Apart from their astute sense of the disorientation of living in the present (particularly on the excellent "Don't Look Back"), which they abet with the impersonality of their Pink Floyd style deadpan group singing against Thomas's alienated vocals and lucid guitar, Charlie are about as meaningful as the Rollers: a sign of, rather than a signpost to, the times.

As they said in "First Class Traveller", presumably sarcastically: *"What keeps my mind alert and keen is my everlasting dream of MONEY . . . I'm a first class traveller."* A silver disc at least.

**Phil McNeill**



medleys, reviving the Twitty version of "Mona Lisa" and even going country on Merle Haggard's classic "Okie From Muskogee", handling lines such as "We don't smoke marijuana in Muskogee — we don't take trips on LSD" with obvious relish and glee. Great Ochs it ain't — but acorns of fun it definitely is.

Next a belated mention of **Sandy Theoret's** "Sing Me A Love Song" (Boot) which actually came out in Canada towards the end of '76. A country-pop lady, Theoret's got a warm, husky, lack of range voice, that comes wrapped up in tasteful arrangements and a classy production job by Allen Reynolds, the guy who provided all the right sounds for Don Williams and Crystal Gayle. Again, it's hardly a stupendous release — but one that's worth keeping in mind.

Other items not emanating from Montreal (or thereabouts) include **Delaney Bramlett's** "Delaney And Friends" (Prodigal), **Herbie Green's** "The Fox" (CTI), "Feel The Heat" (Prestige) by Herbie Hancock percussionist **Bill Summers,** "Players Association" (Vanguard), **"Teddy Pendergrass"** (Phil Int), **Joe Gibbs'** "State Of Emergency" (Gibbs), **Bob Wills And His Texas Playboys'** "24 Greatest Hits" (MGM), **Charlie Rouse's** "Cinnamon Flower" (Douglas), **Kracker's** "Hot" (Dash), **Steve Reich's** "Drumming — Music For Mallet, Instruments, Voices And Six Pianos" (Deutsche Grammophon), currently Virgin's most expensive imports at £15 a throw.

**Fred Dellar**

**MELBA**
*Melba Moore (Buddah)*

SWATHED IN skintight satin and a multitude of rhinestones, Melba Moore stares out bug-eyed from the sleeve of her latest album, her arms outstretched; a space-age Jeanne D'Arc, crucified by Van McCoy and his Band Of Strangulating Strings.

There's no doubt that Van McCoy knows his violas; as monotony goes, his is the *creme de la creme,* all them soaring violins playing zing on the strings of your heart and adding that icing sugar satin gloss to everything and making every track sound the same.

And Melba Moore (best known for that fine three minute nugget of last year "This Is It!") is Van McCoy's baby all the way. This album — could be a leftover backing track from one of The Man's own albums.

McCoy arranged, produced and conducted this elegant exercise in irrelevance, Melba Moore could be any one of a dozen Philadelphia style soul sisters. Only the names have been changed. It's all form, no content. All style, no substance. One minute after you hear the songs you're humming them, two minutes after you've forgotten them.

There are various songs by McCoy and various partners in crime, along with Lennon and McCartney's "The Long And Winding Road" (which I thought summed up the aimless drift of the album admirably) and Curtis Mayfield's "Ain't No Love Lost", which has the stuffing kicked out of it by a homicidal violin after being thoroughly trussed up in a thousand saccharine strings.

Melba Moore's beautiful, the face of a guilty kitten with a Schiaperelli pout (*I thought that was a make of ice-cream* — Ed) and her voice really is fine, swooping from little-girl breathlessness to foxy bitch sneer, but it's far too cluttered by elaborate orchestrations and feeble heavy-petting *ooh aah* back ups such as Love Unlimited are wont to emit.

If Melba Moore wasn't so festooned with dreck, she could maybe make a good album. Come on, sister — tell Mr. McCoy where to stick his baton.

**Julie Burchill**

**GENE CLARK**
*Two Sides To Every Story (RSO)*

SOMETIMES I despair. Gene Clark is the original spirit of The Byrds, the natural aristocrat to McGuinn's distracted technocrat, the pioneer of contemporary country, the silver-throated architect of two brilliantly concentrated solo albums, the inspiration, conscious or otherwise, for a whole raft of West Coast acts from the Burritos to the Eagles and Jackson Browne.

If the time was ever right for him to come through with a good album and pick up his rightful share of the respect, then that time is now.

But somewhere along the three-year road between his last shot, the unreservedly brilliant "No Other", he's gotten a hankering to broaden his horizons, try a little of this and that.

So the first for a new label is the old "two sides" routine, melancholy sleeve picture on the front and good ol' boy leer on the reverse, a motley collection of material and a pretty poor album

It's not as if producer Thomas Jefferson Kaye was new or the musicians any different from those on "No Other"; the band has been ostensibly improved by the addition of Jeff Baxter, the great Al Perkins and Emmylou Harris on some tracks.

There's a certain imprecision here, perhaps an attempt at spontaneity that's ultimately ill-fitted to the delicacy of his art.

There are good tracks, notably "Kansas City Southern", an uptempo rework of a number from the second Dillard and Clark album that gives his voice a little room to stretch out.

"In The Pines", a rework of the traditional "Black Girl" and taken at the same pace, emerges as one of the more successful cuts through its simplicity and comparative resonance.

The final pair, "Past Addresses" and "Silent Crusade", both cast in the same darkling mould as his great songs "Out On The Side" and "Spanish Guitar", show that his touch for shivering romance remains, even if a rather intransigent string section replaces the more sparse instrumentation against which his voice works best.

In many ways it's similar to Jackson Browne's "The Pretender", disparate and only occasionally gripping.

But whereas Browne's rigid verbal discipline carried him intact through diversity, Clark's more natural and musical instincts let him down.

**David Hepworth**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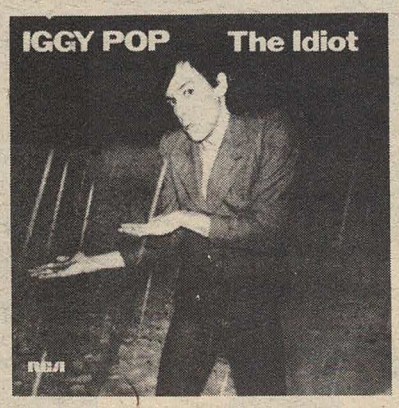


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*"The nuance can become as important as the action." (Norman Mailer).*

THE SWASTIKA IS A SYMBOL of impotence.

Sweet little sixteen in her Sex Shop threads and Nazi armband may come out with the line that it's just to scare the old folks back home/score a Sun centre-fold *a la* Steve Havoc and Siouxsie/keep at least one fashionable jump ahead of her safety-pin festooned cohorts — but!

Regarding the weird sexless ambience of her King's Road weekend Fascist set in the cold clammy flesh — as opposed to the alluringly lurid press hand-outs featuring fishnet stock-ings, bondage, *undsoweiter* — one fact soon becomes crystal clear. There is no better way for a sexual and emotional retard to indulge in gross over-compensation for its own scarcely-concealed shortcom-ings than to fantasize a starring role in the greatest debasement of humanity in history.

Goebbels creamed his *lederhosen* peeping through keyholes. Goering got his rocks off dressing up as a simpering *fraulein.* And Adolf The Housepainter got off to sweet dreams of his pubescent niece while being unable to cut the mustard until proclaimed *Fuhrer.*

Or to quote thirty-three year old Martin Webster, number two man in the National Front (in *News Of The World* of April 25, 1976):

"When we get to power I'll have a nice open car with out-riders in black leather — all tall, young, blue-eyed and butch."

Sweet Little Sixteen — you should suss where the True Blue Old Farts are. And then *burn* that Nazi armband.

THE DILETTANTES of the high-rise futuristic slums stare bug-eyed at The Normals as they ride the Underground Roxy-bound.

Rock'n'roll suicides with no androgynous Godhead to take their hands, sallow veterans of almost fifteen months, taking in primal Pistol gigs at the Marquee pre-bannings to lost eyes at the summer's two-day 100 Club Festival to mass-media lazy journalism. And now, recording contracts, studio-time and long-awaited vinyl.

Spewed out by the tube at Covent Garden, they ascend to Neal Street. Well-bred accents in fur coats and monkey suits are returning home from the opera to their real venetian blinds and musical toilet rolls.

**And, in the death, as the vultures circle down over the Westway and the vampires slither up from the sewers to batten on the very jugular of Punkdom, the New Wave reaps its self-sown whirlwind.**

**TONY PARSONS and JULIE BURCHILL have plotted the future course of the latest rebellion.**

**It goes NOWHERE.**

***(Top) CARIOLA CHAOS, editor of "Fishnet Stockings"; (above) D. GENERATE, fourteen-year-old drummer with EATER.***

Down Shakin' Street to the red neon sign that says THE ROXY. One hour to midnight.

The faces walk right in and refer to the guestlist. The second-class tickets form a Great British Queue and get their money ready.

*"Somebody's got to cash in and it might as well be us." (Left) ROXY owner ANDREW CZEZOWSKI — and friend. (Pic: JILL FURMANOVSKY).*

# Fear and loathing at the ROXY

*(Middle) SLAUGHTER AND THE DOGS; (above) ROXY regulars say "Hi!"*

The Heartbreakers play tonight and, for the favourite sons, the queue stretches half-way round round the block.

Inside upstairs a tiny space of personal territory is your first priority. *Lebensraum.* Breathing-space. While conceiving a battle-plan to get to the bar, you observe a nondescript chicklet getting punched out by her sexual trophy. Caring as little as everyone else, you look away.

Outbreaks of violence are sporadic and checked by nothing but the confinement of the crowd.

A generation is reflected by its drug culture. Full speed to 1978.

These days, acid is induced by rough-cut amphetamine sulphate (a tenner a gram upfront) and most definitely not Timothy Leary. Scorched nostril policy and blood on an unrolled pound note.

Look Ma, no vitamin C!

"Addiction seems to be the monopoly of sedatives," said William Burroughs.

So why bother ripping off mama's assembly-line National Health Valium when you can trade your tomorrow in for today and give up such basics as food and teeth at the same time?

Not so long ago, a 60's time-warp sent a middle-class teen-age dealer in from the teeming suburbs with a sizeable stash of *cannabis sativa*. He got alked out, dealt through a megaphone and upon stumbling outside for a technicolour yawn was confronted by The Law. A prompt windscreen search and within seconds cops, kid and dope were station bound.

Those who acknowledged any reaction to the bust registered one of mildly contemptuous apathy.

Dope was for sitting in the rain at free festivals. Watching sweat and condensation drip from the pipes in the ceiling of an obsessive subterranean cellar is a different movie altogether . . .

"The Roxy is finished with the hard-core New Wave kids," Andy the manager says without regret.

"It doesn't matter, we'll open two new clubs. One for everyone and another one where the bands, writers and record company people can hang out.

"People complain about our prices, but we've tried to keep them down. This place has never been realistic about the rent we pay. We've lost money. But there will be new clubs.

"Somebody's got to cash in and it might as well be us."

Meanwhile, the rotting carcass of The Roxy plays host to a proliferation of stagnation and even regression in the New Wave.

The former is reflected in the terminal tedium of the Roxy regulars. The latter is intolerable and, if allowed to continue, will certainly be responsible for annihilating the foundations of the most important movement ever to this generation laid down in the year this decade started: 1976.

"No Elvis, Beatles or The Rolling Stones — in 1977!" The Clash assert with Heavy Manners and The Sound Of The Westway.

BUT AT THIS SECOND The Roxy is burning with boredom.

And malice.

The Sixties peace and love debacle ended not at Altamont with Hollywood film-crews shooting knife-wielding Angels, but when the summer was over for the chemical utopia of Frisco's Haight-Ashbury and the strung-out florist children were reduced to eating cat food straight from the can and getting their horror snapped for the neighbour's delight by Leica-wielding lard-arse matrons . . .

FLASH!

Assorted parasites have sucked the blood of the New Wave since the movement first gained momentum; poseurs, business men and bandwagon jumping musicians who were invariably ageing or incompetent, and in some cases both. They know who they are.

FLASH!

But parasites only live off you — whereas vultures are looking for real live corpses. The tourists are among us.

FLASH!

A new-wave gig of any repute will always boast as many stars in the audience as on the stage. The Warholian prophecy that "in the future everyone will be famous for 15 minutes" has never been nearer to affirmation. Any Ace Face is trapped in a time-bubble with which he evaporates the moment the era passes on.

For the meanwhile, those who seek this transient stardom can bask happily in the repeated explosion of flashbulbs an inch from their faces.

Downstairs in the mausoleum the stage is still empty. The masochistic, insensitive/deaf and shell-shocked afficionados are packed like safety-pin sardines before the tarnished shrine.

Kids hang like bats from the mirrored walls and contemplate their images sunk deep in narcissistic masturbatory fantasies. They all appear to have black eyes. Their pupils are the size of marbles.

The black DJ Don Letts gabbles righteous Rasta rhetoric tirades against Babylon with more than just a shade of red / green / gold irony. But the children of Babylon remain motionless and sweating.

A Generation That Don't Dance — save for the occasional impersonation of an amphetamined Zebedee — they have no aspirations to blow their corporate wage-slave packets or Social Security peanuts on a Cook's fourteen-day package tour to Ethiopia. But Don was on the cover of *Sniffin' Glue*' last month, so they figure it would be uncool to bitch.

"Everybody does what they're told to/Everybody eats supermarket soulfood," The Clash chant belligerently on "White Riot", their magnum opus concerning the gut-level reaction of a white kid caught in the crossfire between blacks and cops.

And while this 1.58 classic slice of steaming vinyl is being sculptured, around the bar of this decaying temple cluster professional malchicks redolent of Isherwood's pre-war Berlin, their egos as delicate as painted eggshells, languidly engaged in conversation while their restless eyes cast around relentlessly for someone *still higher* on the status ladder of PUNKDOM!

You could be forgiven for believing that the new-wave dream is already dead — until Johnny Thunders and the Heartbreakers hit the stage with a capital H.

For the duration, they wipe out all the bad shit and replace it with a white light / white heat / white powder speed-burn that keeps making their guitars go out of tune. When they're gone, the comedown descends on you.

UPSTAIRS, as in the halcyon days of crumbling Rome, The Young Lords hold court. This is a suitable point for introduction to the rules of The Roxy Status Game.

For those who wish to participate, the rules are flexible and loaded for or against you, depending on your own particular status (or lack of). The three rules that must never be forgotten are.

(a) You must *never* number people who are higher than your wretched self on The Status Ladder Of Punkdom.

(b) You must *always* number people who are lower than your illustrious self on The Status Ladder Of Punkdom.

(c) Positions change hourly and a sudden *coup d'etat* could plummet you right down there with the crater-faced plebs in the Relegation Zone. So think twice before running a number on that shopsoiled Sex Shop bombshell who spends all night hanging desperately around any likely lifebuoys.

This inherent snobbery has been the breeding ground for the need for a scapegoat band, one totally out of favour with the rest of the movement. It's a moronic attitude cultivated and perpetuated by fringe-members, camp-followers and other periphery, decorated with a multitude of scam, scandal and embellished memoirs.

The type of people who rub cheeseburgers into their faces to make them seem more adolescent.

The type of people who hang out till closing time for fear of what might be said about them if they leave.

THURSDAY NIGHT is Day Two of the Roxy's lacklustre transformation to Max's. The boys hang out in the girls' can as usual, but the little rat-packs of dykes roaming the Roxy like some grotesque playground patrol seem to indicate that it's Ladies Night.

And the "lady" is none other than infamous Pop Tart, the ageing Miss Cherry Vanilla — a very nice girl who unfortunately possesses a stage act which makes Danny La Rue seem like the soul of subtlety.

After apologising for her advanced age (33) and for the fact that she didn't spit onstage, Miss Vanilla proceeds to tear up a succession of songs to a hostile audience who are clearly not in sympathy with the fact that David Bowie broke his promise of a recording contract to her. In fact, they seem to be on his side.

Upstairs, the culture-makers of the New Order ignore her completely.

They're relieved that the music — such as it was — is through, because they can now get down to the serious business of Being Seen and whoring the illusion that the new-wave goes no further than a £30 fluffy mohair jumper (shucks) and a pair of leather baby-biker strides purchased from the C & A of the Blank Generation over there on the right side of the tracks in Chelsea.

With all the *joie de vivre* of those attending their own funeral, they flounce despe rately back and forth before the record company executives, the pockets of whose Street Chic jackets burst with the recording contracts they've taken to dishing out with the petrol.

Which brings us succinctly to the leader of just such a combo, recently awarded such a document — a person who personifies the flotsam and jetsam of the New Wave with his copyrighted brand of platitude-politico rock. For those who required potted biographies of their potential heroes (very sic), this pouty-mouthed starlet's previous positions include those of rent-boy, faggot skin-mag pin-up and movie extra.

"We've got a recording contract now and I don't give a fuck!"

What's this about you being 32 and claiming to be ten years younger?

"That's a lie. You don't believe Johnny Thunders is 23, do you? The trouble with you is you don't understand political songs. You want me to sing "Route 66" and smoke a joint. We'd be as good as the Heartbreakers if we'd been together for 30 years!"

Your "political songs", are as banal as nursery rhymes. What have you written that's in the

■ *Continues p.52*

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# ON THE TOWN

## NOT NEW WAVING BUT DROWNING in a sea of safety pins, senselessness and spite?

***NICK KENT comes out of hiding to offer himself as a 'punk' sacrifice to the ritualistic 'beat' of THE CLASH (pictured above), THE BUZZCOCKS, THE SUBWAY SECT and THE SLITS. . . and hangs around to join in the ceremony himself. Well, sort of. . .***

## LONDON'S BURNING (OUT?)

LONDON THIS WEEK has been witnessing dramatic new developments in the so-called 'punk' youth movement currently sweeping the country. From his secret headquarters, last thought to be a cupboard situated somewhere in the Clapham South area, Chairman Mal "The Mug" McContent wrought mighty changes in the system when, in a message to his party, he informed all concerned that from now on the 'punk' ethos could only be attained not, as previously was the law, by 'gobbing' on pedestrians anywhere within the Kings Road district, but by beating rock critics over the head with rusty bicycle chains and running away.

In a detailed manifesto, "The Mug" drew up the exacting rules by which all interested parties could achieve the ends of this "offensive". First he claimed 'punk' predators needed to search out these "scumbag jewboy hypocrites" (as the rock critic element was to be referred to thenceforth) in places like the Roxy, the Marquee and the Nashville.

They should then "irritate" their victims by means of quick kicks in the shin, "accidentally" pouring beer over them while passing by, etc, and, eventually, when the victim is aggravated enough to retaliate, they should bring in a mate who will "pacify" the critic by brandishing a large knife approximately two inches from the latter's face, and start swinging the chain directly against the cranium of one's victim until stitches are thought to be necessary.

The predator should simply "run away".

The manifesto adds that, as a bonus, anyone causing "the critic" to "get what he deserved" could expect to join members Johnny Rotten and Sid Vicious in a reconstructed Sex Pistols.

The first direct consequence of this latest dramatic occurrance, after a surprisingly lethargic immediate response to the call-to-arms, has been the counter-ploy announcement from one Nick "Judas" Kent (considered by Mal McContent's collective to be one of the most desirable craniums amongst the 'rock critic' crowd to shatter) that he was willing to be the first official sacrifice to this 'new order'.

"Well, it's cheaper than a lobotomy, innit?" quipped the ageing 'hack' from his bomb shelter/bachelor pad below a massage parlour in Kilburn. "No, but really. . . you've gotta dig it," he continued. "These kids are where it's at, you know. Heavy duty destruction, the breaking down of the old way. I mean, Johnny, Sid, those guys. . . they're so soulful, so honest.

"I'm truly touched they even mention my name at their press conferences these days. 'The biggest hypocrite walking the face of the earth' — that's pretty heavy, right — and I'm flattered, 'cos, dig, I'm hip to the trip. It's like the same as when me and Iggy Pop used to . . . "

KENT WAS LATER seen down at the Colosseum in Harlesden, a Pakistani cinema that has suddenly allowed the New Wave to 'do their thing' at the premises on a trial basis.

Friday night saw The Slits, Subway Sect, Buzzcocks and The Clash performing to a 50/50 crowd of fanatics and mongoloid impersonators whose usual habitat is the Roxy Club.

Kent had arrived early to check out the basic geography of the place and see where the best spot would be to have his 'lobotomy' executed. Despairing somewhat at the timid lack of 'activity', he'd disappeared to the pub, thus missing all-girl 'punk' band The Slits, who had been performing their sound check when he left.

Mildly fortified, Kent returned just in time to witness The Subway Sect. Ah, this is more like it, he thought, looking down at the bunch directly in front of the stage. There was this one guy, see, who looked exquisitely like a vole sniffing glue, squirting globules of the stuff into the hair of his 'mates' when not falling around or pushing people over, or else getting his four or five cohorts to chant something along the line of "Boring old farts — sitting down" to all those comparatively disinterested souls behind them.

Monsieur Vole, Kent was duly informed, actually ran a New Wave fanzine. Heavy, he thought — and how suitable! He was quite ready to descend from the circle to let the ritual commence. . . until he noticed a disturbing lack of weaponry being openly brandished. What, no chains, no knives, no. . . steel combs, even!

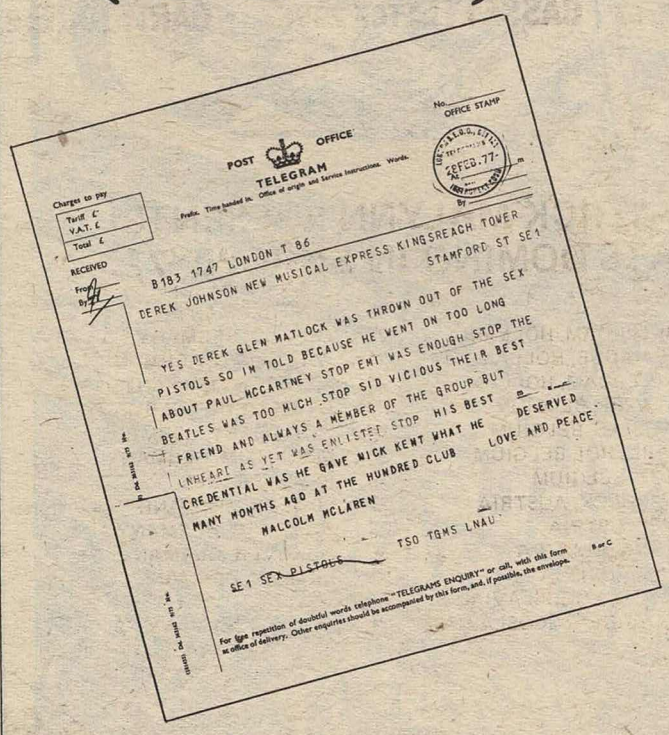
His heart sank.

And the band would have been just right, too. They were absolutely godawful. Drawing together what shards of logic and perception he hadn't discarded specially for the occasion, Kent realised that unless one had a hernia or something equally debilitating, it would be quite impossible to dance to The Subway Sect's music.

Such planned obsolescence, so resolute a 'blankness' of attitude . . . such crappy instruments. . . and such a determined inability to finger even the most mundane chord shapes imaginable. . .

And then there were The Buzzcocks, who certain factions of the crowd knew beforehand, because they were shouting "Breakdown! Breakdown!" — which turned out to be the title of this band's only record so far. This duly was churned out as their first song and, sounding exactly like a cheap, sloppy Ramones workout, set the precedent for every other 'toon' to come.

Trouble was, though, this lot come from "up t'North, lahk", and t'singer looks and sounds unerringly like some punk Wee Georgie Wood who's just swapped his old ukelele for an electric guitar.



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Also, excepting the singer's puckish frame all swathed in black, the other bully boys in the group all chose to wear these quite grotesque pop-art shirts which even The Who wouldn't have worn for publicity shots circa "Anyway Anyhow Anywhere".

They looked and sounded dreadful, anyway, and Kent quite firmly had decided that their presence onstage to coincide with his 'scalp graft' was so simply not on. He laid low in the 'gods', waiting for The Clash to provide just the right moment.

THE CLASH EVENTUALLY came on, to be faced with immediate equipment problems: "And it's all new stuff," moaned the guitar player aggressively, in his special bright red outfit resembling 'pop star' army fatigues.

He and the other two frontmen had obviously already seen a bit of 'geldt' from their reputed six-figure deal with CBS. The old paint-flecked jumble sale duds, for example, once so defiantly modelled so that the 'kids' could easily copy the band's style and attitude, had been dumped for custom made threads: extravagant space cadet uniforms — or at least that's what they most resembled — with big lapels and all manner of seamstress embellishment.

They looked like pop stars (albeit rather subversive ones), glamorous enough to be comfortably slotted into some suitably futuristic scaffolding on the *Supersonic* set. It made Kent remember the previous afternoon, when he'd heard "White Riot", The Clash's single, at the *NME* office — and at first had been disappointed at its patent lack of 'menace' until he realised that the chorus had been made insidiously catchy enough to become a sort of football chant.

That it was commercial enough. in other words, to be truly subversive.

Anyway, sod the new clothes and new quipment! They looked and sounded good, and were probably eating regularly. Starvation, after all, doesn't always enhance commitment; it more often than not brings malnutrition and makes one listless and low-energy irritable.

When the band kicked into "London's Burning", Kent also recalled the first (and only previous) time he'd seen The Clash — when they were battling hard against shoddy equipment, with out-of-tune guitars constantly threatening to destroy the intense energy level but never quite succeeding. There was a tension to their sound then which set them apart from all the other bands simply because it was really was tainted with all the desperate industrial rhythms of their native environment.

Nothing, mercifully, had been lost.

"London's Burning", as performed in Harlesden, still smouldered with equal quotients of rage and the sheer exhilarating rush of speeding down the Westway. Kent settled back to watch this band. He suddenly felt involved in this music.

Of course, the kids in the front were going apeshit now. Pushing each other over, tossing beer every-which-way. . . living on zombie-time, as ever.

Suddenly Joe Strummer stopped between numbers, "Stop throwing beer at me! I don't like it," he stated in a decisively no-bullshit way. Kent dug that. After all, even Iggy hadn't told the arse-wipes at Aylesbury, involved in said activity, to "quit it".

A cool guy. this Strummer.

The three-pronged Clash visual was great too. Guitarist Mick Jones pushing himself physically to the limits, bassist Paul Simenon like something straight out of *Muscle Beach Party*, succeeding on bass exactly like the Richard Hell of Television days when Patti Smith wrote of the latter, "his bass playing is total trash but he has this way of approaching the instrument that is so physical it comes off sounding real sexy."

And Strummer dead centre, every, very authoritative. Strummer's stance sums up this band at its best, really: it's all to do with real 'punk' credentials — a Billy The Kid sense of tough tempered with an innate sense of humanity which involves possessing a sense of morality totally absent in the childish nihilism flaunted by Johnny Rotten and clownish co-conspirators.

*That* is what Eddie Cochran had, what Townshend had. . . not some half-baked feelings about anarchy or any of that other jive.

"To be outside the law you must be honest" isn't just some hip piece of rhetoric: it adds up perfectly and always will just as long as human beings need to take up a rebel stance.

The Clash's music is taking on other dimensions as the band moves on, too. It's no longer just a Ramones-ish adrenalin spitfire rush, there's a rock steady readjustment here and, like I said about the single, a sharp commercial bite to the numbers that, combines with the best new wave lyrics/sentiments currently in town courtesy of songs like "Janie Jones", "1977", "Protex Blue", "I'm So Bored With The USA" (the only recent I'm-so-bored rock declaration Kent could even halfway stomach), and the new "Garage Land", that makes for truly subversive rock.

As they left the stage, Kent thought The Clash took up exactly where Ian Hunter's Mott The Hoople left off, anyway — a perfect rock critic analysis, that.

He was just leaving the cinema, thoughts of self-sacrifice conspicuous by their absence, when he noticed some yob approaching. "I'm Bruce Lee's son — what are you going to do about it?" he muttered.

Nothing happened, of course. It took him at least a minute to remember he'd heard the line coming from Joe Strummer's lips only half an hour earlier.

# NME WEIRDS OUT AGAIN

## Frankie Miller

**OXFORD**

**WITH THE NUJ STRIKE AT THE NME PRINT WORKS NOW FOUR MONTHS OLD, THE GREMLINS FINALLY BROKE THROUGH THE PICKET LINE LAST WEEK. SOMEHOW A SIX MONTHS OLD REVIEW OF F. MILLER IN HAWICK GOT PRINTED INSTEAD OF THE FINE PIECE OF S. CLARKE PROSE YOU SEE HERE.**

TO COME STRAIGHT out with it, I was disappointed, depressed even.

I mean, Frankie Miller's concert on a sweltering night last summer at London's Victoria Palace was exceptional, the singer establishing a rapport with his audience and singing his soul out — as ever.

Because of illness on Frankie's part, the tour, of which the London gig was a part, was scotched. After lying low for some months, during which time Miller recorded his fourth, soon to be released, Chrysalis album, Miller's Full House are back on the road — playing another tour of small venues.

The Oxford Poly gig was the first gig proper, and like I said, something was amiss.

There wasn't a mass turn-out for the gig, and although the audience responded well to Miller, bringing him back for two encores, there was a strong undercurrent of animosity between performer and certain segments of the crowd throughout the set.

There were a couple of seconds during his intro rap to what turned out to be a magnificently tortured version of J. Lennon's "Jealous Guy," the band playing with all the venom of Free on an angry night as the song strayed away from its originator's scheme, where Miller gave the audeince the kind of looks that kill.

Pic: PENNIE SMITH

That aside, after a potent start with his own almost classic song, "A Fool In Love" — a number that could have been plucked straight from "Otis Blue" — and "Brickyard Blues," and a predictably moving version of his soul ballad "With You In Mind," things began to slide nigh on irrevocably downhill.

Miller has a particularly strong repertoire, which is boosted by his excellent choice of other people's material he's yet to record, but he insisted on playing one highly predictable rock'n'roll song after another — all from the new album.

One too many fast 12-bars.

Full House are no virtuosi, but they're good solid players — especially drummer Graham Deacon, who came on both visually and musically like Simon Kirke — but at times on Thursday night they were highly predictable.

They did show their mettle on the final two numbers, at last performing with a sense of taut urgency, Miller singing as well as any other British R & B singer.

The hour is frighteningly late, especially in the wake of the new-wave, for Miller to achieve the commercial success his talent deserves, and he and Full House must tighten up and broaden the scope of their material. All the necessary talent is there: it's more a question of attitude.

**Steve Clark**

## James Booker

**100 CLUB**

SOME FOLKS need two tons of equipment, the LSO, and a bunch of chorus girls or a performing elephant to justify their reputation. James Carroll Booker III does just as well with one grand piano, a small club's PA system and a soul full of unrequited talent.

The man has been mentioned in specialist despatches for years, one of the great unknowns of black music, but until recently it seemed as if the praise would always be retrospective, based on a single or two of his own and spasmodic appearances as accompanist on other stars' recordings. Now he had begun to break out of blues limbo.

Born in New Orleans in 1939, the son of a piano-playing minister and grandson of the man who he claims taught Jelly Roll Morton, Booker was something of a child prodigy, performing piano recitals when he was 6, broadcasting on local radio at the age of 11 and first recording in the city when just turned 14.

Since then it's been nearly all downhill.

The victim of unscrupulous management and a pernicious drug habit, both of which conspired to foul up his chance of success, he performed regularly and recorded erratically during his teens — but despite a national R&B hit in 1960 with the organ instrumental "Gonzo" ("my masterpiece," he says with a wry grin) he was soon suffering misfortunes that included a spell in Angola Penitentiary.

The modern James Booker's a different breed to previous models. Free from addiction, and co-organiser of a rehabilitation centre, he's optimistic about the immediate future and running the whole gamut of his eclectic repertoire to prove his versatility. His own heroes and influences are as wildly diverse as Professor Longhair and Liberace, Rachmaninov and Ray Charles, Jelly Roll Morton (or perhaps James Booker I) and Tchaikovsky . . . plus of course he's well versed in all the works of his New Orleans contemporaries, and even once masqueraded as Huey 'Piano' Smith.

He must be the only man on the planet who uses "The Minute Waltz" as an intro for "Something You Got" and a Rachmaninov prelude to "Rocking Pneumonia And The Boogie Woogie Flu".

In two sets he displayed far more dexterity than was expected, and a range that's only partly revealed on his recent Island LP, "Junco Partner". Even more surprising was the scope of his vocal ability, from the familiar reedy nasal twang of New Orleans favourites like "Junco Partner", "Tipitina" and "Roberta" to a particularly soulful performance of Percy Mayfield's great blues ballad "Please Send Me Someone To Love".

Evidence of his admiration for Ray Charles was shown in "Drown In My Own Tears", "My Bonnie" and "Lonely Avenue", in which he managed to emulate the man as he was in the '50s without losing his own identity — a finely balanced skill that he also employed on songs associated with Allen Toussaint/Dr John ("Life", "Qualified", "Right Place, Wrong Time"), Joe Tex ("You Got What It Takes, So Take What I Got"), and Fats Domino ("All By Myself").

His rock'n'roll piano work on this last number — staccato right hand hammering over a fast left hand boogie — drew roars of approval from the crowd. Quickly realising that he could do them justice, vociferous punters began shouting for "Slippin'n'Slidin" and other favourites, and were slightly miffed when he didn't take the hint.

Instead he displayed a different kind of keyboard artistry, with one or two of the aforementioned classical excerpts, three instrumental delicacies from his Island album ("Pixie", "Blues Minuet" and "Put Out The Light") and the two strongest vocal tracks on the album besides "Junco Partner": a stomping, personalised interpretation of Leadbelly's "Goodnight Irene" (relating that "Leadbelly and Little Booker both had the pleasure of partying on the Ponderosa, down there in Angola") and Earl King's optimistic anthem, "Make A Better World".

**Cliff White**

## Downliners Sect

**RED COW**

ALONG WITH The Yardbirds, The Stones, The Pretty Things, *et al*, The Downliners Sect used to play regularly at places like the Crawdaddy in Richmond and the Studio 51 in Great Newport Street during the heyday of the early '60s R&B/beat boom.

They played, like almost everybody at the time, rehashes of '50s R&B with a hitherto unheard-of frenzy. Success eluded them, for whatever the reasons, and the nearest they got to a chart hit was with The Coasters' "Little Egypt" in '64, reaching the lower half of the Top Thirty.

Since their break-up in '67 the three albums, two EPs and various singles have become highly prized collectors' items.

The various members drifted in and out of music until recently, in the wake of the success of Canvey Island rock-'n'roll and the general interest in this type of music, they decided to reform and give it another crack.

At the Red Cow last week they played a raucous, well received set, faulted only by the pacing, which allowed the energy level to sag towards the end. As it was only their fourth gig since reforming that's a minor criticism, and something they should sort out soon enough.

Most of the material was standard rock'n'roll fare: versions of "Love Potion No.9", "Don't Lie To Me", "Hoochie Coochie Man" and Route 66", plus ubiquitous Chuck Berry songs, "Promised Land", "Little Queenie", "By Bye Johnny" and "Down The Road Apiece".

Even their own songs were often only reworkings of old standards. "Baby What's Wrong" is "Big Boss Man" with different lyrics, and "Sect Appeal" is really "Bo Diddley".

But whereas a lot of bands playing this kind of thing, such as The Hot Rods, simply blast their way through the songs (and often the set) with maximum force for maximum impact, The Sect know how to control a song so that the energy relaxes and peaks in the right places. Ultimately just as much power can be wrung that way, and it's usually a bit more listenable. It's not just a question of speed either; they did a breakneck version of "Too Much Monkey Business" and still managed to keep the control perfect.

Maybe it comes from having been playing for a long time, or possibly from more instrumentation than is currently usual for the genre: Terry Clemson and Don Crane on guitars, John Sutton on drums, Paul Tiller (the only non-original member) playing harp and Keith Grant playing bass and doing most of the singing. His rich, deep voice is powerful and clean enough, but lacks character; this he makes up for by prancing about like an epileptic zombie.

If you like rock'n'roll to be of the relentless bashing variety then you aren't recommended to see the Downliners Sect. On the other hand, you might like to see how else it can be done.

**Paul Rambali**


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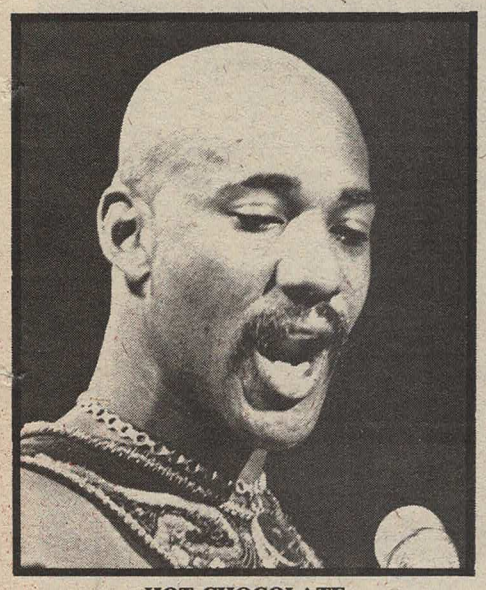
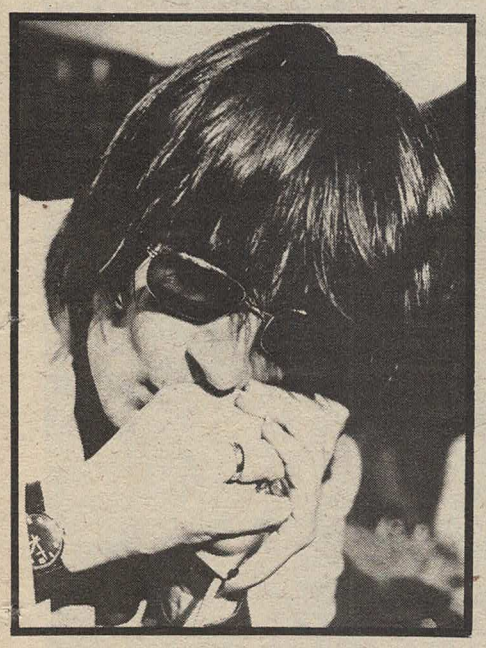
# IN CONCERT THIS WEEK

**CLIMAX BLUES BAND**
**headline at London's Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, on Sunday. Pictured: Peter Haycock.**



**HOT CHOCOLATE**
**open their British concert tour in Coventry on Sunday. Pictured: Erroll Brown**

**HORSLIPS**
**are at present engaged in an extensive nationwide tour. Pictured: Barry Devlin.**



**SOUTHSIDE JOHNNY**
**and the Asbury Jukes continue their tour as guests with Graham Parker & The Rumour.**

# NATIONWIDE

## THURSDAY

**ABERDEEN** Capitol Theatre: ROY ORBISON
**ABERDEEN** University: STRIDER
**AYLESBURY** Britannia: FUNNY FARM
BATH Viaduct Hotel: CASINO
**BEDFORD** Angel Hotel: JUNE TABOR
**BIRMINGHAM** Golden Eagle: SHOOP SHOOP
**BIRMINGHAM Moseley** Fighting Cocks: THE FIRST BAND
**BIRMINGHAM** Odeon: MARC BOLAN & T. REX/THE DAMNED
**BIRMINGHAM** Railway Hotel: MAGNUM
**BLACKBURN** Lodestar: NUTZ
**BLACKBURN** Old Blackburnians: BRIAN DEWHURST
**BLACKPOOL** Pleasure Beach Casino: ALEX WELSH BAND
**BOURNEMOUTH** Town Hall: DOCTORS OF MADNESS/PAT TRAVERS BAND
**BRIGHTON** Grand Hotel: FRESH AIRE
**BRISTOL** Colston Hall: OSCAR PETERSON
**BRISTOL** Granary: SASSAFRAS
**BRISTOL** Naval Volunteer: JACOB MARLEY
**BRISTOL** University: CAN
**CANTERBURY** Kent University: MUSCLES
**COSFORD** Oakleaf Club: SMACKEE
**COVENTRY** Warwick University: JACK THE LAD
**CRESSWELL** Drill Hall: GLYDER
**CROYDON** Fairfield Hall: JACQUES LOUSSIER TRIO
**DERBY** Cleopatra's: GORDON GILTRAP BAND
**DERBY** College: ROOGALATOR
**EDINBURGH** Usher Hall: McCALMANS
**FARNWORTH** Blighty's: SHOWADDYWADDY
**GLASGOW** Notre Dame College: BERNIE & THE BIONICS
**HIGH WYCOMBE** Nags Head: SHUCKS
**HUDDERSFIELD** Polytechnic: JOBE ST. DAY
**INVERNESS** Ice Rink: DIRTY TRICKS
**IPSWICH** Corn Exchange: JAKE THACKRAY
**IPSWICH** Manor: THE STRANGLERS
**LEEDS** Polytechnic: FRANKIE MILLER'S FULL HOUSE
**LEICESTER** Polytechnic: CITY BOY
**LEICESTER** Villers Hall: GONZALEZ
**LETCHWORTH** The Pelican: ABBOTT
**LIVERPOOL** Bradford Hotel: PETE & CHRIS COE
**LIVERPOOL** University: HORSLIPS
**LONDON BARNES** Red Lion: FRED RICKSHAW'S HOT GOOLIES
**LONDON CAMDEN** Brecknock: COCK SPARROW
**LONDON CAMDEN** Dingwalls: F.B.I.
**LONDON CLAPHAM** Two Brewers: HARLEM SHUFFLE
**LONDON COVENT GARDEN** Rock Garden: RAY PHILLIPS' WOMAN
**LONDON COVENT GARDEN** Roxy Club: EATER
**LONDON ENFIELD** Middlesex Polytechnic: MEDICINE HEAD/LAMPLIGHT
**LONDON HAMMERSMITH** Red Cow: SQUEEZE
**LONDON HARROW RD.** Windsor Castle: SMITH
**LONDON** Heathrow Hotel: SALENA JONES
**LONDON HOLBORN** Sound Circus: STREETWALKERS/BURLESQUE
**LONDON ISLINGTON** Hope & Anchor: SHAKIN' STEVENS & THE SUNSETS
**LONDON KENSINGTON** The Nashville: CLOVER
**LONDON** Marquee Club: BLACK SHEEP
**LONDON** Rainbow Theatre: DAVID SOUL
**LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON** Rochester Castle: KUBIE & THE RATS
**LONDON STRATFORD** Cart & Horses: BEN
**LONDON TOOTING** The Castle: PAINTED LADY
**LONDON WALTHAMSTOW** Assembly Hall: SPINNERS
**LONDON WALTHAMSTOW** North-East Polytechnic: JERRY THE FERRET
**LONDON WEMBLEY** Empire Pool: PINK FLOYD
**LONDON WI** Speakeasy: JOHN OTWAY
**LONDON W14** The Kensington: TOM ROBINSON BAND
**LOUGHBOROUGH** Town Hall: GEORGE MELLY & THE FEETWARMERS
**MAIDENHEAD** Prince Albert: TONY ROSE
**MANCHESTER** Electric Circus: AC/DC
**MANCHESTER** Palace Theatre: GRAHAM PARKER & THE RUMOUR/SOUTHSIDE JOHNNY & THE ASBURY JUKES
**MARGATE** The Wheatsheaf: MICHAEL MOORE
**MONMOUTH** White Swan Hotel: NIGHT BIRD
**NEWCASTLE** Newton Park Hotel: STEVE BROWN BAND
**NORMANTON** Woodhouse Hill Club: BEANO
**NORWICH** Cromwell's: EDWIN STARR
**NOTTINGHAM** Imperial Hotel: PELICAN
**NOTTINGHAM** Windwor Castle: JOHNNY COPPIN
**OAKENGATES** Town Hall: WURZELS
**OLDHAM** Birchall Hotel: JOE PASS
**OXFORD** Westminster College: BANDIT
**PLYMOUTH** H.M.S. Drake: JIGSAW
**POYNTON** Folk Centre: BULLY WEE
**PRESTON** Guildhall: BARRY WHITE/LOVE UNLIMITED
**STAINES** Pathfinder Club: BERT JANSCH/ROGER BROOKS
**SUTTON** Red Lion: PETER QUIN
**SUTTON COLDFIELD** Fox Inn: STAGE FRIGHT
**SWANSEA** Circles Club: THE GORILLAS
**WARRINGTON** Coach House Club: BERNARD WRIGLEY
**WOLVERHAMPTON** Civic Hall: JAN AKKERMAN / KAZ LUX BAND
**WOLVERHAMPTON** Polytechnic: DEAF SCHOOL / PASADENA ROOF ORCHESTRA
**WORCESTER** Bankhouse: ZETH
**WORCESTER** Green Room: BOULDERS
**WORCESTER** Zetter's: GERRY GRANT BAND
**WORTHING** Central Hotel: AMAZORBLADES
**YEOVIL** Westland Helicopters: SYD LAWRENCE ORCHESTRA

## FRIDAY

**ABERDEEN** Robert Gorden Institute: TIGER
**ANDOVER** Country Bumpkin: EDWIN STARR
**BIRMINGHAM** Barbarella's: 90° INCLUSIVE
**BIRMINGHAM** Monica Club: BOB KING
**BIRMINGHAM**Odeon: THE COMMODORES / MUSCLES
**BIRMINGHAM** Railway Hotel: SPITFIRE
**BIRMINGHAM** Repertory Theatre: THERAPY
**BIRMINGHAM** Zetter's: GERRY GRANT BAND
**BLACKBURN** Old Blackburnians: BRIAN DEWHURST
**BOURNEMOUTH** Winter Gardens: SPINNERS
**BRADFORD** St. George's Hall: GRAHAM PARKER & THE RUMOUR / SOUTHSIDE JOHNNY & THE ASBURY JUKES
**BRIGHTON** Sussex University: THE STRANGLERS
**BRISTOL** Colston Hall: DAVID SOUL
**BRISTOL** Naval Volunteer: STORMTROOPER
**BRISTOL** University: SASSAFRAS
**BROMLEY** Saxon Tavern: SOUTHERN ELECTRIC
**BURTON** 76 Club: COUNT BISHOPS
**CAMBRIDGE** Guildhall: FLAKY PASTRY
**CANTERBURY** Kent University: DEAF SCHOOL
**CARLOPS** Allan Ramsey Hotel: IGNATZ
**CHELTENHAM** Pavilion: FLYING ACES
**CLACTON** St. Osyth's College: CASINO
**COVENTRY** Belgrade Theatre: HARVEY ANDREWS
**COVENTRY** Lanchester Polytechnic: AC/DC
**CROMER** West Runton Pavilion: DOCTORS OF MADNESS / PAT TRAVERS BAND
**DALKEITH** Playhouse Cinema: McCALMANS
**DERBY** Bishop Lonsdale College: SHAKIN' STEVENS & THE SUNSETS
**DISS** Scole Inn: FLY-BY-NIGHT REMOVALS
**DUDLEY** J.B.'s Club: RAY PHILLIPS' WOMAN
**EDINBURGH** Dominion Theatre: JOE PASS
**EGHAM** Royal Holloway College: STRANGLERS
**EXMOUTH** Samantha's: JIGSAW
**GLASGOW** Apollo Centre: ROY ORBISON
**GLASGOW** Jordan Hill College: S.A.L.T.
**GLASGOW** Queen's College: REZILLOS
**GLOUCESTER** Roundabout: GENO WASHINGTON BAND
**GUILDFORD** Civic Hall: JACQUES LOUSSIER TRIO
**HANLEY** The Woodman: ANY TROUBLE
**HARROW** Technical College: GORDON GILTRAP BAND
**HATFIELD** Polytechnic: PROCOL HARUM / HERON
**HEREFORD** College: FABULOUS POODLES / GIGGLES
**HIGH WYCOMBE** College: LEFT HAND DRIVE
**HUDDERSFIELD** Polytechnic: HARLOW
**HULL** University: BILL CADDICK
**LEEDS** Fforde Green Hotel: FOSTER BROTHERS
**LINCOLN** College of Education: BURLESQUE
**LINCOLN** Theatre Club: OLDE ENGLISH PUB BAND
**LONDON BATTERSEA** Town Hall: NATIONAL YOUTH JAZZ ORCHESTRA
**LONDON CAMBERWELL** College of Art & Design: TOM ROBINSON BAND
**LONDON CAMDEN** Brecknock: URCHIN
**LONDON CAMDEN** Dingwalls: LEW LEWIS BAND / TUSH
**LONDON CITY** Polytechnic: MICHAEL CHAPMAN BAND
**LONDON COVENT GARDEN** Rock Garden: JENNY HAAN'S LION
**LONDON HAMMERSMITH** Red Cow: RED BEANS & RICE
**LONDON HAMPSTEAD** Westfield College: GONZALEZ
**LONDON ISLINGTON** Hope & Anchor: JOHN OTWAY & WILD WILLY BARRETT / DUST ON THE NEEDLE
**LONDON KENSINGTON** Queen Elizabeth College: SHAZAM
**LONDON KENSINGTON** The Nashville: TRAPEZE
**LONDON** Marquee Club: BANDIT
**LONDON** National Theatre Foyer: MIKE WESTBROOK BAND
**LONDON NEW X** Goldsmiths College: BOOMBAYA
**LONDON PADDINGTON GREEN** College: STOKERS
**LONDON PUTNEY** Railway Hotel: TOBY
**LONDON PUTNEY** White Lion: JOHNNY G's B'ZERKO
**LONDON** Rainbow Theatre: MARC BOLAN & T. REX / THE DAMNED
**LONDON REGENT'S PK.** Bedford College: DARTS / PLUMMET AIRLINES
**LONDON** Royal College of Art: AFTER THE FIRE
**LONDON S.E.1** Southbank Polytechnic: STRETCH
**LONDON SOUTHBANK** Polytechnic: THE JAM
**LONDON SOUTHGATE** Royalty Ballroom: LIVERPOOL EXPRESS
**LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON** Rochester Castle: CONSORTIUM
**LONDON STRAND** King's College: CLOVER
**LONDON STRATFORD** Cart & Horses: IRON MAIDEN
**LONDON** Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: BREEZE
**LONDON WEMBLEY** Empire Pool: PINK FLOYD
**LONDON W.1** Speakeasy: STEVE BROWN BAND
**LUTON** Royal Hotel: RADIATOR
**MANCHESTER** Electric Circus: CITY BOY
**MIDDLESBROUGH** Rock Garden: NASTY POP
**MIDDLESBROUGH** Town Hall: THE MOTORS / SURPRISE SISTERS
**NEWCASTLE** Polytechnic: RACING CARS
**NEWCASTLE-UNDER-LYME** London Road Tavern: JOHN GOODLUCK
**NORWICH** Jaquard Club: GEORGE MELLY & THE FEETWARMERS
**NOTTINGHAM** Boat Club: LIMELIGHT
**NOTTINGHAM** Playhouse: WURZELS
**NOTTINGHAM** University: UNICORN
**OXFORD** Polytechnic: TONY ROSE
**PAIGNTON** Princess Theatre: OSCAR PETERSON
**SALFORD** University: HORSLIPS
**SOUTHPORT** Coronation Hotel: MARTIN SIMPSON
**STAFFORD** Riverside Recreation Centre: RAND & THE BAND
**STAMFORD** Danish Invader: SOUL DIRECTION
**THATCHAM** Hamilton Club: CHANTS
**TUNBRIDGE WELLS** Assembly Hall: BOB DAVENPORT
**UXBRIDGE** Brunel University: JACK THE LAD
**WAKEFIELD** Holmfield House: MICHAEL MOORE
**WAKEFIELD** Unity Hall: DIRTY TRICKS
**WEST BROMWICH** Town Hall: SHANGHAI / THE 'O' BAND
**WEST HOUGHTON** Red Lion Hotel: PETE & CHRIS COE
**WOLVERHAMPTON** Civic Hall: SYD LAWRENCE ORCHESTRA
**WOLVERHAMPTON** Lafayette: CHARLIE

## SATURDAY

**ABERDEEN** Bon Accord Hotel: IGNATZ
**AYLESBURY** Friars at Vale Hall: JOHN OTWAY & WILD WILLY BARRETT/ORTHI
**BARNET** Duke of Lancaster: EARL OF CANVEY
**BATH** The Globe: BETHNAL
**BIRMINGHAM** Barbarella's: CLOVER
**BIRMINGHAM HOPWOOD** Waterside Rock Club: LITTLE ACRE
**BIRMINGHAM KING'S HEATH** Hare & Hounds: TIMONEERS
**BIRMINGHAM** Monica Club: KILROY
**BIRMINGHAM** Odeon: ROY ORBISON
**BIRMINGHAM** Railway Hotel: HOI-POLLOI
**BLACKPOOL** Poulton College: KRAKATOA
**BRIGHTON** Polytechnic: MAE McKENNA/GIGGLES
**BRISTOL** Polytechnic: MEDICINE HEAD
**BUDE** Headland Pavilion: JIGSAW
**BURY** Old Bluebell: PETE & CHRIS COE
**CHESTER** Electricity Council: THERAPY
**CIRENCESTER** Corn Hall: JIMMY HELMS
**COLCHESTER** Essex University: DEAF SCHOOL
**CREWE** Madeley College: STRETCH
**CROMER** West Runton Pavilion: MARC BOLAN & T. REX/THE DAMNED
**CUNNINGHAM** Ardrossan Civic Centre: McCALMANS
**DUDLEY** J.B.'s Club: THE PIRATES
**EASTBOURNE** Congress Theatre: PASADENA ROOF ORCHESTRA
**EASTBOURNE** Ward Hall: ALBA
**EDINBURGH** Triangle Folk Club: KEVIN MITCHELL
**FARNWORTH** Blighty's: SYD LAWRENCE ORCHESTRA
**FOLKESTONE** Leas Cliff Hall: MICHAEL CHAPMAN
**GLASGOW** Apollo Centre: GRAHAM PARKER & THE RUMOUR/SOUTHSIDE JOHNNY & THE ASBURY JUKES
**GLASGOW** Queen Margaret Union: HORSLIPS
**HIGH WYCOMBE** Nags Head: GRIND
**HODDESDEN** Parish Church: AFTER THE FIRE
**IPSWICH** Gaumont Theatre: JAN AKKERMAN-KAZ LUX BAND
**KNIGHTON** Norton Arms: BRANDY
**LEICESTER** Polytechnic: FLYING ACES/SAS-SAFRAS
**LINCOLN** Horse & Groom Inn: OLD ENGLISH PUB BAND
**LIVERPOOL** Eric's Club: FRANKIE MILLER'S FULL HOUSE
**LONDON CAMDEN** Brecknock: HOMBRE
**LONDON CAMDEN** Dingwalls: COUNT BISHOPS / SQUEEZE
**LONDON CHELSEA** College: BANDIT
**LONDON** City University: CITY BOY
**LONDON COVENT GARDEN** Rock Garden: KOSSAGA
**LONDON HAMMERSMITH** Red Cow: RAW FUNKK
**LONDON HAMMERSMITH** Riverside Studios: QUINTESSENCE II
**LONDON ISLINGTON** Hope & Anchor: STRUTTERS
**LONDON KENSINGTON** The Nashville: FABULOUS POODLES
**LONDON LEWISHAM** Concert Hall: WURZELS
**LONDON LEWISHAM** Lee Centre: STRIKE A LIGHT
**LONDON** Marquee Club: JERRY THE FERRET
**LONDON** New Victoria Theatre: THE COMMODORES/MUSCLES
**LONDON** Rainbow Theatre: PAT TRAVERS BAND
**LONDON** Royal Festival Hall: JACQUES LOUSSIER TRIO
**LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON** Rochester Castle: BEES MAKE HONEY
**LONDON STRATFORD** Cart & Horses: JAGUARS
**LONDON** Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: BREEZE
**LONDON WALTHAM FOREST** North.East Polytechnic: STOKERS
**LONDON WEMBLEY** Empire Pool: PINK FLOYD
**LONDON W.C.2** International Hall: AMAZORBLADES

*CARPENTERS, BBC-1 Thursday*

# TV and Radio

NO DOUBT about this week's highlight on the box. It's got to be "Sight And Sound In Concert" which has pulled off something of a scoop in securing the British debut of **Paice Ashton Lord** (that's Ian, Tony and John to you) before they've played a single gig in this country — in fact, their tour starts next weekend. If you want to assess their potential, which on paper appears considerable, catch them on Saturday at 6.30 pm in the usual BBC-2 and Radio 1 stereo link.

No "Whistle Test" this week, and if you happen to switch on at its usual time on Tuesday, you'll find yourself involved in a Beethoven recital — but it'll be back next week. But earlier that evening on BBC-2, there's another in the **"Oscar Peterson** Invites" series.

At the conclusion of their short British tour last December, the **Carpenters** filmed an in-concert special at the New London Theatre. Originally screened by BBC-2 just before Christmas, it's being repeated by BBC-1 tonight (Thursday).

Also on BBC-1: **Tony Blackburn** with "Top Of The Pops (Thursday) the **McCalmans** guesting in **"Max Boyce** In Concert" (Friday), **Kenny Ball's Jazzmen** in "Saturday Night At The Mill", **Catherine Howe** in "That's Life" (Sunday) and **Terry Wogan** with the first part of the Eurovision Song Contest Preview (also Sunday).

And BBC-1 also has my choice of film of the week — **Yves Montand** in the political thriller "Z". Same day, same channel, the annual crumpet stakes get under way with this year's **"Miss England"** contest.

Whether by design or accident, both ITV and BBC have **Barbra Streisand** showcases this week.

**Compiled by DEREK JOHNSON**

# GIG GUIDE

**LONDON WIMBLEDON** Tennessee Country Club: COLT 45
**LOUGHBOROUGH** University: GORDON GILTRAP BAND
**MANCHESTER** Electric Circus: NASTY POP
**MANCHESTER** Palace Theatre: BARRY WHITE/LOVE UNLIMITED
**MIDDLESBROUGH** Rock Garden: S.A.L.T.
**NEWCASTLE** People's Theatre: JOE PASS
**NEWCASTLE** University: CHARLIE
**NOTTINGHAM** Boat Club: TRAPEZE
**NOTTINGHAM** University: CAN
**OXFORD** Polytechnic: ROOGALATOR
**PLYMOUTH** Polytechnic: STRANGLERS
**PORTSMOUTH** Guildhall: SPINNERS
**PORTSMOUTH** Tricorn Club: SOUL DIRECTION
**READING** Bulmershe College: WARREN HARRY
**READING** Technical College: SHAKIN' STEVENS & THE SUNSETS
**REDCAR** Coatham Bowl: RACING CARS
**SALTBURN** Philmore Disco: STOKERS
**SHEFFIELD** Highcliffe Hotel: MICHAEL MOORE
**SOUTHEND** Kursaal Ballroom: AC/DC
**STAFFORD** Royal Naval Association: TONY ROSE
**ST. ALBAN'S** City Hall: JACK THE LAD
**STEVENAGE** St. Nicholas School: FLAKY PASTRY
**STOCKTON** Thonaby Pavilion: JAKE THACKRAY
**SUNDERLAND** Polytechnic: THE MOTORS
**SUTTON-IN-ASHFIELD** Centre Theatre: SHUSHA
**TODMORDEN** Bay Horse: OLD TENNIS SHOES
**WALSALL** West Midlands College: GAFFA
**WARRINGTON** Lion Hotel: FOSTER BROTHERS
**WELWYN GARDEN CITY** Mid-Herts College: BURLESQUE
**WOLVERHAMPTON** Wilfrum Hall: BRIAN CLIFT / DOLLY ALLEN/JON RAVEN
**WORCESTER** College of Education: CASINO

## SUNDAY

**ABERDEEN** Music Hall: GRAHAM PARKER & THE RUMOUR / SOUTHSIDE JOHNNY & THE ASBURY JUKES
**ACCRINGTON** Lakeland Lounge: SOX
**AYLESBURY** King's Head: SNATCH
**BIRMINGHAM** Barrel Organ (lunchtime): MENSCH
**BIRMINGHAM** Odeon: DAVID SOUL
**BIRMINGHAM** Railway Hotel: BULLETS
**BIRMINGHAM** Repertory Theatre: GORDON GILTRAP BAND
**BOURNEMOUT** Free Express: MIKE SILVER
**BOURNEMOUTH** Winter Gardens: PAM AYERS
**BRADFORD** The Princeville: JOBE ST. DAY
**BRIGHTON** Springfield Hotel: MICHAEL MOORE
**BRIGHTON** Top Rank: TOBY
**BRISTOL** Naval Volunteer: TRUTH

*IAN PAICE, BBC-2 Saturday*

## for this week

On Thursday, some ITV regions screen her 55-minute special "Barbra — With One More Look At You", while the following night BBC-2 has a 30-minute interview with the lady.

ITV's "Supersonic" (certain regions, Saturday morning) has a strong line-up this week featuring the **Three Degrees, Golden Earring, Les Gray** of Mud, **Gloria Jones, Twiggy** and (filmed before he was hospitalised) **Roy Harper.**

**Tony Palmer's** All You Need Is Love" (ITV network, Saturday night) turns its attention to the influence of vaudeville and the music hall. It ranges from the days of **Little Tich** and **Harry Lauder,** through **Flanagan & Allen** to **Edith Piaf, Judy Garland** and **Charles Aznavour** — with **Liberace** and **Mae West** thrown in for good measure!

Also on ITV: Episode four of **"Rock Follies"** repeated (Thursday), the **Muppets** (Saturday) and a new **Jack Parnell** big-band series (Tuesday).

Radio 2's "Country Club" concentrates tonight (Thursday) on lady C-&-W singers — presented, in the archaic language of the Beeb, on gramophone records. It's followed by "Folk-weave" with **Barry Roberts, Bonnie Shaljean** and **Isobel Sutherland.**

A reminder that, with the clocks going forward this weekend, Radio Luxembourg's broadcasting hours change. Sunday's programmes still start at 6 pm, but on weekdays 208 opens at 7.45 pm from Monday, but gains an hour at the end of its transmissions — with the station now remaining open until 3.45 am.

**DEREK JOHNSON**

**CARLISLE** Market Hall: FRANKIE MILLER'S FULL HOUSE
**CHICHESTER** Festival Theatre: JACQUES LOUSSIER TRIO
**CHISLEHURST** Bulls Head Hotel: THERAPY
**COVENTRY** Theatre: HOT CHOCOLATE
**CROYDON** Fairfield Hall: JAN AKKERMAN — KAZ LUX BAND
**CROYDON** Greyhound: AC/DC
**CROYDON** The Star: TED DEAD
**HARTLEPOOL** Nursery Inn: NOVA
**HYDE** St. Paul's F.C.: BULLY WEE
**ILFORD** Kenneth More Theatre: SETTLERS
**JACKSDALE** Grey Topper: SASSAFRAS
**LEEDS** University: COMMODOERS / MUSCLES
**LONDON BATTERSEA** Nags Head: AYASHA
**LONDON CAMDEN** Brecknock: SCARECROW
**LONDON CHALK FARM** Enterprise: SEAN CANNON
**LONDON CHALK FARM** Roundhouse: DEAF SCHOOL / PIRATES / TYLA GANG
**LONDON CHALK FARM** Roundhouse Downstairs: "KICKING MULE" TOUR with JOHN JAMES / TOM PALEY / BOB HADLEY / HAPPY TRAUM
**LONDON CLAPHAM** Two Brewers: PAINTED LADY
**LONDON DRURY LANE** Theatre Royal: CLIMAX BLUES BAND / DAVID PARTON & THE VOICE
**LONDON FINCHLEY** Torrington: SHAKIN' STEVENS & THE SUNSETS
**LONDON HOLLOWAY** Lord Nelson: BUSTER JAMES BAND
**LONDON KENSINGTON** The Nashville: BEES MAKE HONEY
**LONDON KINGSWAY** Sound Circus: THE RAT SHOW with MISS NOH & HER SILHOUETTE BAND / VIV STANSHALL etc.
**LONDON LEYTON** Lion & Key: FLIGHT 56
**LONDON** Marquee Club: PLUMMET AIRLINES
**LONDON NOTTING HILL GATE** Old Swan: SMITH
**LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON** Rochester Castle: BONE IDOL
**LONDON STRATFORD** Cart & Horses: CLICHE
**LONDON** Victoria Palace: BUSTER
**LONDON WEMBLEY** Empire Pool: PINK FLOYD
**LONDON WIMBLEDON** Theatre: SPINNERS
**LONDON WOOLWICH** Tramshed: ALEX WELSH BAND
**MAIDENHEAD** Skindles: CAN
**MANCHESTER** Electeic Circus: TRACTOR
**MARSDEN** Marsden Hotel: DAVE BURLAND
**MOFFAT** Moffat House Hotel: SILLY WIZARD
**NEWARK** Palace Theatre: SHUSHA
**NORWICH** St. Andrew's Hall: FLINTLOCK
**NOTTINGHAM** Admiral Nelson: TONY ROSE
**NOTTINHAM** Boat Club: NASTY POP
**NOTTINHAM** University: MARTIN CARTER & GRAHAM JONES
**PORTSMOUTH** Centre Hote: ALBA
**PORTSMOUTH** Locarno: MARC BOLAN & T. REX / THE DAMNED
**PRESTON** Guilhall: JAKE THACKRAY
**SHEFFIELD** Top Rank: CLOVER
**SLOUGH** Thames Hall: WURZELS
**SOUTHEND** Cliffs Pavilion: OSCAR PETERSON
**SUNDERLAND** Empire Theatre: SHOWADDYWADDY
**SWANSEA** Top Rank: HEATWAVE
**WINCHESTER** Art College: MAE MCKENNA

## MONDAY

**AIRDRIE** Sir John Wilson Town Hall: McCALMANS
**BELFAST** Polytechnic: THE GORILLAS
**BEVERLEY** White Horse Inn: BRIAN DEWHURST
**BIRMINGHAM** Railway HOtel: RAINMAKER
**BOSTON** Pineapple Club: BULLY WEE
**BOURNEMOUTH** The Village: BANDIT
**BOURNEMOUTH** Winter Gardens: OSCAR PETERSON
**BRIGHTON** Seven Stars: AMAZORBLADES
**BRISTOL** Colston Hall: JAQUES LOUSSIER TRIO
**CANTERBURY** Keynes College: PLUMMET AIRLINES
**CHESTER** Quaintways: NASTY POP
**COVENTRY** Bulls Head: TONY ROSE
**DONCASTER** Outlook Club: BURLESQUE
**EDINBURGH** Tiffany's: THE DAMNED
**EDINBURGH** Usher Hall: GRAHAM PARKER & THE RUMOUR/SOUTHSIDE JOHNNY & THE ASBURY JUKES
**ERDINGTON** Queen's Hall: QUILL
**ILFORD** Cauliflower Hotel: ORIGINAL EAST SIDE STOMPERS
**LIVERPOOL** Polytechnic: BEAUTY CONTEST
**LONDON CAMDEN** Dingwalls: 90° INCLUSIVE
**LONDON COVENT GARDEN** Rock Garden: LEE JACKSON'S STRIPJACK
**LONDON HOLLOWAY** Lord Nelson: BUSTER JAMES BAND
**LONDON KENSINGTON** The Nashville: ULTRAVOX
**LONDON** Marquee Club: STRAPPS
**LONDON PUTNEY** Half Moon: JOHNNY MARS BLUES BAND
**LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON** Rochester Castle: ZIB BAND
**LONDON** Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: MAN IN THE STREET
**LONDON WOOLWICH** Thames Polytechnic: AFTER THE FIRE
**MANCHESTER CHORLTON** Oaks Hotel: BICYCLE THIEVES
**MIDDLESBROUGH** Teesside Polytechnic: SILLY WIZARD
**NEWCASTLE** La Dolce Vita: CRUISER
**NORWICH** East Anglie University: CAN
**PLYMOUTH** Fiesta Suite: CITY BOY
**SHREWSBURY** Music Hall: JAKE THACKRAY
**SOUTHAMPTON** Blacksmiths Arms: PETE QUINN
**SOUTHAMPTON** Gaumont Theatre: DAVID SOUL/THE GOODIES/NEW SEEKERS/GEORGE MELLY & THE FEETWARMERS/NEW EDITION (charity show for the Graham Hill Appeal)
**STAFFORD** Top of the World: STRANGLERS
**SWANSEA** Brangwyn Hall: HOT CHOCOLATE
**TROWBRIDGE** Village Pump: MIKE SILVER

## TUESDAY

**AMBLESIDE** Rakes Club: ALBA
**BIRMINGHAM** Barbarella's: TIGER
**BIRMINGHAM** Railway Hotel: JAMESON RAID
**BIRMINGHAM** Town Hall: JACQUES LOUSSIER TRIO
**BRIGHTON** Top Rank: STRIDER
**CANTERBURY** College of Art: HARVEY ANDREWS
**CARDIFF** Top Rank: NASTY POP
**CARLISLE** Twisted Wheel: JOBE ST DAY / AFTER THE FIRE
**COLERAINE** Ulster University: THE GORILLAS
**DARTFORD** Folk Club: MIKE SILVER
**DERBY** Bishop Lonsdale College: FRANKIE MILLER'S FULL HOUSE
**DOWNHAM MARKET** Castle Hotel: TONY ROSE
**DUNDEE** Caird Hall: McCALMANS
**EASTBOURNE:** Congress Theatre: WURZELS
**EDINBURGH** Nicky Tam's: THE HEROES
**GOSPORT** Queen Charlotte: BOB DAVENPORT
**HEMEL HEMPSTEAD:** Great Harry: CLUMSY
**INVERNESS** Eden Court Theatre: GEORGE HAMILTON IV / MELBA MONTGOMERY / PETE SAYERS
**JACKSDALE** Grey Topper: GORDON GILTRAP BAND
**LEEDS** Polytechnic: BURLESQUE
**LONDON CAMDEN** Dingwalls: BANDIT
**LONDON COVENT GARDEN** Rock Garden: LANDSCAPE / SKYWHALE
**LONDON COVENT GARDEN** Roxy Club: THE JAM
**LONDON E14** George Green Centre: MIKE WESTBROOK BAND
**LONDON FULHAM** Golden Lion: WINDOW
**LONDON ISLINGTON** Hope and Anchor: BLACK SHEEP
**LONDON KENSINGTON** The Nashville: S.A.L.T.
**LONDON** Marquee Club: CHARLIE
**LONDON OXFORD ST.** 100 Club: DARTS / STOKERS
**LONDON** Royal Albert Hall: STYLISTICS
**LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON** Rochester Castle: TUSH
**LONDON** Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: CROSSFIRE
**LONDON WOOLWICH:** Tramshed: BRYAN CHALKER & THE NEW FRONTIER
**MANCHESTER CHORLTON** Oaks Hotel: JOHNNY THUNDER'S HEARTBREAKERS
**MORECAMBE** Football Supporter's Club: TOM TIDDLER'S GROUND
**NEWCASTLE** La Dolce Vita: CRUISER
**NEWCASTLE** University: STEVE BROWN BAND
**NOTTINGHAM** Imperial Hotel: GAFFA
**NOTTINGHAM** Playhouse Theatre: MICHAEL CHAPMAN BAND
**NOTTINGHAM** Trent Polytechnic: ROOGALATOR
**PLYMOUTH** Woods Centre: HORSLIPS
**PORTSMOUTH** Guildhall: BARRY WHITE / LOVE UNLIMITED
**PORTSMOUTH** Locarno: HEATWAVE
**SCUNTHORPE** Tiffany's: JACK THE LAD
**SOUTHAMPTON** Gaumont Theatre: HOT CHOCOLATE
**SOUTHPORT** New Theatre: COMMODORES / MUSCLES
**SUTTON COLDFIELD** The Crown: STAGE FRIGHT
**WEYMOUTH** College: MAE McKENNA
**YEADON** White Swan: MICHAEL MOORE
**YEOVIL** Westland Sports Club: VIN GARBUTT

## WEDNESDAY

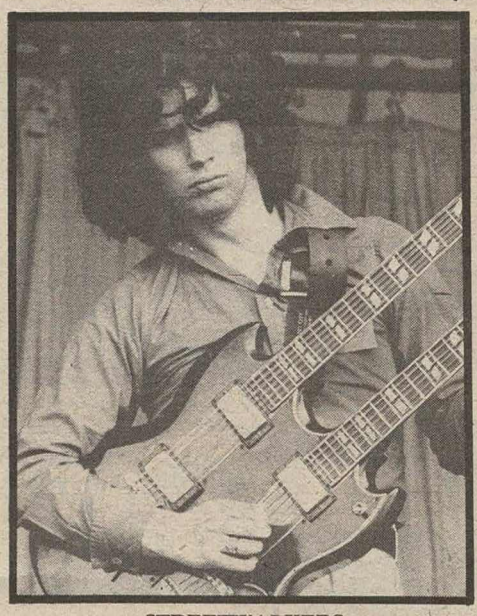
**ABERYSTWYTH** University: HORSLIPS/TIGER
**BARNSLEY** Changes Club: GAFFA
**BEESTON** Three Horseshoes: BILL CADDICK
**BIRKENHEAD** Mr. Digby's: SLAUGHTER & THE DOGS
**BIRMINGHAM** Railway Hotel: VIRGO
**BOURNEMOUTH** Winter Gardens: STYLISTICS
**BRISTOL** Arts Centre: GOOD QUESTION
**BRISTOL** Baileys: HEATWAVE
**BUDE** The Tree Inn: VIN GARBUTT
**CARLISLE** Border Terrier: JOBE ST. DAY
**COLCHESTER** Essex University: TONY ROSE
**CROYDON** Waddon Hotel: PETE & CHRIS COE
**DERBY** King's Hall: CHARLIE/SASSAFRAS
**DONCASTER** The Woolpack: HARLOW
**DONCASTER** Yarborough Club: BEANO
**DUNDEE** Caird Hall: GEORGE HAMILTON IV/MELBA MONTGOMERY/PETE SAYERS
**EASTBOURNE** Congress Theatre: BARRY WHITE/LOVE UNLIMITED
**EASTBOURNE** Lamb Inn: PETE QUIN
**FORRES** Brig Hotel: McCALMANS
**GRANGEMOUTH** International Hotel: IGNATZ
**LANCASTER** No. 12 Club: BETHNAL
**LEICESTER** Polytechnic: THE MOTORS/BURLESQUE
**LIVERPOOL** Philharmonic Hall: SPINNERS
**LONDON CAMDEN** Dingwalls: CLOVER
**LONDON COVENT GARDEN** Rock Garden: FABULOUS POODLES
**LONDON CONVENT GARDEN** Roxy Club: EATER
**LONDON E.3** Tudor Lodge: MIKE WESTBROOK BAND
**LONDON HAMMERSMITH** Red Cow: THE JAM
**LONDON ISLINGTON** Hope & Anchor: SHAKIN' STEVENS & THE SUNSETS
**LONDON KENSINGTON** The Nashville: COLIN HINDMARSH
**LONDON KINGSWAY** Sound Circus: CAN
**LONDON** Marquee Club: GRYPHON
**LONDON** New Victoria Theatre: WURZELS
**LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON** Rochester Castle: WOLF
**LONDON** Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: BODEAN
**MANCHESTER ARDWICK** Apollo: COMMODORES/MUSCLES
**MANCHESTER** Electrci Circus: ZETH
**NEWCASTLE** City Hall: GRAHAM PARKER & THE RUMOUR/SOUTHSIDE JOHNNY & THE ASBURY JUKES
**ORMSKIRK** Edgehill College: KITES
**PLYMOUTH** Woods Centre: THE STRANGLERS
**PORTSMOUTH** Locarno: NASTY POP
**PRESTON** Guildhall: HOT CHOCOLATE
**PRESTON** Polytechnic: MICHAEL MOORE
**READING** Target Club: GRIND
**SHEFFIELD** Polytechnic: JACK THE LAD
**SHEFFIELD** Top Rank: DEAF SCHOOL/DARTS
**SOUTH WOODFORD** Railway Bell: ORIGINAL EAST SIDE STOMPERS
**WOLVERHAMPTON** Lafayette: LITTLE ACRE
**WORKINGTON** Westland Hotel: SYD LAWRENCE ORCHESTRA
**WORTHING** Down View: RACER

## RESIDENCIES

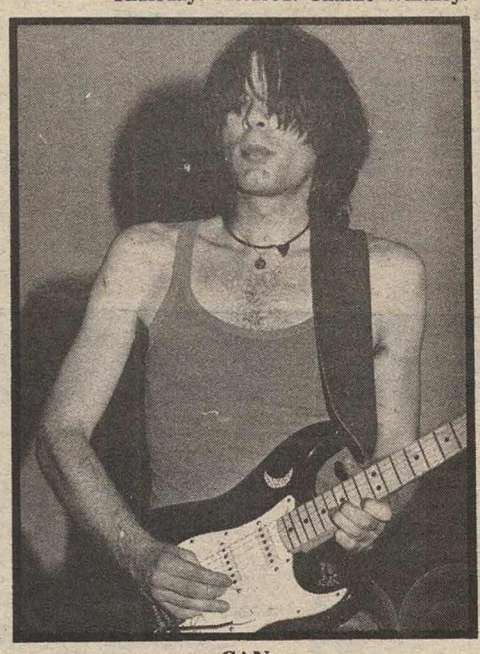
**BATLEY** Variety Club: THE DRIFTERS
Week from Sunday
**BIRMINGHAM** La Dolce Vita: BUDDY & THE DIMES
Week from Monday
**BIRMINGHAM** Nite Out: GENE PITNEY
Week from Sunday
**BIRMINGHAM** Repertory Theatre: JOHN DOWIE / VICTORIA WOOD
Tuesday (22) for five days
**CHESTERFIELD** Aquarius: BERT WEEDON
Week from Sunday
**DERBY** Bailey's: DIAMONDS
Thursday for three days
**FARNWORTH** Blighty's: SHOWADDYWADDY
Thursday for three days
**LEICESTER** Bailey's: GARY GLITTER
Week from Monday
**LIVERPOOL** Allinson's Club: CHAMPAGNE
Week from Sunday
**LONDON** Latin Quarter: SCOTT FITZGERALD & RAMBLER
Monday for a season
**LONDON** Ronnie Scott's Club: JOE PASS
Monday for two weeks
**SHEFFIELD** Bailey's: LEIGH GRANT EXPLOSION
Thursday for three days
**STOKE** Bailey's: HEATWAVE
Thursday for three days
**WATFORD** Bailey's: ROY ORBISON
Week from Monday
**WESTON-SUPER-MARE** Webbington County Club: PASADENA ROOF ORCHESTRA
Week from Sunday.

## IN CONCERT THIS WEEK

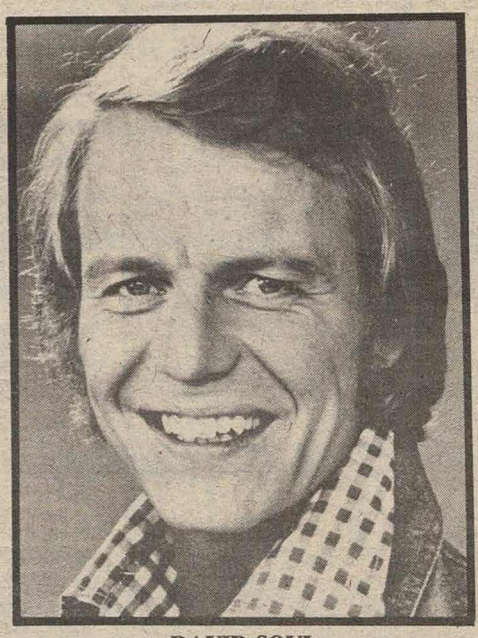
**PAT TRAVERS**
**and his band headline a concert in their own right at London Rainbow on Saturday.**



**STREETWALKERS**
**top at London's new Sound Circus venue on Thursday. Pictured: Charlie Whitney.**



**CAN**
**are playing a British tour occupying the whole of March. Pictured: Michael Karoli.**



**DAVID SOUL**
**completes his sellout British tour by topping a benefit gig in Southampton on Monday.**

# LIVE PAGE

## marquee

90 Wardour St., W.1 01-437 6603

OPEN EVERY NIGHT FROM 7.00 pm. to 11.00 pm.
REDUCED ADMISSION FOR STUDENTS AND MEMBERS

Thursday 17 March (Adm 65p)
**ILLUSION**
(Ex Renaissance)
Krita Kogcan & Ian Fleming

Friday 18th March (Adm 65p)
**BANDIT**
Plus support & Ian Fleming

Saturday 19th March (Adm 70p)
Free Admission with this ad. before 8 pm.
**JERRY THE FERRET**
Bazuka Joe & Ian Fleming

Sunday 20th March (Adm 70p)
**PLUMMET AIRLINES**
Plus guests & Nick Leigh

Monday 21st March (Adm 60p)
Free admission with this ad. before 8 pm.
**STRAPPS**
Plus support & Jerry Floyd

Tuesday 22nd March (Adm 75p)
**CHARLIE**
Pete Matcalf & Jerry Floyd

Wednesday 23rd March (Adm 70p)
**GRYPHON**
Teaser & Jerry Floyd

Thursday 24th March (Adm 85p)
Welcome return of.....
**MICHAEL CHAPMAN**
Plus friends & Jerry Floyd

Hamburgers and other hot & cold snacks are available

## THE RED COW

HAMMERSMITH ROAD, W.6

Friday March 18th Free
**RED BEANS & RICE**
Saturday March 19th 50p
**RAW FUNKK BAND**
Sunday March 20th Free
**DUST ON THE NEEDLE**
Thursday March 17th Free
**SQUEEZE**
Wednesday March 23rd Free
**THE JAM**

## FULLERS TRADITIONAL ALES

## THE NASHVILLE ROOM

Thursday March 17th £1.00
**CLOVER**
Friday March 18th £1.00
**TRAPEZE**
Saturday March 19th £1.00
**THE FABULOUS POODLES**
Sunday March 20th 50p
**BEES MAKE HONEY**
Monday March 21st Free
**ULTRAVOX!**
Tuesday March 22nd Free
**S.A.L.T.**

CORNER CROMWELL ROAD/NORTH END ROAD, W14
*(Adjacent West Kensington Tube Tel: 01-603 6071)*

## HOPE & ANCHOR

UPPER STREET, EDMONTON, N1

Thursday March 17th 70p
**SHAKING STEVENS & THE SUNSETS**
+ Deke O'Briens Night Bus
Friday March 18th 75p
**JOHN OTWAY + WILD WILLIE BARRAT**
+ DUST ON THE NEEDLE
Saturday March 19th 75p
**THE STRUTTERS**
Wednesday March 23rd 70p
**SHAKING STEVENS & THE SUNSETS**

## BRUNEL UNIVERSITY

Kingston Lane, Uxbridge, Middlesex
Friday March 18 in The Kingdom Room

**JACK THE LAD**
+ support
Tickets £1.00 Advance, £1.20 on door

Friday March 25 in The Kingdom Room

**VAN DER GRAAF GENERATOR**
Tickets £1.20 advance, £1.40 on door

Tickets available from Social Secretary, Brunel University S.U., Kingston Lane, Uxbridge, Middlesex. Tel (89) 39125.
Members Bar.
Tube: Uxbridge. Buses 204, 207, 233. M4 one mile.

## ROUNDHOUSE CHALK FARM N.W.1

SUNDAY 20th MARCH at 5-30
STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS

**DEAF SCHOOL**
**THE PIRATES**
**TYLA GANG**
ANDY DUNKLEY 'THE LIVIN' JUKE BOX'

ADM. £1·70 (inc vat) IN ADVANCE R'HOUSE BOX OFF. 267-2564
or LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS shaft.av.w1. 439-3371 or AT DOOR

## Rock Exhibitions present

**THE SUN SOUND SHOW**
*From the U.S.A. for the first time ever*
**JACK SCOTT CHARLIE FEATHERS**
**WARREN SMITH BUDDY KNOX**
**+ Crazy Cavan & The Rhythm Rockers**
AT THE RAINBOW THEATRE
Saturday, April 30th & Sunday, May 1st
Tickets: £3.50 unreserved. Application from Rainbow Theatre, Rock Exhibitions.
Tel. 01-236 6781 or Rockability Management. Tel. 01-272 9122

Danny O'Donovan in association with
Beggars Banquet Promotions
present from the U.S.A.
The World's Premier Funk Band

**THE COMMODORES**
+ SPECIAL GUESTS: MUSCLES

FRIDAY, MARCH 18, 7.30 p.m.
**BIRMINGHAM ODEON,** New Street
Tickets £2.50, £2.00 and £1.50. Advance Theatre Box Office, 10.30 a.m.-8 p.m. Telephone: 021-643 6101 or on night.

SATURDAY, MARCH 19, 7.30 p.m.
**NEW VICTORIA THEATRE**
WILTON ROAD, LONDON, S.W.1
Tickets £3.00, £2.50, £2.00 and £1.50 from Box office, 01-834 0673/4. Premier Box Office, LTB, Manzi Records —Swiss Cottage Tel: 01-586 2614

SUNDAY, MARCH 20, 7.30 p.m.
**LEEDS UNIVERSITY**
Tickets £1.75 advance from Porters/Students' Union, or £2.00 on night.

TUESDAY, MARCH 22, 7.30 p.m.
**SOUTHPORT THEATRE**
PROMENADE, SOUTHPORT
Tickets £2.50, £2.25, £1.75, £1.25 from Box Office, Tel: 0704 40404 or on door on night.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 23, 7.30 p.m.
**MANCHESTER APOLLO**
Tickets £2.50, £2.00 and £1.50. Tickets from Box Office or on night

THURSDAY, MARCH 24, 7.45 p.m.
**WEST RUNTON PAVILION**
WEST RUNTON, NORFOLK
Tickets £2.00 advance from Box Office. Telephone 0263 75203 or £2.50 on night.

SATURDAY, MARCH 26
**DUNSTABLE CALIFORNIA BALLROOM**
Tickets £2.00 from Advance Booking Office or on night.
This supersedes any previous announcements.
More dates to be announced.
*SEE NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE.*
All Enquiries Richard Allchin 01-370 6175.

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Enquiries to Jazz Centre Society, c/o ICA, 12 Carlton House Terrace, SW1 930-4261

At THE PHOENIX, Cavendish Square, W1 (Oxford Circus tube) 8.00 pm
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**GEORGE KHAN'S MIRAGE**
Wednesday 23rd March
**JOHN WILLIAMS BAND**

At SEVEN DIALS, 27 Shelton Street, WC2 (Covent Garden, Leicester Square tubes) 8.30pm
Thursday 17th March
**DICK CARY with Bruce Turner & Keith Ingham Trio**
Thursday 24th March
**STAN TRACEY OCTET**

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RIBCHESTER ROAD, BLACKBURN
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3 LONDON Roundhouse
7 PLYMOUTH Woods Club
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# LIVE PAGE


ROUNDHOUSE CHALK FARM N.W.1
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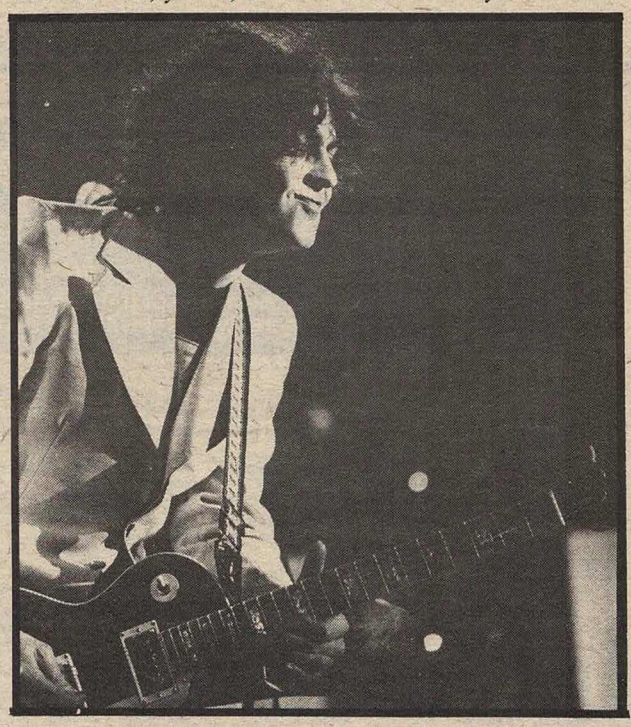

# METAL GURU

## *Is it you? Yeah, yeah, yeah . . .*

## T. Rex, The Damned

**NEWCASTLE**

AS THESE performances by Marc Bolan and The Damned at Newcastle City Hall last Thursday proved, it's all — to wheel out that old cliche — a matter of mind and not age whether you can rock'n'roll or not.

Granted you have to be this side of middle age to rock with conviction, but Bolan, a product of the late '60s rock revolution, is no spring chicken anymore. Moreover, he's received a unanimous critical thumbs down *(not quite unanimous! — Bolan Head Ed)* for so long now, one wondered if it wouldn't be best for all of us if he didn't throw in the towel.

But on Thursday, the opening night of Bolan's first tour in over a year, he was back on form with a clean, well tailored set of old and new material, looking thinner and fitter than he has for ages, and backed by an excellent band of mature and highly skilled rock musicians.

But first The Damned, who're the first new-wave band to actually get an album out and get themselves on a major tour. No two ways about it, The Damned are a rush. They look great, play well (especially Rat Scabies, who looks all set to join the ranks of the truly great British rock drummers with his brilliantly crazed playing, which reeks of panache) and can actually write good rock'n'roll songs.

The Damned also possess character, and one which, with Scabies' madcap rake personality and singer Dave Vanian's bizarre, though not threatening Hammer horror-fetish (rather eccentric), is overtly British. The music they play might well be derived from Detroit and New York bands, but the slant they give it is distinctly east of the Atlantic.

Apart from Vanian, whose vocals don't match up to his persona, The Damned come across better onstage than on record, where their exhilarating energy isn't so potent.

Marc, cute in his canary yellow bum freezer and purple drainies, unlike The Damned, doesn't give it to the audience all on a plate right from the start, but gradually builds his set so that by the closing lengthy "Get It On" the audience is totally infected.

The place isn't quite full, and the front of the hall is taken up with Marc's committed fans, banners and all. Bolan treats his audience with affection, sings well and plays fine guitar. His solos are well constructed and relatively cliche free.

Behind him Miller Anderson duplicates the chord parts to Bolan's songs, Tony Newman plays exemplary muscular drums, Herbie Flowers is as highly dexterous as ever on bass, and Dino Dines is tasteful on keyboards.

Bolan plays a lot of material from his new album, "Dandy In The Underworld", and, given its limitations, it sounds like the best stuff he's come up with in a long time. And the band always play well, so that even the lame "I Love To Boogie" sounds good because of their performance.

A thoroughly enjoyable evening, and one which juxtaposed two distinct forms of '70s rock'n'roll. **Steve Clarke**

## John Taylor

**SOUTHPORT**

IT'S NOT EASY to listen to jazz in Britain. Capitalists turn a blind eye to it, leaving promotions to such organisations as the Contemporary Music Network.

You may think this splendid until you discover the only place they find decent grand pianos is no smoking, tea drinking concert halls with carefully sterilised atmospheres and often bad acoustics.

This is what the John Taylor Octet had to contend with on its nine day tour, forcing its evolution into a new art form.

Acrobatic vocals from Norman Winstone plunge between the four-man front line, a dizzy combination of Stan Sulzmann, tenor sax, soprano sax and flute; Chris Pyne, trombone; Henry Lowther and Ken Wheeler, trumpets and flugelhorns. The rhythms were funky and driving. The tight combination of drummer Tony Levin and Chris Laurence on bass kept the movement exciting.

The first set was derived from John's sextet arrangements, expanded to include vocals, another trumpet and flugelhorn, featuring "Early Days", "O", "Plash", "Children's Portraits", a sweet song by Norma accompanied by her husband John on piano, and "24 Hours".

The second half was an Arts Council commissioned suite, "The Enlightened Ones", based round a set of poems on the world's sages by Philip Rose. It's an organically developing piece which contrasts acoustics with electronics. John Taylor is adept at acoustic and electric pianos and is a master of the synthesiser.

Hearing this octet is more like hearing a miracle, taking into account all factors concerned, so where's the gold-dust? **Helen Langley**

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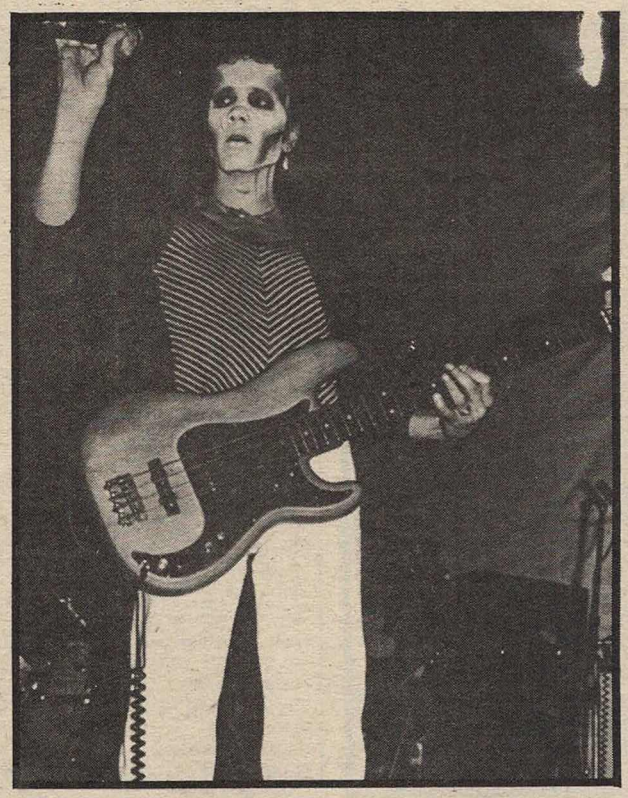

## Doctors Of Madness Pat Travers

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WEIRD MIXTURE, this Route 77 package. First up is The Tyla Gang, playing straight ahead mainstream rock at ear splitting level. Sean Tyla himself looks bad tempered and breaks guitar strings.

Then The Pat Travers Band. Ah yes, the Canadian guitar slinger who challenged the punk rock groups to a showdown a little while back. Well, when you've got an ace fretboard technique, and solid musical virtue looks like it's going out of fashion, you've a right to feel a little edgy and plectrum happy.

Mind you, Travers, flanked by his two loyal buddies, would stroll away from almost any guitar shoot-out, riffs still smoking. They play very refined but pretty basic, get down boogie rock. The numbers are mainly workouts of standard rock themes, featuring plenty of the Travers axe magic. He's good — a superb rapport with his instrument, and impeccable taste; none of the random din that lesser guitar trios use to pad out the sound.

It's solid musicianship, but it isn't really heading anywhere. "If You Need Love", from the new album, promises well, with a rolling funky rhythm and interesting chord changes, but lapses into standard riffing for the solo. Maybe the three-man line-up is too restricting; I gather that a fourth member may soon be added.

Pat Travers sure can make his guitar talk, but it doesn't have a lot to say. Pretty vacant? Maybe.

But what's this? The sepulchral drone of the blue-haired Kid intoning the words of William Burroughs (so I'm told) means only one thing — madness is genius, genius is pain, it's the Doctors of Madness! Rock's pre-punk mutational experiment lives on, to make their umpteenth visit to St Albans in their short career.

I used to HATE this band, but not anymore. They're still playing songs in the key of death, but with a zest and punch that's now almost raunchy.

Kid Strange has shorn his blue locks. His mournful face hangs disconsolately from a black beret. He could be Walt Disney's idea of an existentialist.

Urban Blitz, playing a lute-shaped electric guitar, looks like a torturer's apprentice from a medieval acid nightmare. Peter Di Lemma, face white, short blond curls, is despairingly neurotic behind the drums. Stoner, prettily sinister, wields his bass as if it were possessed by demons.

I used to think the Doctors were just an act; now I'm not so sure. They open with "Suicide City", seguing into "Doctors Of Madness", and they sound great — a confident, dynamic attack, with even Kid Strange's guitar part (he's playing a Vox Phantom) having an actual musical role.

The show is very slick — a synchronised flash, smoke — bomb and heart-stopping explosion mark the end of the first section. At one point, four searchlights behind the band beam into the audience, picking out our loonie heroes like the angst-ridden survivors of some cataclysmic smokey armageddon.

The mood is unrelenting desolation. Urban Blitz has strung his violin with raw nerves; Kid's grotesque, half jokey lyrics and lugubrious voice cajole the brain into eventual, reluctant submission.

"Pat Travers!" yells some bright-eyed optimist as the Doctors' set approaches a frenetic, heart attack pulse, climax. Listen, sonny, if you're not into terminal neurosis as entertainment, you should be home in bed. **Pete Sutton**


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## Lee Kosmin

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PLAYING A FREE gig in a small subsidiary room off the main bar, while a big name attraction such as Jack Bruce is putting on a show in the concert hall just down the corridor, is not a Grade A Idea — it's a little like Bramley Boys' Club playing a Red Triangle League match against Pudsey Juniors on a patch of waste ground two streets away from Elland Road, where Leeds United are at home to Liverpool. The Lee Kosmin Band now know this for a fact.

The place was near on empty when they plugged in, but that didn't seem to bother the chaps over much. Christ! No crowd, so what? Get in there, kick out the jams, pull out the stops — who knows, there's always the possibility of bending an unwary ear or two hundred up in the main bar. Except they didn't (pull a crowd, I mean), which is more than a little surprising when you consider that the Lee Kosmin Band are very great indeed. Soulful, funky, bluesy, marvellous, superb, really nice, etc, etc. Reader will please note, and admire, the supreme physical effort required to stem the flow of superlatives that are just itching to flow from this pen.

Objective Journalism starts here. Lead guitar backing vocals: Pete Smith. Electric piano: Richard Attree. Bass and vocals: Alan Bruner. Drums: Lee Partis. Rhythm guitar and lead vocals: Lee Kosmin. Apart from "Rescue Me" and "Signed, Sealed, Delivered", their material is all self-penned. Well, that about does it as far as the objective stuff goes — boring crap anyway — let's get back into that ol' subjective groove. Pete Smith is one hell of a guitar player, burning out tasty, concise solos and sparring with Richard Attree to spark off intoxicating guitar / piano interplays. It's a case of "I - don't - know - much - about - drumming - but - I - know - what - I - like", and I like Lee Partis, his crisp, direct style locking into Alan Bruners' spring heeled bass, making for a rhythm section with swing to spare — which leaves the man himself, Lee Kosmin. His guitar looks like it's growing out of his belly and he oozes soul from his finger tips.

There ain't a chance in hell that this band won't make it big, and that's B - I - G. Ya dig it? **John Hamblett**


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# SILVER SCREEN

*Picture: (l/r) LEE MARVIN, STROTHER MARTIN, KAY LENZ, and OLIVER REED ride into NME country in "The Great Scout And Cathouse Thursday" — latest in a long line of vain attempts to outvibe "Cat Ballou" . . .*

## C·A·S·H (AA)

*Directed by Ted Post*
*Starring Elliott Gould, Jennifer O'Neill and Eddie Albert*

## The Great Scout And Cathouse Thursday (AA)

*Directed by Don Taylor*
*Starring Lee Marvin, Oliver Reed and Robert Culp*

## Rafferty And The Gold Dust Twins (X)

*Directed by Dick Richards*
*Starring Alan Arkin, Sally Kellerman and Mackenzie Phillips*

THREE AMERICAN comedies. One first-rate, one so-so, and one not worth the price of a Kia-Ora, let alone admission. From the bottom up . . .

An acronym for Chemical Air-Spray Holdup, *C·A·S·H* is a blatant rip-off of Robert Altman's *M·A·S·H* which totally lacks that film's devastating wit and free-flowing anarchic spirit.

Elliott Gould and Donald Sutherland unsuccessfully attempted to recapture their *M·A·S·H* camaraderie in the feeble-minded S·P·Y·S, and now Gould is left to flounder alone in the latest of a series of stinkers he's recently appeared in.

Here he is Dudley Frapper, the cream of the Chemical Corps' guinea pigs, dedicatedly allowing himself to be poison-gassed for the benefit of the nation. When he is given a medical discharge (the various pollutants have left him a wheezing, twitching, impotent wreck) on a measly monthly dispensation, he teams up with an inveterate jail-bird (Harry Guardino) to stage ever-more elaborate hold-ups with the aid of gas-masks and aerosol incapacitators.

Although there is the germ of a neat idea in Malcolm Marmorstein's witless script, the characterisation is minimal, the motivation unlikely, the performances inconsistent.

Eddie Albert is allowed to draw a gross caricature of a blinkered Army officer (proving that the words "military intelligence" are mutually exclusive every time he opens his mouth) whilst Jennifer O'Neill's lovesick nurse appears to have wandered in off the *Marcus Welby* lot. Gould's idiosyncratic brand of mugging is given its head by the Frapper character, but the instant transformation from slack-jawed, masochistic moron to confident, smooth robbery-operator is as phoney as Keg bitter.

A further hinderance is the purposeless use of Panavision; in the wrong hands, a wide-screen tends to slow down comedy and many's the time that *C·A·S·H* grinds to a halt. Director Ted Post even shoves in the odd modish iris effect and not one but two direct shots of the Army camp's intercom speakers *(a La M·A·S·H)*, though here, far from being of any expository purpose, they merely pump out dopey love songs.

How long Gould is going to be allowed to get away with stuff like *C·A·S·H* and *I Will, I Will, For Now*, only his most ardent fans can answer. The one time he raises a laugh is when seen wearing his G.I. wig ("You'll have every whore in Salt Lake City chasing after you") which sits like a turd on top of his head.

*The Great Scout And Cathouse Thursday* is being touted as the funniest comedy Western since *Cat Ballou*, but any similarity ends with the fact that Lee Marvin stars in both.

Twelve years ago, Marvin won an Oscar for his performance in the latter film and although his portrayal of the great scout Sam Longwood is the best thing about the new film, one can't foresee awards of any kind. It's an amiable enough romp, but the self-consciously ribald dialogue ("Whores? They ain't nuthin' but nickle-a-ride mattress backs") isn't half as smart as it thinks it is.

Although Marvin, with his granite-faced grimaces and conspiratorial sniggers, works wonders with the material at hand and emerges as a bizarrely endearing character, Oliver Reed as the drunken halfbreed Joe Knox has the more interesting part. Calling himself Pox Knox, he has a rather fetching notion of suitable revenge for the white man's rape of his country *and* mother: understandably indignant at being conceived after an Army gangbang at an Indian massacre, he plans to use his "badly battered sword of justice" to spread the clap clean across America, as it were, until it reaches the White House.

Tempting to think what a Mel Brooks could have made out of tasteless stuff like this but unfortunately Don Taylor, like Ted Post, seems strictly a journeyman director and *Great Scout*, despite frenetic action by its protagonists, is curiously static.

Still, as Marvin, Reed and the conniving Cathouse Thursday (the exceedingly pleasant Kay Lenz) plot revenge on a venal politico (played with panache by Robert Culp) the laughs are forthcoming, albeit intermittently.

Marvin and Culp share the film's best exchange:

"You're a liar."

"How do you know?"

"Your lips are moving."

*Rafferty And The Gold Dust Twins* could so easily have been embarrassingly arch (not *another* road picture?), but the combination of assured direction, skittish script and uniformly excellent performances make this one of the unexpected triumphs of the year — exhiliratingly so.

Dick Richards is obviously a film-maker to watch very closely indeed: his debut was the individual *Culpepper Cattle Company* and last year saw his splendid Marlowe / Mitchum movie *Farewell My Lovely*.

*Rafferty* was made in between but only now (two years on) sees the light of projector in this country. No matter, not only does it mark Richards as an astute talent, it is the most quirkily-observed slice of Americana since Howard Zieff's underrated *Slither*.

"Rafferty wasn't going anywhere, anyway" as the ads put it, and once this unprepossessing, wholly decent *nebbish* (beautifully played by Alan Arkin) has been hijacked by a couple of mismatched female drifters the film may similarly appear to be meandering aimlessly from sequence to sequence. In fact, this deceptively desultory approach allows Richards and his scenarist (John Kaye) to underplay their idiomatic vision of middle-America which probably cuts closer to the heart of the matter than would any number of documentaries.

As "Gunny" Rafferty, first reluctantly, soon willingly, and his two captors / companions — "Mac" (Sally Kellerman) and 15-year-old "Frisbee" (Mackenzie Phillips) — attempt to wend their picaresque way from LA to New Orleans in his absurdly delapidated car ("I've never seen a *white* man drive a car like this"), they inevitably run across all manner of weirdos and misfits who make our unlikely trio all the more engaging. Hardly an original notion, but the welter of off-handedly observed detail makes for a satisfying whole.

Opening with "My Country 'Tis Of Thee" at a legion hall and closing with a bar-room rendition of "You Are My Sunshine", *Rafferty* is a continually offbeat tonic, its visual style remarkably similar to much of Robert Altman's work (particularly in Richards' use of a telephoto lens to pinpoint and eavesdrop on apparently peripheral characters).

The two major setpieces are visits to the horrendous Las Vegas gambling casinos ("What's the limit here?" enquires Rafferty, full of bravado. "$500". "No, I mean the other way." "Oh, a dollar.") where they meet small-time hustler Vinnie (Alex Rocco); and an encounter with a drunken ex-Marine (Harry Dean Stanton) with an acerbic line in sub-Shavian wit at an archetypical Arizona C&W bar which is ultimately both hilarious and pathetic.

Binding these disparate threads together is Arkin's Rafferty — wearing a white shirt, steel-blue cardigan and permanent frown. His idea of an insult is "You silly, stupid thing you."

A tremendous movie and (as Rafferty attempts to describe his relationship with the two girls) leaving an indelible impression that is "kinda hard to explain . . ."

**Monty Smith**

## AROUND THE CIRCUITS

**LONDON**

**The Little Girl Who Lives Down The Lane (AA)**

☐ Computer read out blank on this one. Known only to be thriller starring Jody Foster.
**Selected London Odeon/Gaumonts**

**Helter Skelter (X)**

☐ Manson lookalikes still hacking up the subruns. Reviewed March 5
**Selected London and provincial Odeons/Gaumonts**

☐ ☐ ☐

**PROVINCIAL NETWORK (AA)**

☐ Pith helmets not essential for exploring this US TV-jungle epic. Reviewed March 5.
**Selected Odeons/Gaumonts**

**C.A.S.H (AA)**

☐ Elliot Gould plunges further into the mire. Avoidable. Reviewed this ish.

**Odeons**

**THE FRONT (AA)**

☐ Score 10 on credibility counter. Hollywood blacklist funny. Reviewed way back.
**Odeons**

**SQUIRM (X)**

☐ Seethe and wriggle with this slithery classic. Take a paper bag. Eat dinner well before.
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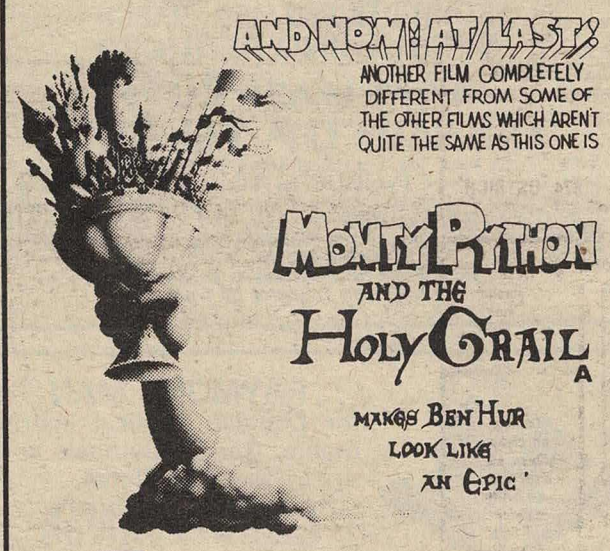
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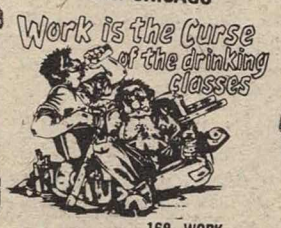


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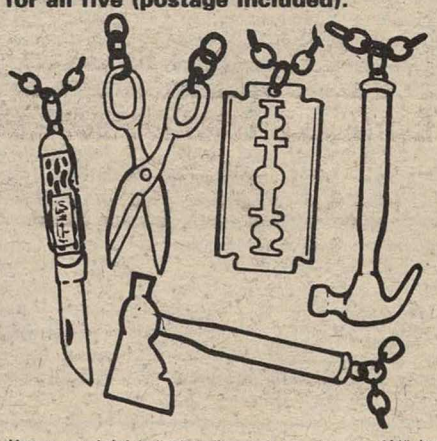

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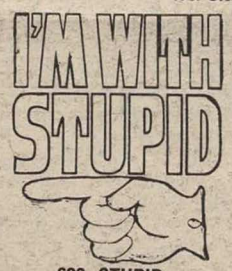
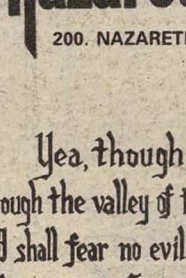



680. STUPID

667. PERNOD

682. HAWKWIND




200. NAZARETH

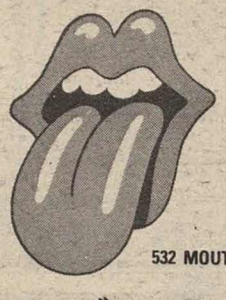
148. LED ZEP

REALITY IS AN ILLUSION, CAUSED BY LACK OF ALCOHOL.

232 REALITY

174. FOX

653. STARSKY & HUTCH



532 MOUTH

677. SUPERSIGN

169. EAGLE

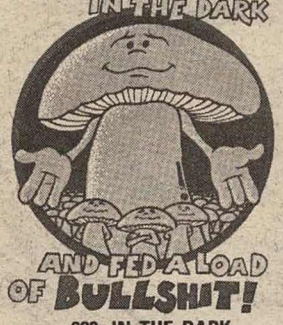
Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death I shall fear no evil. 'Cause I am the meanest Son of a Bitch that ever walked in the valley.....

143. SON OF A BITCH

115. BLACK SABBATH

234. THIN LIZZY

674. OSTRICH




683. IN THE DARK

679. IDIOT

507. FLOYD

508. ZEPPELIN

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## Jon Owen Band

**OXFORD**

WHATEVER happened to 1967? (Part III). The freewheeling spirit of '67 is alive and, well, sparsely attended at the Oxford Polytechnic "Tanglewood Revisited" multi-media event. The entire audience (a pitiful 200) are up and *idiot dancing* wildly to the Jon Owen Band, an amiable bunch of "ageing hippies" who are belting out a reggae song called "Pain".

Jon Owen is a refugee from the Global Village Trucking Company — the band that tried valiantly to keep a vaguely psychedelic vibe alive during the miserable early-to-mid '70s. The Globals lived together in a commune and played mostly for free, benefits and the like, building up a sizeable but largely ignored cult of perennial hippies. Admittedly if you weren't into their set, it was all rather tiresome, cliquey, and effete: *"we're all part of a smiling revolution"*, they sang, whilst elsewhere MOR adolescent androgyny and moron metal ruled OK. Inevitably the time came when it all seemed pointless and the Globals split.

From which experience Jon Owen has clearly drawn lessons. Old hippies don't die, they just "mellow out" . . . which means abandoning the music of the spheres and making compromises. Getting back to reality, man. The new band conspicuously avoids the self-indulgent we're-so-stoned-we-can-only-play-at-16rpm attitude.

With Jon in the band are two other survivors from the 1973 Psychedelic Revival That Never Was. Drummer Eric Peachey was in Khan, Steve Hillage's debut outfit, while Jack Monck, bass, played in the underrated Rocks Off and Henry Cow offshoot Radar Favourites. Even though they are dressed in ill-fitting denims, overcoats, and unfashionably *uncoiffed* hair and *beards*, anyone with half an ounce of rhythm in their feet would find it hard indeed not to get bopping along to songs like "Belinda By The Sea", "Darn Your Socks", and "Love Will Find A Way".

Owen has always been a fine songwriter, and now with maybe a fuller band — keyboards or sax (Lol Coxhill has jammed with 'em) — and a better PA — they were all playing through *one* amplifier — he could make it to the same league as Hall & Oates, Graham Nash, "Workingman's Dead" perhaps, even *Paul McCartney*. No insult intended to any of the parties involved. Honest.

Full marks, meanwhile, to Chris Church's "Something Else" for putting on the event — complete with modern dance, silly theatre, Lol Coxhill, and a transvestite fire eater! There should be more of this sort of thing.

**Jonathan Barnett**

## *FEAR & LOATHING*

*From page 39*

same world as "Career Opportunities" or "London's Burning"? He has retreated with a token sneer before we go further.

Later, he hands out a gushing feature xeroxed for posterity all about his band. The paper that printed the piece folded the same day. In a dark corner the writer who gave birth to the article cries like a baby . . .

"YEEECH, what a shithole," remarks the autosexual Wayne County on Friday night at The Roxy, grimacing with disgust as he fondles the paper tissues wrapped around the sopping-wet pipes above the stage to reduce the odds of elctrocution.

He then launches into a Patti Smith parody.

Do you clap at The Roxy? Do whores kiss you on the mouth?

O.K. — the Roxy's dead already, only it won't lie down. That doesn't matter anymore — the new-wave is no more built around one club than it is built around one band.

As it stands at the moment the movement has been exploited by countless talentless schmucks who memorize the right platitudes and wear the right clothes.

There's more than enough *genuine* young talent coming through for us to have to tolerate the recent profusion of Neo-Nazis, professional poseurs, buck-hungry business men and all the other leeches.

Otherwise the total achievement of the Seventies New Wave will be the same as the Sixties "revolution" (when all that happened is everybody got dressed up and looked in the mirror). And look what became of *their* leaders . . .

Got no time nor tears for Vietnam, Ohio, Watts and Chicago.

We got a riot of our own.

# JAZZ DIARY

**MARION BROWN** will not be appearing at the Camden Music Festival, but Jazz Centre Society have managed to get vibraphonist **Bobby Hutcherson** instead. Rumours that guitarist **Jimmy Raney** won't be arriving through ill-health have been denied: he is in good point and will be playing. Ex-Louis Armstrong's All Stars pianist **Dick Cary** will be at the Seven Dials on 17th March, and the Pizza Express, Dean Street the following evening. The 100 Club features **Champion Jack Dupree** on 18th and 20th.

The London Musicians' Collective are currently looking for a permanent home for performances, exhibitions and workshops. Meanwhile, they are staging a couple of weekend concerts at the Action Space Drill Hall, 16 Chenies Street, WC1, on 19th March, featuring solo performances by **Hugh Davies, Derek Bailey, Fred Frith** and **Steve Beresford.** On 26th, **Herman Hauge** and **Dave Solomon, Evan Parker, Roger Smith** and **John Russell.**

Pianist **Howard Riley** is on tour, playing Hurlfield Campus, Sheffield, on 20th, the Arnolfini Gallery, Bristol, on 22nd. The **Lennie Best Quartet** and the **John Clark quintet** are playing at Southhill Park, Bracknell, Bucks., on 22nd. At the Phoenix on 23rd **John Williams'** 18-piece big band will be threatening the joists. At the Zodiac, 20th, **Windows.**

Re-released from Verve, "Blues For Basie" by **Harry Edison** with **Ben Webster:** effortless, ageless, guvner blowing.

Herbie Mann's label, Embryo, distributed through Atlantic, has had the sense to sign tenorman **Dick Morrissey:** album soon. ECM are to record **Ken Hyder's Talisker** performing the suite, "Land Of stone".

New package out soon from Impulse, including **Trane** and the **Duke, Shepp's** "Four For Trane", **Mingus** and **Shelley Manne.**

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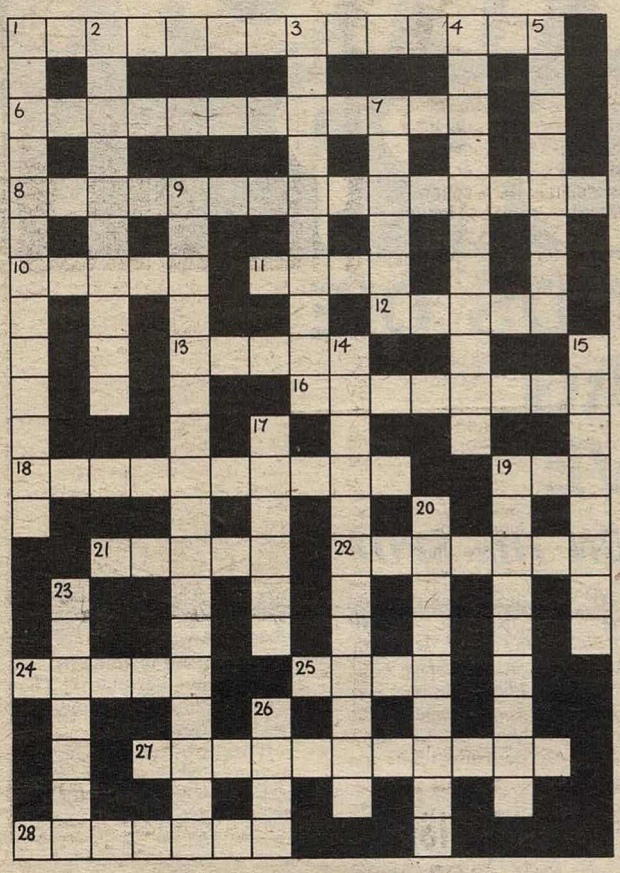

### ACROSS

1 Now defunct, Gary Holton's old band (5,5,4)
6 Drummed for Argent (6,6)
8 Erstwhile Transit Authority harmonising smoochily (2,3,5,2,3)
10 & 19 across. Early E. Presley r'n'r classic
11 Gained notoriety in late '60s for publicity handout libelling Harold Wilson
12 & 23 Doyen of soul guitarists, his multitudinous credits include playing on Rod Stewart's "Atlantic Crossing" and composing Otis Redding's "Dock Of The Bay"
13 & 21 Capital's 3 o'clock Thrillsman
16 Wantonly destroy a Sabbath elpee!?
18 Formerly of Columbia-CBS, now boss of Arista Records (5,5)
19 See 10 across
21 See 13
22 Companion of the Order of Bad Etiquette?
24 Oldfart gift-wrapped?!
25 "Blinded By The Light" catt!
27 C.I.D. vary bods (5,6)
28 Of Full House (and Full Glass)

### DOWN

1 A former Miles Davis sideman, scored massive commercial success with his "Headhunters" album (6,7)
2 They were Ted Nugent's old band (5,5)
3 Noo Yawk's Numero Uno Noo Waive Punk Gwoop etc etc (3,7)
4 Another E. Presley biggie, this was a hit in '69 and saw the Pelvis treading warily into Social Commentary (2,3,6)
5 Rod Stewart recorded his "Twistin' The Night Away", Bryan Ferry his "Wonderful World", Dr Hook his "Only Sixteen" (3,5)
7 See 17
9 Before they sank into dreck, The Drifters were a superb R&B band — this was one of their mid-'60s classics (5,3,9)
14 Follow up to "Little Does She Know" etc (5,7)
15 From all the way back in Jan '58, Buddy Holly's very first hit (5,3)
17 & 7 Motown chantress, remember "Heat Wave"?
19 And one more for the geriatric ward, Roy Orbison was wrapping his tonsils round this in 1962 (5,4)
20 Who album, compiled by Entwistle from various group out-takes (4,1,4)
23 See 12
26 Where Keith Emerson cut his teeth

## LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

**ACROSS:** 1 Brinsley Schwarz; 7 New Riders Of The (Purple Sage); 9 Isotope; 10 Brian (Hyland); 11 Tony (Joe White); 12 Roger (Waters); 13 Patti (Smith); 15 Ella; 16 Matthews; 17 "Luxury (Liner); 18 (Bob &) Earl; 19 "Liner"; 21 The Tubes; 24 (Pete) Seeger; 27 Waters; 28 Roadie; 29 Tom Dowd; 30 Dana; 31 "Judy Teen"; 33 Julie; 35 Joe White; 36 Gunne;
**DOWN:** 1 Bonnie Bramlett; 2 Sailor; 3 (Kenny) Everett; 4 Crosby Stills Nash And Young; 5 Wet Willie; 6 R. Dean Taylor; 8 Woody Guthrie; 13 (Sex) Pistols; 14 Beach Boys; 20 Purple Sage; 22 Hyland; 23 "Tapestry"; 25 Greg Lake; 26 Dr John; 31 Jo Jo (Gunne); 32 Epic; 34 Ian (Matthews).

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*As New Wave tear into Old Farts the world asks . . .*

# WILL THE HORROR STOP?

## THOUSANDS DIE IN GASBAG OFFENSIVE

### *FROM OUR MEN ON THE SPOT*

I WARN YOU, the first copy of the NME offering a free safety pin with every issue will be ceremoniously burned and its ashes placed in the cover of "The Grateful Dead" (1971).

*JACKY*
*(potential Zig Zag reader)*

**What did the Grateful Dead ever do to you? — J. GARCIA**
**Shuddup! — HIDEOUS BILL**

I'm sick and tired about reading of the latest unknown unrecorded unheard-of punk band in London.

If a bunch of kids up here in Scotland got together, played 3-second licks and wore odd garb would it be talked about ad nauseum in the London-based "pop" papers?

No, of course it's gotta be about London 'innit mite, as us provincials need educating about the latest "things".

I've never been to the "Roxy" (as it's 400 miles away) but if I read much more about it, it'll seem like a home from home. Now come up here, see good style, hear good groups y'all.

*JOHN McCANN, Chapelhall, Airdrie, Scotland.*

P.S. Just let any punks glob (is that the word) on audiences here and you'll have the first punk casualty.

I'M A HEAVY METAL freak. Nothing gets to me like a blitzkrieg, 3 chord riff; and I frown on wimps like Santana, Hari Georgeson and the like.

However, yesterday I was suffering from a morning-after-the-night-before feeling, and was in need of soothing. I remembered a review I'd read in NME and went into Virgin to listen to it.

Oh, wowieeeeeee, I luved it! How are the heaviest fallen.

I haven't stopped playing it since I got it.

Sabbaff are done for and Fleetwood Mac's "Rumours" is king. Every word of Nick Kent's review is true and I'm a heavy metal kid of the first order. Aw shit, it's beautiful.

*T.C. Bristol.*

**How did he get in here? — THE ENTIRE CAST**

I'M SICK AND TIRED of all your opinion on people who you are sick and tired of, who are quite probably completely sick and tired of you.

*MAJOR-GENERAL A. J. BOSWELL-FNURG (Retd.)*

**Sick? — LENNY BRUCE**
**Tired? — SLEEPY JOHN ESTES**

THE PERSONS who placed the advertisement (NME 26.2.77 page 31) for The Runaways in your last issue obviously believe the best way to sell an album made by the young women is to show pictures of their tits, bums and fannies.

*CHIRPY, Chalk Farm.*

**Right on! — GLORIA STEINHAM**
**What's wrong with tits, bums and fannies? — HUGH HEFNER.**
**I thought bums and fannies were the same thing? — JOHN BETJEMAN.**
**You'd be surprised. - FREUD.**

ON MARCH 29 I will be 20. Is it time that I hung up my safety pins and retired?

*ST JOHN THE ROTTEN of the Sex Epistles.*

**Yes. — DRONE ONANON**
**No! — HIDEOUS BILL**
**Kill him while he's not looking! — CHARLES MANSON**
**Kill the next one, he talks too much. — SQUEAKY FROMME.**

STEVE LAST WEEK says "someone ought to sit down and explain what Anarchy is all about". I'd like to, but seeing as I only have the letters page, and not the whole issue of NME, I suggest people go to left-wing bookshops, or libraries for anarchist magazines like Anarchy, Freedom and Black Flag, and books by Freedom and Cienfuegos Press. (Ursula Le Guin's SF book "The Dispossessed" is a good vision of an anarchist society).

But anyway, this is what I feel . . . .

We live in a class society, dominated by a ruling class who own and control everything. To hold on to their power, these greedy bastards have created an industry of their own — REPRESSION. Police, army, courts and prisons. Fear of these keeps us well and truly in check.

They have created motorways and tower blocks, factories and supermarkets — for their own benefit, suppressing all resistance.

Our everyday life is violently alienating in this concrete jungle, each individual is a shadow of their true self, their real aspirations totally unknown to them, unable to relate to their class or their selves. The TV, newspapers, ads and school indoctrination is 99% crap, to force bourgeois ideas down our throats, confusing and dividing us, and teaching us "our place". They set us against each other and frustrate our desires.

It's only by our mass actions, such as strikes, which dare to seriously challenge authority, that we begin to see the system clearly, and the alternatives to it as we organise ourselves to take direct action.

Last summer in a space of a month, there were riots in Dagenham car plant, Hull prison, Notting Hill Carnival against police, and immigrants against Fascists. With the attacks now being made on working-class kids: truants, soccer hooligans, vandals etc, they are also going to stand up for themselves.

All this, including women's struggles, homeless occupying houses, shoplifting etc, gives us confidence, but to lead to real CHANGE must be linked to a general class struggle. In times like the first miners' strike, solidarity was so strong that ANYTHING seemed possible!!

In every corner of the globe, people are kept down, and the rulers everywhere agree on one thing — that Anarchism, the creation of a free society, is THEIR deadliest enemy so they spare no expense to distort the truth and beauty of its ideas and the actions of anarchists.

*DAVE MORRIS, E8.*

**I thought anarchy was gobbing on old ladies. — HIDEOUS BILL.**
**It's gobbing on rich old ladies. — KARL MARX.**

## *ANGELA PONDERS THE PROBLEM*

***LOVELY, EXOTIC, blonde haired 37-24-36, Marxist genetic engineer and fashion model wonders what the trouble is all about.***

**"If those people at the NME wrote their own letters all this bloodshed could be avoided."**
**Good for you Angela.**

TO ALL "PUNK ROCKERS": I DON'T object to your music, I don't care if you throw up all over each other, but I do object when I hear that you're "where it's at man" down there on the streets in the dirt and in the gutters.

Because most of it is your own dirt and you could clean it up if you really wanted too, but you prefer to wallow in it. "Apathy In The UK 77" — o.k. that's your option, but don't mock those who believe in Love and Peace cos that's their option and if you really believed in freedom you'd appreciate that. As poverty and oppression self-pity is a very destructive emotion but that's what you're into, isn't it? — Destruction.

*ANGIE, Sussex*

**The hippies continue stubborn resistance in the face of the withering New Wave onslaught, but how long can they last? — JULIAN PETTIFER**

I HATE HIPPIES and I hate intellectuals and I hate punks and I hate pseuds and I like Velda and I hate Johnny Rotten and I hate the Muppets and the Des Knox Boogie Band are the future of Rock and Roll and I hate rich slags and I hate Allan Jones and I like The Damned and I hate Morons and I hate smartass one liners and I hate 6th form common rooms and I like rubber gloves and I hate little trendies in cowboy boots, and I hate queers and I hate gnomes and I hate Dylan and I hate denim and glue makes me puke.

*JERRY RUDE & DAVE B*

**Bleedin' right! — HIDEOUS BILL GANGRENE**
**Don't hate nothing at all except hatred. — B. DYLAN**
**Shuddup! — HIDEOUS BILL**
**It's a wonder that you still know how to breathe. — B.D.**

***Whoever it is they better cut it out quick!***

# TEAZERS

## A WEEKLY BRUSH-UP

*"Whaddya mean, what do I want to be when I grow up? A boring ol' redneck fart of course" — Jerry Lee Lewis shows vintage class.*

**ROLLING STONES** in Sex Drugs Shock Horror Sensation. "What again?" asks a bored *T-Zers*. Fraid so. But let us pass over the squalid hunt for association between Britain's Honest **Ron Wood** and Canada's **Margaret Trudeau** and other **Stones** stories (for which, see *Thrills* page 17), and dip below the public furore to note that the Toronto City Hall where **Keef** was accused of heroin and cocaine possession this week and last is the same Toronto City Hall where **Jimi Hendrix** faced similar charges some seven years ago. Such, little grasshoppers, is the ineffable flux of the Void . . .

Latest news is that Keef's been remanded on bail until June 27, while **Anita Pallenberg** got stung for a £235 fine when *her* Canadian drug bust (heroin and cannabis possession) came up in court on Monday. She was in court only five minutes, pleaded guilty and said afterwards: "The judge was kind."

No-one, it seems, goes to the hearts of the world's front page writers quite like our fab fivesome. *T-Zers* has little to add to the *Thrills* report inside, except to state that there is no truth in the suggestion that the IMF is considering signing the Stones to a five year deal after the Canadian dollar dropped a cent and a half last week . . .

More babble-on in Hollywood Babylon where director **Roman Polanski** has been accused of giving a 13 year old girl drugs, and raping her. Polanski — who runs in a 'pack' that includes **Jack Nicholson, Warren Beatty, Ryan O'Neal** and other highly paid Hollywood individuals — was apparently telling friends recently that he had 'got over' the slaughter of his wife **Sharon Tate** by **Charles Manson's** "Helter Skelter" zombies. The Polanski charge comes on a wave of rumours about the drug 'n' sex habits of the current Hollywood elite. Wonder how long before the earthquake, ponders a cosmic *T-Zers* . . .

Which record company is rumoured to have put up money to help out the troubled Roxy Club? Yeah, well *which* record company then? *T-Zers* is unable to squeal at this moment since it's thought that club owner **Andrew Czezowski,** the only person to have a name more unpronounceable than *NME's* own Pole, **Chris Salewicz)** has another scheme afoot (awinkelpickered?) . . .

"It makes Britain look fools in the eyes of the world," said **Lynsey de Paul** last week. What could she be referring to? **Idi Amin's** proposed visit to the UK? No, the cancellation of the Song For Eurovision Contest after industrial action by BBC cameramen. *T-Zers'* eye remains stubbornly dry . . .

**Beatles** - to - reform - no - really - rumours persist; the latest is that The Moptops have agreed to appear in the upcoming *Sergeant Pepper* movie. "It's news to me," said **Fab Macca** when told . . . Meanwhile **Peter Frampton** — who will star in the movie as Billy Shears — is reported to be pestering **John Lennon** for his company so's he can osmose **Beatle** vibes in preparation for his role . . .

More goings on in Noo Yawk: a **Ramones** radio commercial there consists of a scathing review of the band that goes "I haven't been insulted so much since **Mary Hartman** (a late night TV personality) shot her husband in the crotch with a bow and arrow."

New spring fashions for **The Runaways,** who are to drop their 'tough girl in jeans' look in favour of gowns specially designed by manager **Kim Fowley.** And we thought they wuz liberated . . .

Yuch and double yuch says *T-Zers* to news that **Diana Ross** is signed to take the "teenage lead part" in an all-black remake of *The Wizard Of Oz* based on the Broadway hit *The Wiz*. What will they think up to make money next? . . .

Rumours abound on the West Coast, where **Dylan's** hanging out, that **Bobby** is thinking of leaving CBS, and that Arista will be putting out the "Welcome **Zim**" mat if he does . . .

And the latest court gossip about **The Zim's** divorce suit is that he and wife **Sarah** are still deeply in love but find it impossible to live together . . .

Among **Patti Smith's** faves on her convalescent TV set; **Roger Moore** in *The Saint* . . .

Blind bluesperson **Ray Charles** escaped unharmed last Monday night when a man from the audience of a Los Angeles concert leapt up on stage and wrapped the microphone cable round Ray's neck. The concert was a benefit for "disadvantaged youth" . . .

Best wishes, condolences, get wells etc to CBS press officer **Jonathan Morrish,** in hospital after a cycling accident last week . . .

Californian sun-kissed **Beach Boys** currently recording a batch of **Phil Spector** oldies while their latest hunk of product "Beach Boys Love You" takes off Stateside. The Boys are also negotiating a merchandising deal with Hanna Barbera. Does this mean mail order **Mike Love** meditation lessons we ask ourselves? Musical surfboards? Do it yourself **Brian Wilson** sandbox kits?

**Farrah Fawcett Majors** has split from the cast of TV's multi million dollar blah blah series *Charlie's Angels*. "I wouldn't remain if they paid me a million bucks," quoth the ex-Angel . . .

**Johnny Winters, Muddy Waters** and **James Cotton** working onstage together in U.S. of A. . . . and the Winter-produced **Muddy** album "Hard At It Again" that **C. S. Murray** reviewed last week as an import is now released here through CBS . . .

**Nils** fluffs lines shock: the world's only trampolining axeman failed to correctly transcribe the lyrics of Keef's "Happy" for his new album, where he sings the opening verse as: *"Never kept a daughter past sunset/Always had a hard in my pants/Never went to school when I was happy . . .* "The correct lyrics go: *Never kept a dollar past sunset/It always burnt a hole in my pants/Never made a school mama happy."* "We listened for four hours trying to decipher the thing," **Nils** told *Rolling Stone*. "The publishing company wanted us to change it back but Jagger said he didn't care. He knows what it's like to remaster a whole side of an album."

**John Bird's** V. Funny H. Wislon impersonation at the *NME* Industry Awards lunch last week put together with the assistance of Transatlantic's **Martin Lewis . . .**

**Alice Cooper** has become the new owner of the original Maltese Falcon, the black bird beloved of **H. Bogart** and **Dashell Hammett** fans . . .

More on **Alice:** he and **Bernie Taupin** collaborating on a musical . . .

Old Farts Reform Yawn Shock Snooze: original **Byrds Roger McGuinn, Gene Clark,** and **Chris Hillman** reportedly reforming for an album and tour, while the original **Shangri-Las** also said to be re-forming (with original producer **George 'Shadow' Morton). Ellie Greenwich** has said she'll write the girls some songs . . .

**Fab Macca** has invited **Thelma Houston** to come fly on the next **Wings** elpee . . .

Proof that welfare fed Scandinavian youth packs more intellectual muscle than their cerebrally weakling English counterparts: **Frank Zappa** outgrossed **Rod Stewart** in gate receipts for Norway . . .

Veteran Beat Scribe **William Burroughs** on **Steely Dan,** the group he indirectly helped name: "They're too sophisticated, they're doing too many things at once in a song . . . to write a best selling book you can't have too much going on. The horse's head in *The Godfather* is great, but you can't have horses' heads on every page. Steely Dan seem to have too many horses heads . . ." Ummm, yes we see. We think . . .

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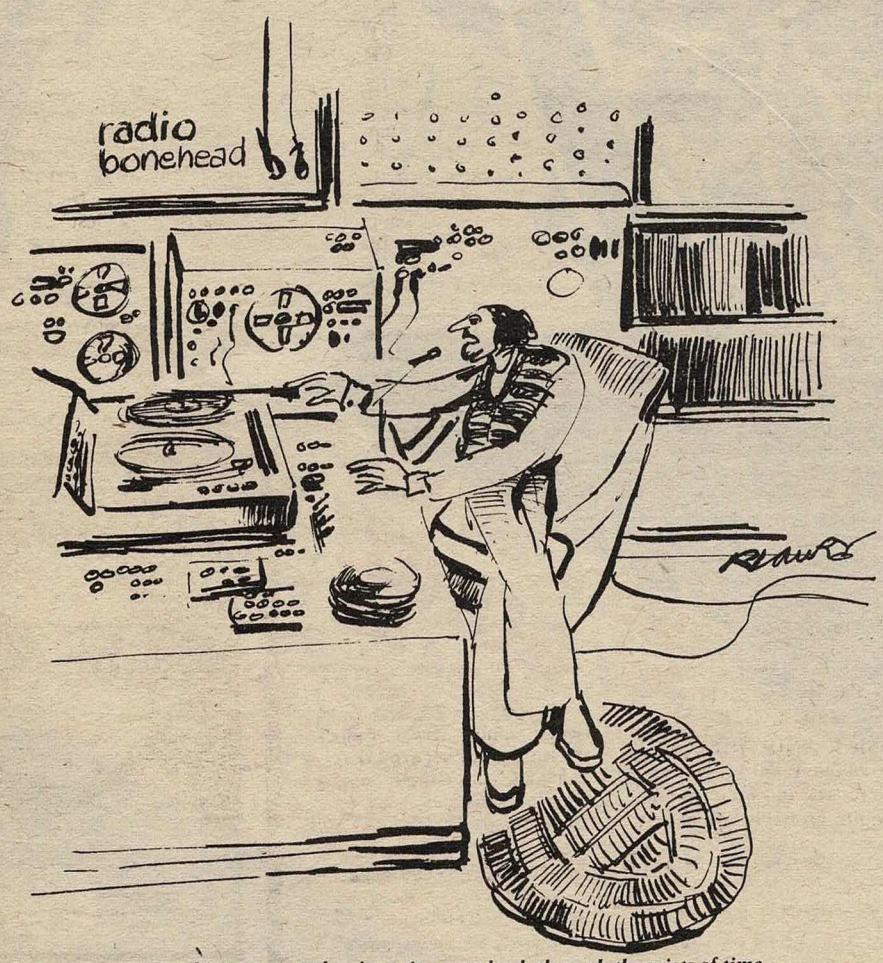
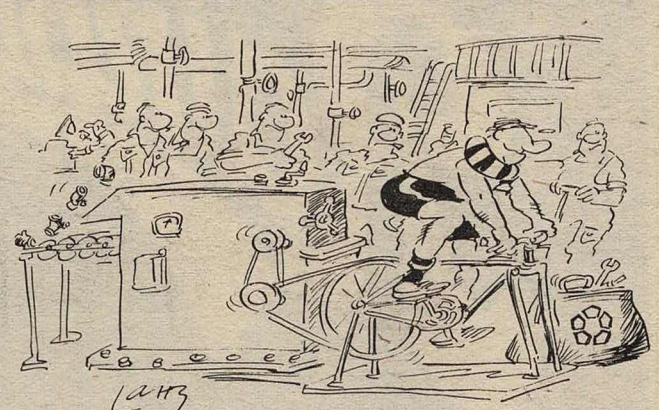



*"For this next record we're going way back through the mists of time. It's from 1973 . . ."*



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